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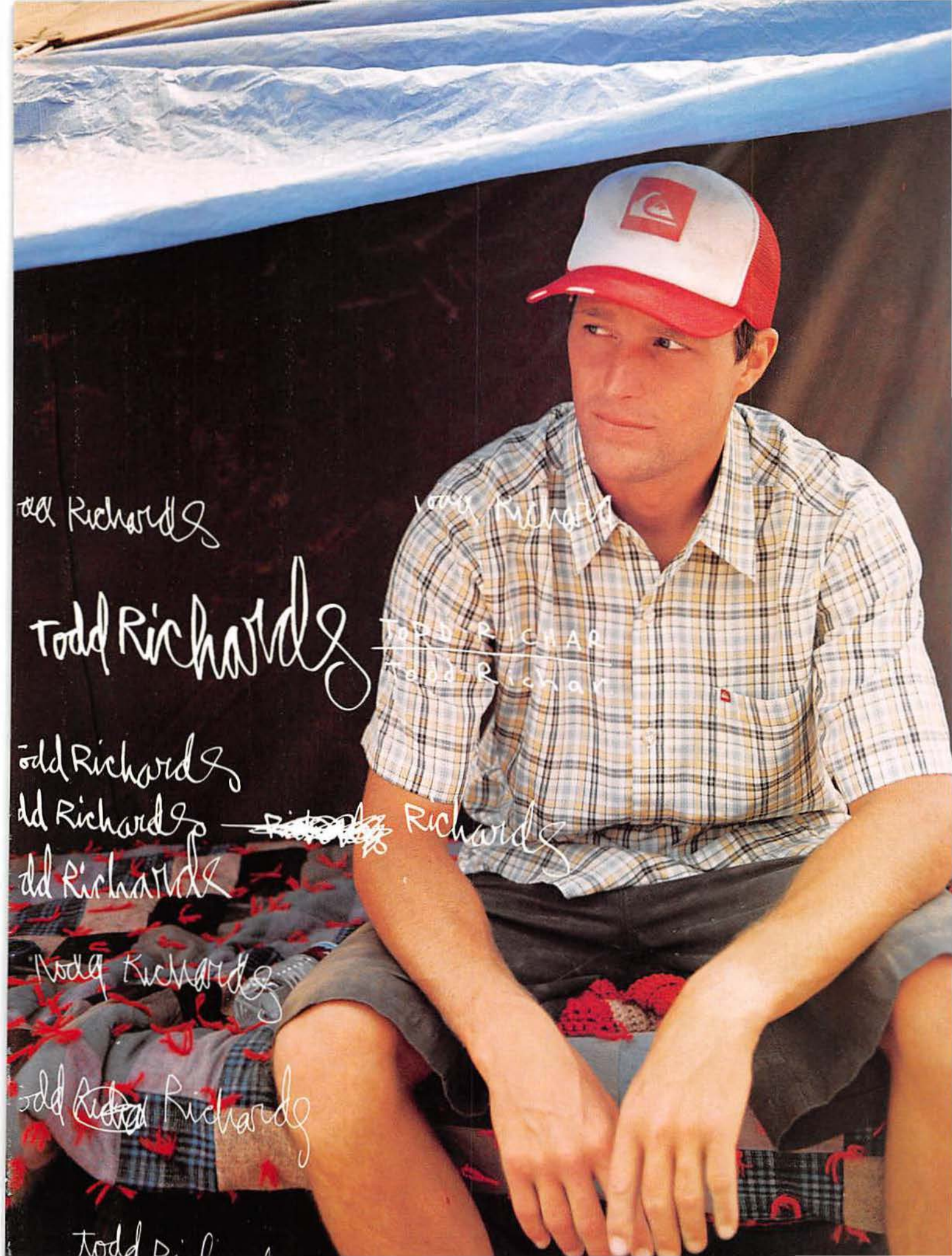
Todd Richards

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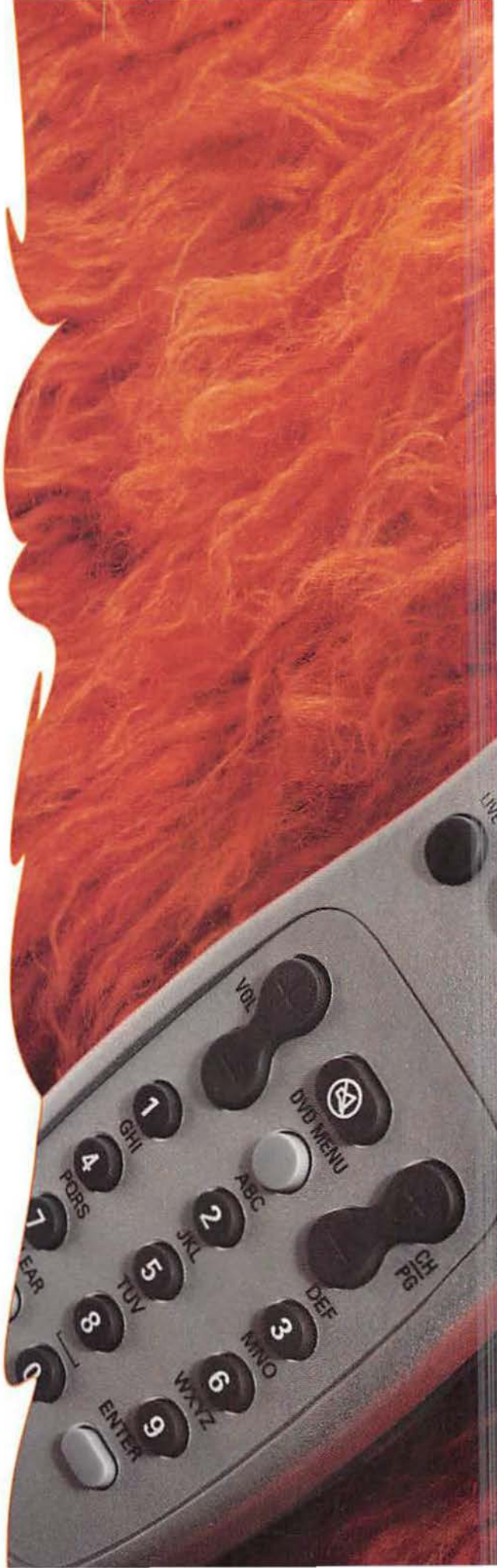

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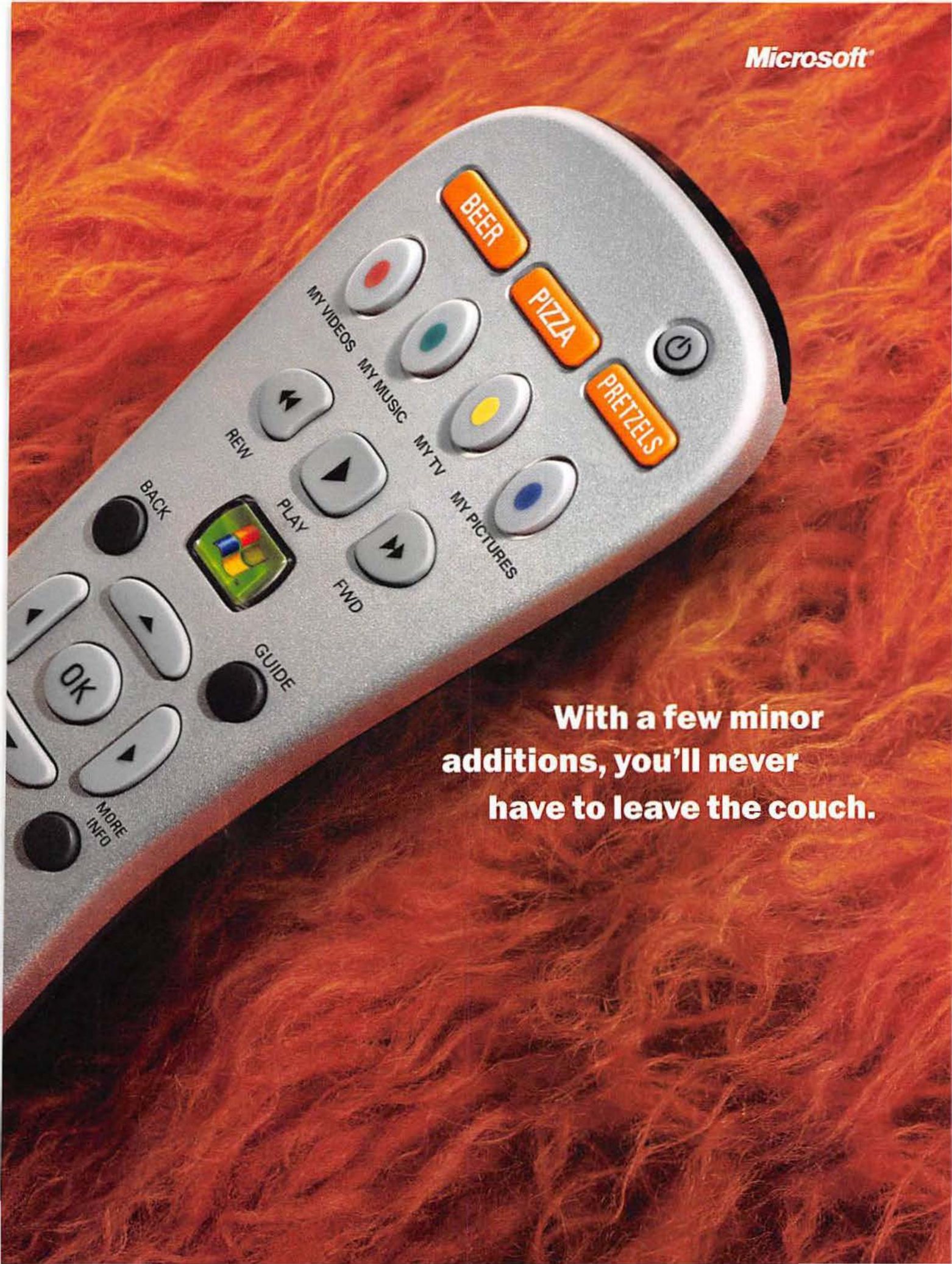
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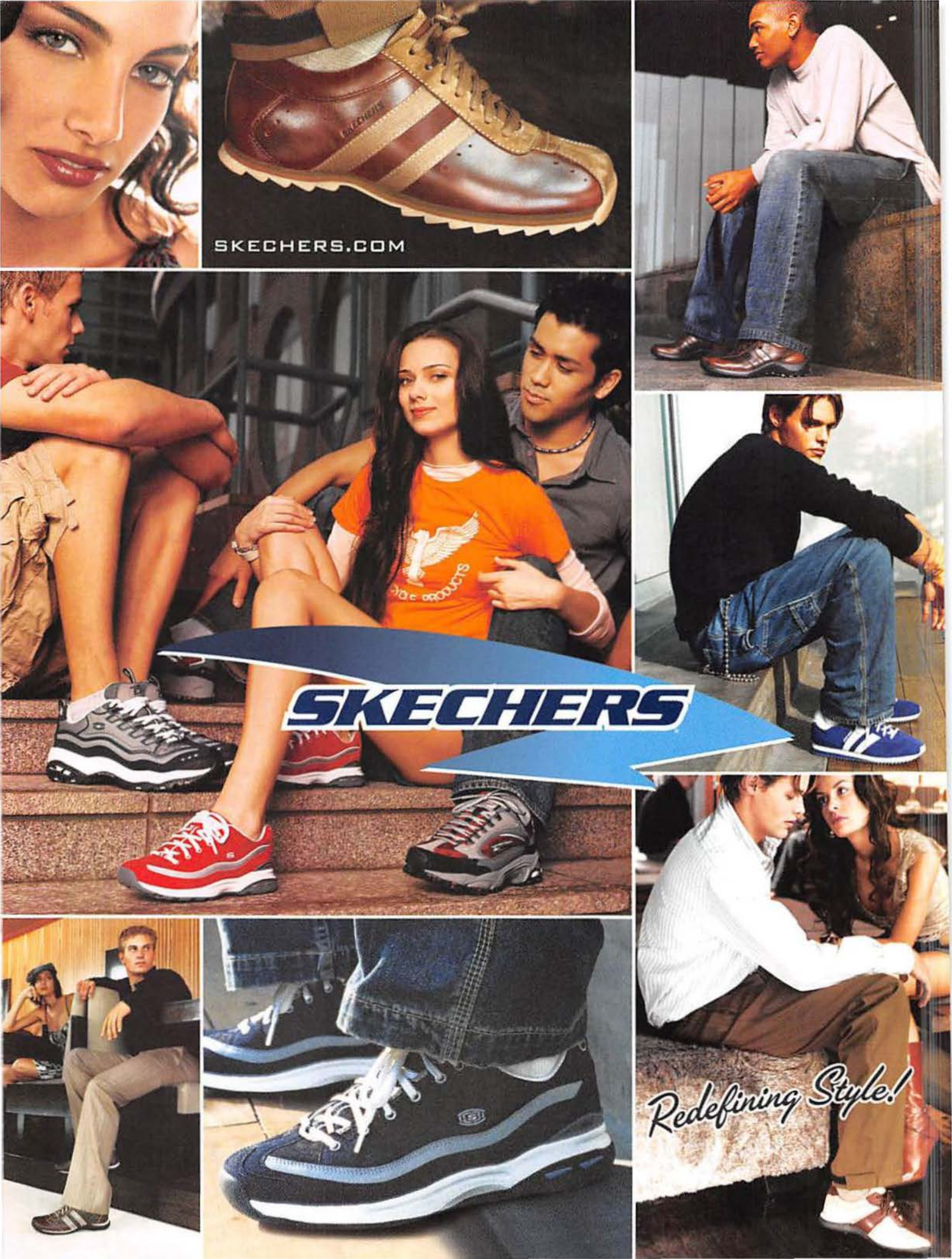
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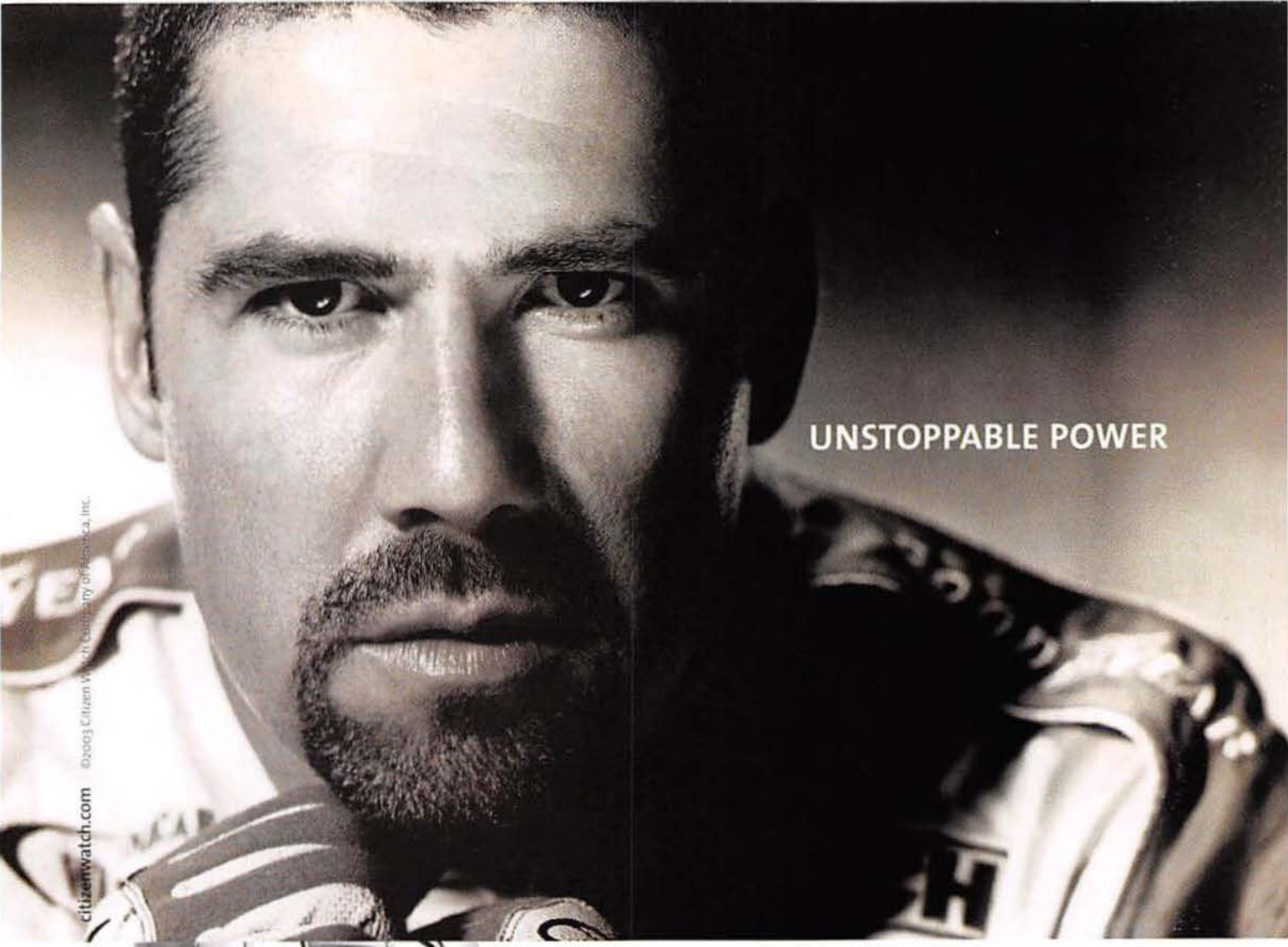

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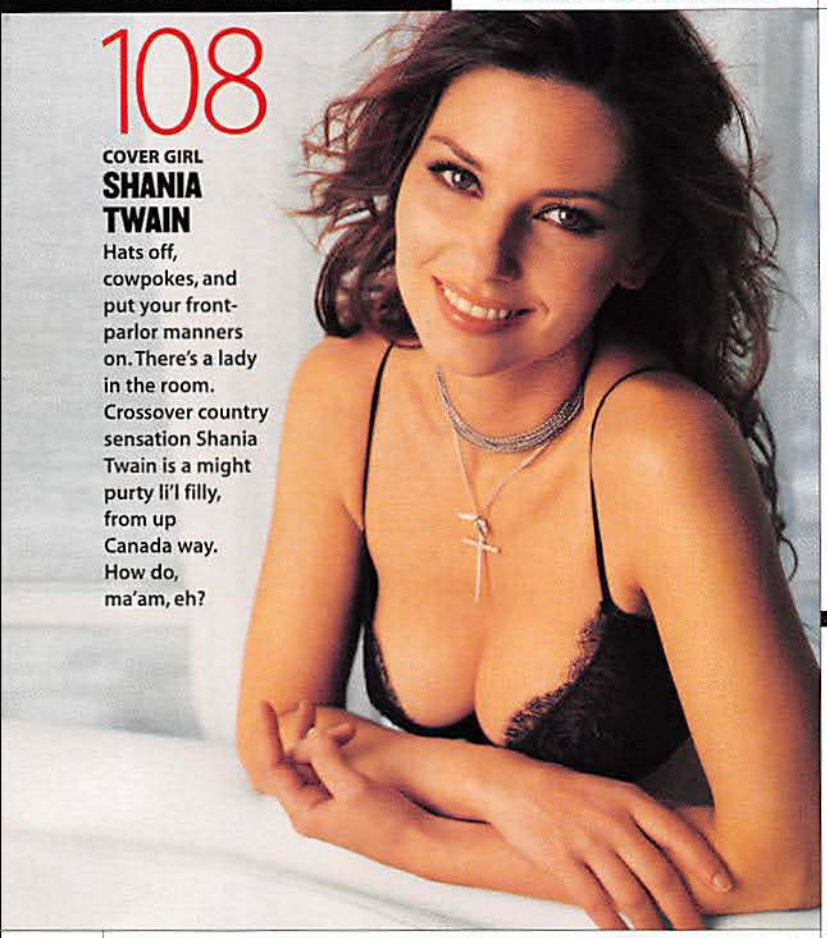
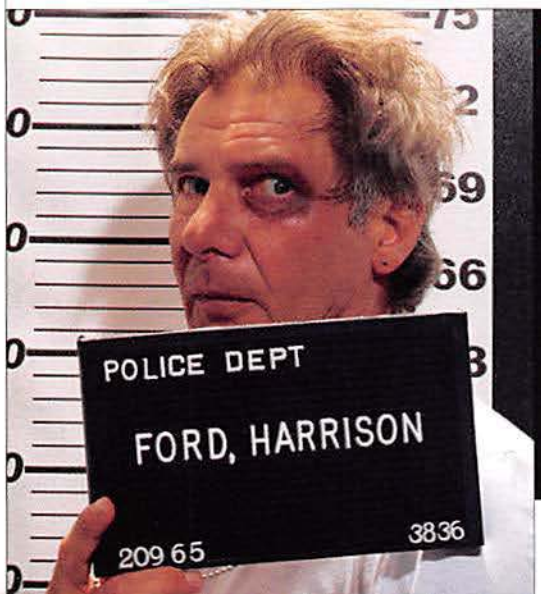
COVER GIRL
SHANIA TWAIN

Hats off, cowpokes, and put your front-parlor manners on. There's a lady in the room. Crossover country sensation Shania Twain is a might purty li'l filly, from up Canada way. How do, ma'am, eh?



"Hey, baby—it tastes like chicken." p.134

Bad head day, p.150



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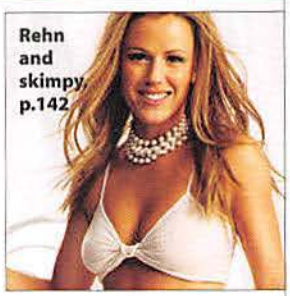
WE WANT ANSWERS!
HARRISON FORD

From Han Solo to Indiana Jones to Jack Ryan, he has been every man you ever wanted to be. Except the stroke-y guy from *Regarding Henry.*

Features

Good kitty, bad cat, p.126

Spinach pie, p.166



Rehn and skimpy, p.142

GET OUTTA HERE!

118 THE GREAT ESCAPE

Has the U.S. job market got you down? Do what wise men have done for centuries—run away! Here's everything you'll need to know about five adventure-filled careers overseas.

"See? It says 'strip.'" p.118

LEARNING CURVES

126 RACHEL NICHOLS

She's got an Ivy League education. So what's Rachel Nichols doing in a movie like *Dumb and Dumberer*? Maybe New Line Cinema thought we wouldn't be interested in photos of scantily clad Jim Carrey and Jeff Daniels look-alikes. We ain't saying if they were right or wrong.

MAMAMIME

134 NEXT STOP: FRANCE!

A thrilling tribute to our longstanding ally, the noble republic of…Ah-h-h! Jesus Christ—get those goddamn snails off our dinner plates!

SATELLITE DISH

142 TRISTA REHN

It's your last chance to ogle the Bachelorette before she becomes the Sexy Yet Totally Unattainable Wife.

LAME BRAINS

150 DANGEROUS MINDS

These are the creepiest mental illnesses you could possibly get. We're not covered for any of them.

IF LOOKS COULD KILL

160 K.D. AUBERT: THE BIG EASY

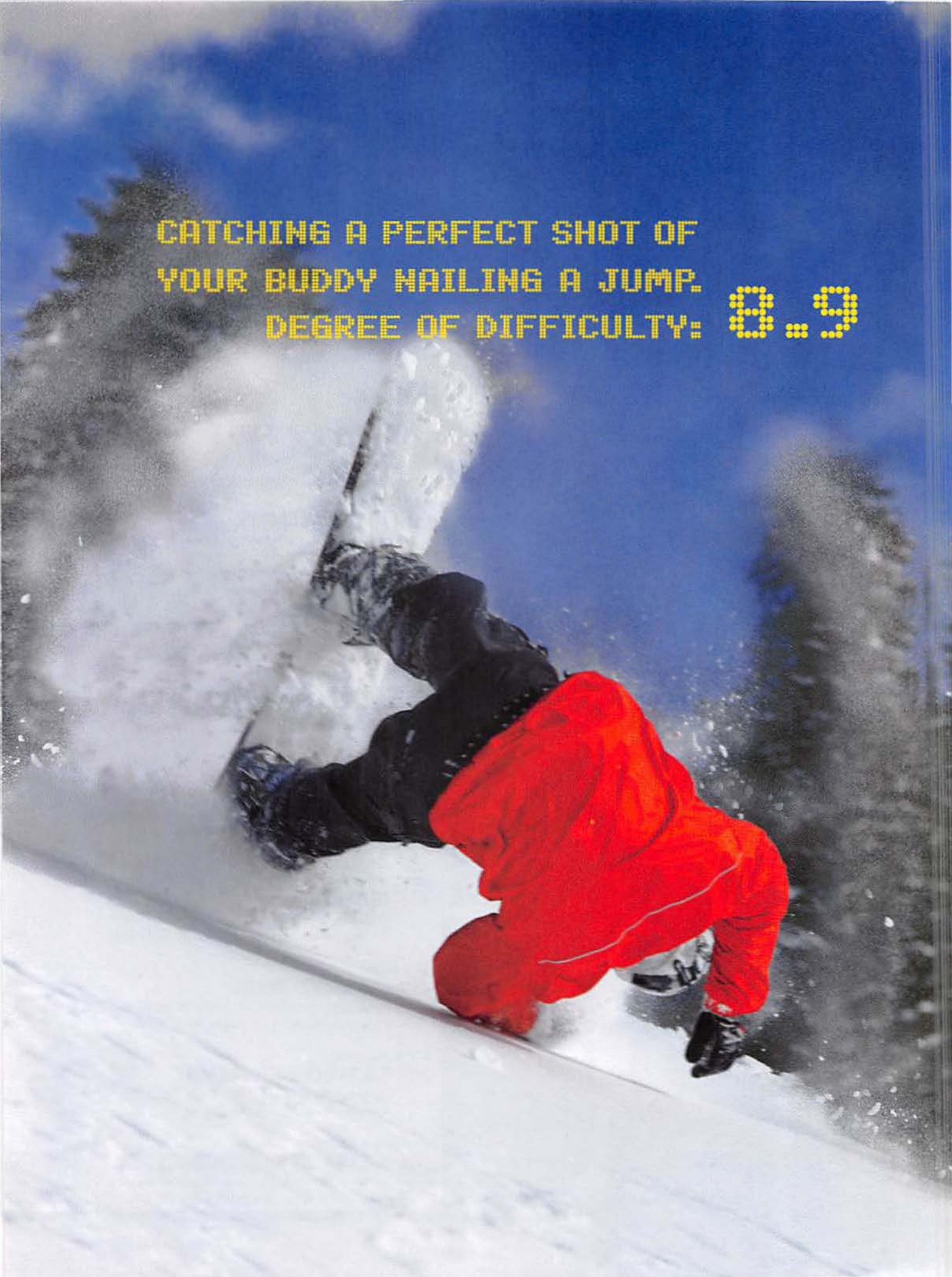
She likes short guys and always makes the first move. Welcome to heaven, Stump.

p.160

HOLY CRAPOLA, BATMAN!

166 THE LAMEST SUPERHEROES EVER!

Say hello to Moon Knight, Hourman, and all the other short-bus passengers of superhero land.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MODEL CITIZEN
JOANNA KRUPA

Yes, she's Polish *and* blonde. But before you crack a joke, check out these pictures. Who's laughing now?

Regulars

22 READERS' LETTERS
Morticians fight back, Hebert Field is wack, and Mrs. Hiroki is not lack…ing. Oh, this'll be a long month.

p.68

28 JOKES
"…but he's a caulk plucker! Get it?"

32 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
Dumpster diving with Hiroki, preserving your penis for posterity, life with Johnny Knoxville.

58 HOW TO
Speak in public! Build a catapult! Blow her off!

SPORTS
68 THE MIND OF SERGEI FEDOROV
He's a star NHL player with three Stanley Cup wins, blah, blah, blah. Three words: *married Anna Kournikova.*

INSTANT EXPERT
74 JAZZ IN A BOX
Dig it, Daddy-O: Read this and the chicks will think you're a solid-gone hepcat.

FITNESS
82 EAT THIS, FATSO!
Summer's here and you're full of beer. Wanna drop that spare tire? *Really?* Follow our three-week plan.

p.74

88 HOT ZONE
Not enough *Matrix*? Dig the new video game and DVD and you'll be The One. Remember: no spoon.

177 MAXIM FASHION
The summer's best cargo shorts, plus shirts and accessories that go from the bar to the office and back again (when you're not looking).

p.82

191 TOP GEAR
Look down. Can't see your feet? Check to make sure you aren't blind, then read our test of the best contraptions to tear and tone your abs. Then take a "before" picture of yourself with a new Olympus digital cam. Then rest. Whew! That's a full day right there.

200 BAR EXAM
Features editor James Heidenry has a seafoam green mesh mock-turtleneck that he loves to bust out when the weather gets warm.

76

SAYS HER
PANTY RAID 2: SON OF PANTY RAID

You can stop praying for X-ray vision. We got real girls to strip down and show us their sexy lingerie.

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C.E., Naples, FL

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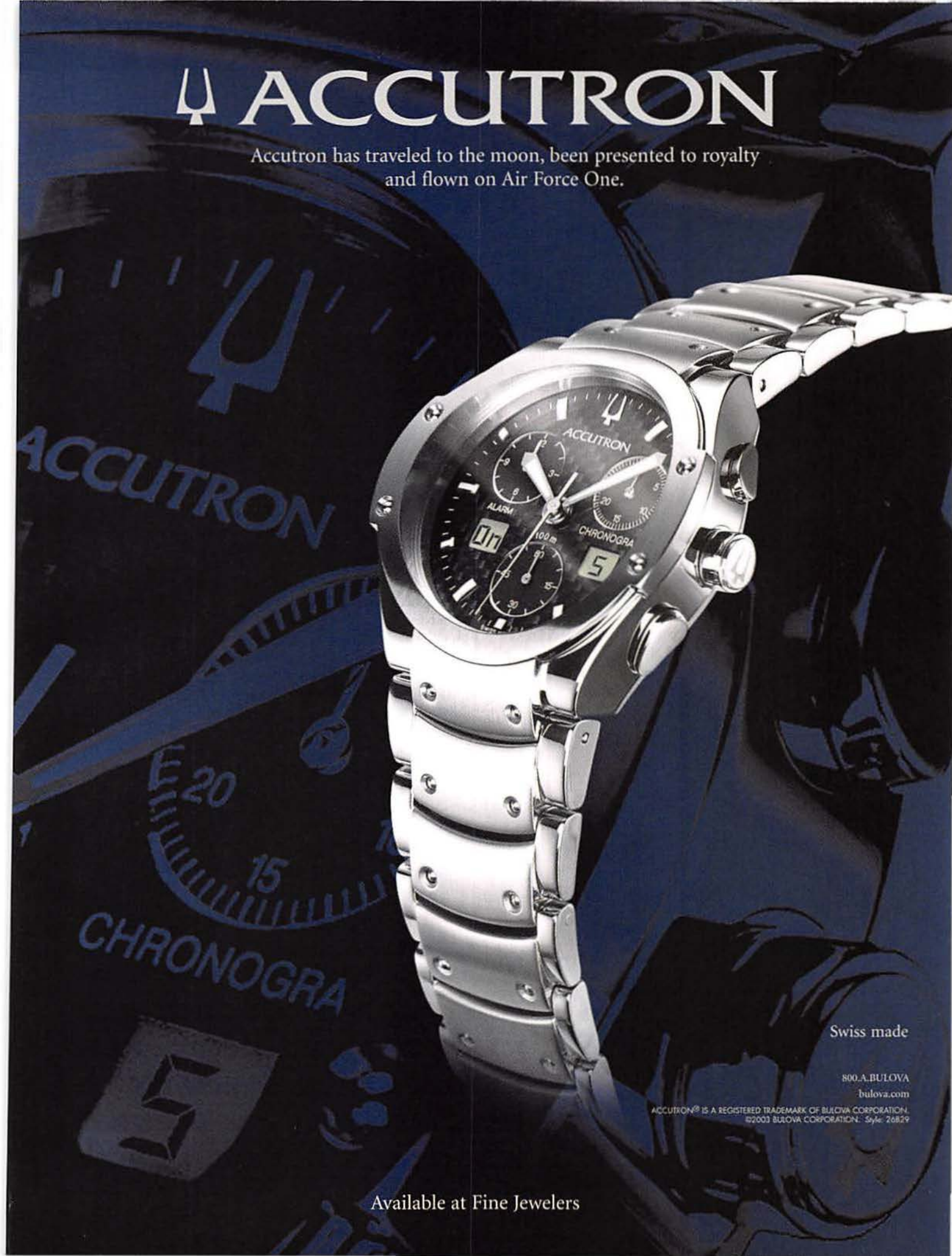

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Editor's Letter

Keith Blanchard
"Vous can nevair 'ave too much yellow!"

Vive ma pants!

Frenchies rioting in the streets. American flags burning from Bali to Brazil. North Korean scientists busily spooning plutonium into nose cones. I don't want to be out of line here, but where the fuck is Superman? Can't you just picture him behind the velvet ropes of a balls-out party at the Fortress of Babe-i-tude . . . drunk and belligerent, surrounded by Hollywood pals and Icelandic chicks in fur bikinis, lifting his steely jaw from a huge bowl of cocaine. "OK . . . now whish oneayou pissants thinksh he can take a punch?"

Superheroes aren't always reliable—come see the 25 lamest ever, p.166. They're notoriously reluctant, begrudgingly leaping into action only when the straits get dire. Face it: If not for the Joker's taunting, Batman would sit around all day brooding in the Bat-tub with Pink Floyd on the headphones, morosely tapping a straight razor to his wrist.

Villains create heroes by drawing them out through superlative, unignorable acts of evil. And therein lies the problem: In the real world, bank robbers generally don't pull off *Ocean's Eleven* heists; they get their ski masks caught in the revolving door and spill business cards all over the lobby. Frankly we don't *deserve* Superman.

Times are changing, obviously, and this seems like an excellent time for *someone* wearing his underwear outside his tights to step up to the plate and get us the frig out of this mess. But even if Supes *did* come streaking down from the arctic in a red-and-blue blur, you just know France would question his authority, refuse to let him use their airspace, and call him the *real* terrorist. (See "Next Stop: France!", p.134.) *C'est la vie.*

Enjoy the issue; I'm off to wash up with a bar of "French kryptonite."

Keith Blanchard

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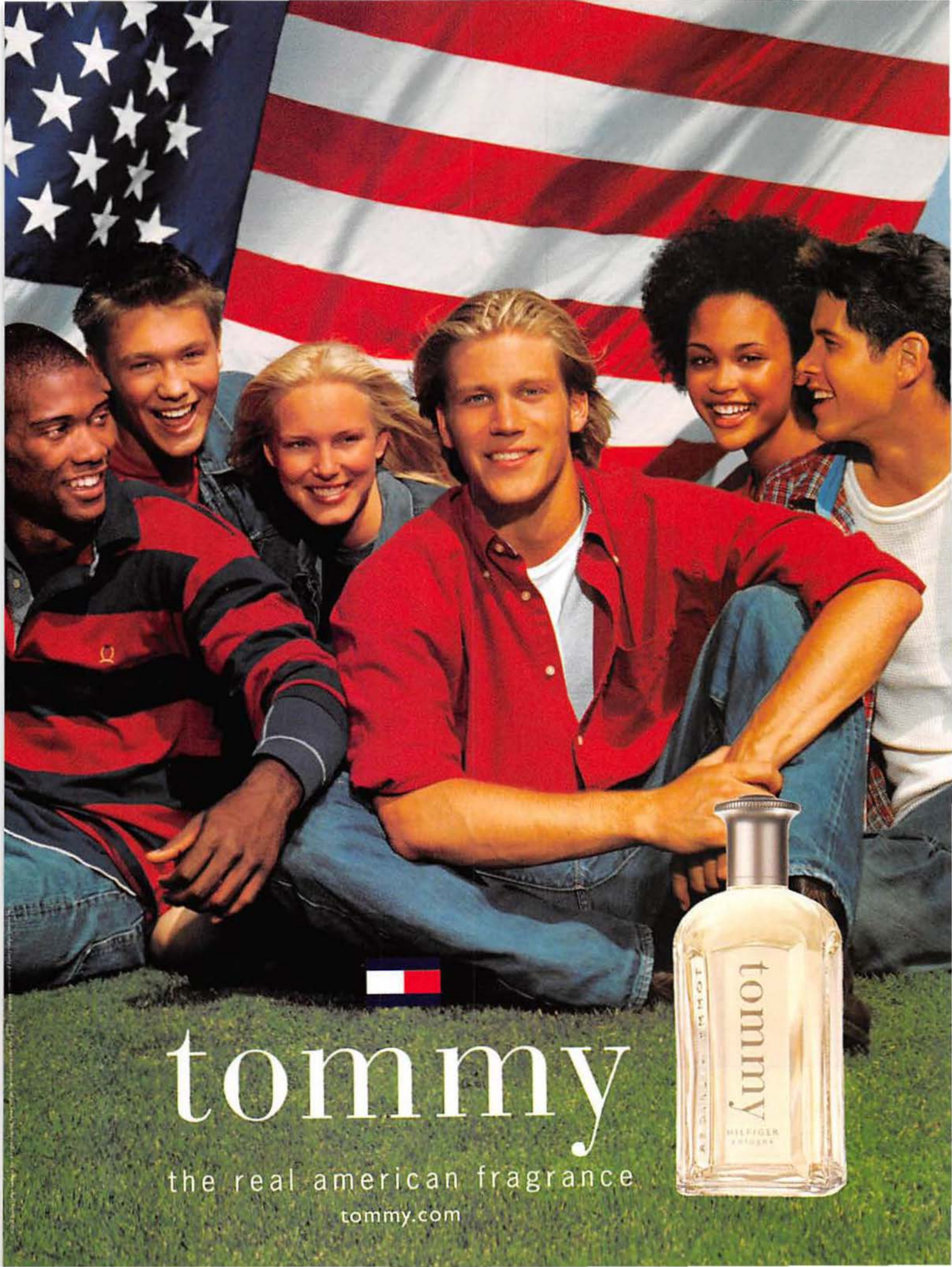
This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Frogs used in our France story	4
Frogs injured, killed, tortured, or hassled in any way for this story	0
Letters from animal-rights tight-asses we'll get about it anyway	2,655
Rubber band welts staffer Alex Straus sustained in recent office melee	1
Workmen's comp he demanded, in dollars	25,000
Workmen's comp he received, in bludgeonings	3
Telemarketers to whom we gave staffer Todd Detwiler's cell phone number	1
Calls he received offering him a free cell phone	22
Ads for "rectal exam mannequins" received in the mail	1
Hours interns spent assembling ab equipment for Torture Test	6
...cleaning out disgustingly untended office kegerator	2.5
...performing any work even remotely like journalism	CLASSIFIED

Photograph, Charlie Langella (Keith); wardrobe and prop styling, Liz Engelhardt; grooming, Gina Simone for Oliver Piro/Mac Pro; jeans, Kenneth Cole. Frog photograph, Donald Miller; prop styling, Kim Prett; amphibian styling, Giorgio Prett.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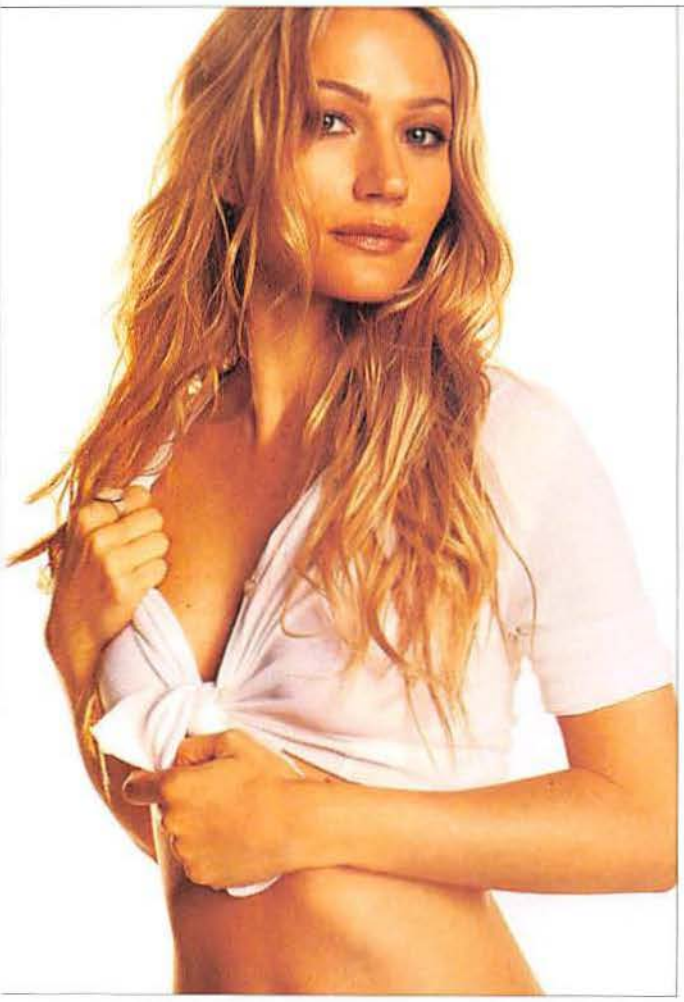

Which hand? Guess!

Wynter Ail

I was looking forward to the April issue, the one with *24*'s Sarah Wynter on the cover. Unfortunately, my roommate got to it first. When I returned from vacation, I opened the magazine to discover that he had cut out all the photos of the Aussie babe. Needless to say, the selfish bastard is now homeless.

Jason Z.
San Diego, CA

Jason, it's, um, possible that we tore out those pix as they rolled hot off the press. Whoops. Here's a freshie, in case it was our bad…And just so you know, Wynter's red-hot shoot has been preserved for all eternity at maximonline.com.

Vermont Cheesed

In "Little League" [Circus Maximus, April], you printed a picture of a guy in a green monster costume at the mini Fenway Park in Essex, Vermont. That's Champ, the annoying mascot for their minor-league team, the Vermont Expos. He's nicknamed for a creature thought to lurk in Lake Champlain and yet another reason I'm embarrassed to be from the Green Mountain State.

Randy Abair
Nashville, TN

You think you've got it bad? Obviously, you've never heard of Wrinkly, the mascot for the Iowa City Testicles. Go, Nads!

Film Flam

Your interview with Mickey Rourke [We Want Answers!, April] was interesting. His account of his reprobate lifestyle was so fascinating it inspired me to rent *The Pope of Greenwich Village*. I'm astonished it didn't make your list of the "100 Greatest Guy Films of All Time" [March 1998].

Debaditya Bhattacharjee
Via e-mail

Yes, a lot of great flicks missed that list. Had our feature included the 10,000 greatest guy movies of all time, The Pope of Greenwich Village might've squeaked in…landing right between Krull *and* Anne of Green Gables.

PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Fire Down Below

I'm on the set of Disney's movie *The Alamo*. Covering 51 acres just outside of Austin, it's the largest film set in North America. My role: a soldier in Santa Anna's Mexican army. Ever since I arrived, my weapon's been half-cocked. But thanks to your February and March issues, I just shot my load!

Philip Olivas
Dripping Springs, TX

Thanks for that disturbing, un-Disney-like image, Phil. This is not *how we want to remember the Alamo.*

Which one is more loaded?

Inferior Decorator

In April's Grab Bag [Top Gear], you talk about the perils of watching too much *Trading Spaces*. My fiancée loves that TLC show. In fact, she keeps writing its producers to visit our house for an episode and revamp my TV room. I think *Maxim* should step in and help ▶

YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

When Nature Calls

Dating a gal who digs the great outdoors? Want her to hug your tree? Take her on a field trip using this full-on camping gear package: a tent, two sleeping bags, and a pair of fold-up chairs from Jeep Consumer Products. The two-person Rubicon tent, made of water-repellent Dry-Tek ripstop polyester, will help you stay dry in a downpour. The Pertex-lined sleeping bags will keep you and your partner toasty—even in chestnut-numbing minus-20-degree weather. And the comfy swivel chairs are armed with the ultimate survival tool: bottle openers! For a chance to win this $1,000 portable pad, log on to maximonline.com and go to the contest page to enter. All phone calls, faxes, and walk-ins will be skewered and spit-roasted over an open flame.

Photograph, Antoine Verglas (Sarah)

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NAUTICA

me make it over...*my* way. She'll love the new pad so much she'll back off and let me return to my sports shows.

Matt M.
Via e-mail

Matt, we have a better idea: We'll give you a makeover instead. We'll hammer on a set of balls, install a spine, and replace that skirt you've been wearing with a nice pair of pants. Cool?

Twin Cheeks

Your April issue left me puzzled. Are Karen Carreño, pictured on page 38 of the Readers' Letters section, and "Kung Fu Karen," pictured in "Femmes of Fury" on pages 144 and 146, one and the same? They're definitely wearing the same bikini bottom.

Jon Porobil
Via e-mail

Nope. Those bottoms may look the same, Hawkeye, but trust us, they don't hug your balls the same.

Character Flaw

You mentioned the movie *The Rules of Attraction* in "The Rents" [Hot Zone, March]. But you failed to mention that Fred Savage, from the TV show *Boy Meets World,* is in the film playing a half-naked drug user. All we need now is his on-screen girlfriend, Topanga, to take part in a porn movie and all will be right with the world.

John DeDie
Rochester, NY

Are you crackers? Fred Savage was on The Wonder Years*—his little bro Ben was in* Boy Meets World. *Don't you ever try to go toe-to-toe with us on feel-good family sitcoms.*

Witness to the Persecution

My fiancée and I have been busy planning our wedding. She, of course, wants everything to be perfect. Well, what could be more perfect than having *Maxim* there to witness the ceremony?

Tony Schirmer
Richmond, VA

A jelly fight with J.Lo in the front seat of a moving Ferrari. Next...

Casket Case

I'm a funeral director, so I noticed a couple of errors in your article "Final Exit" [Instant Expert, April]. *(1)* During embalming, the artery tube is inserted in the carotid artery at the lower neck, not in the armpit. *(2)* Embalming fluids injected into the artery push, not suck, blood out via ▶

All this hoopla—and it's not even a real sport

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Ever get the feeling you could come up with better captions than we do? Prove it. Take a look at the photo above, of ball bearing, and write in your best one-liner. If your caption beats ours, we'll ship you a Canon i70 Portable Printer and Adobe Photoshop Album software. So e-mail us at caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail your idea to Beat This Caption! Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065. All faxes will be drop-kicked. Or forced to eat turf.

APRIL'S WINNING CAPTIONS

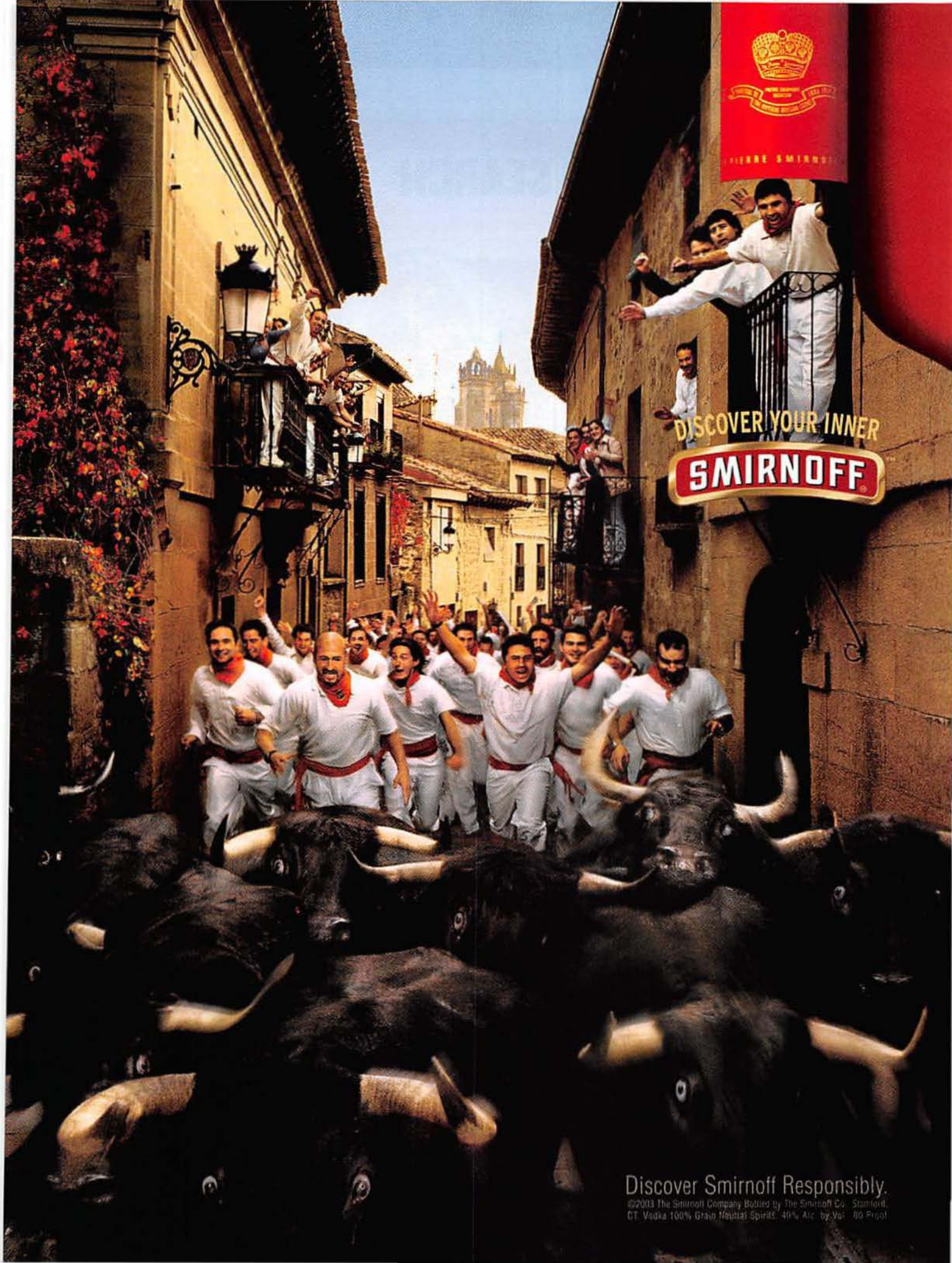
Winner:
David Hasselhoff's titillating new series, *Baywatch: Mississippi Bayou,* is an unanticipated flop.
Matthew McDonough, Via e-mail

Runners-up:
"Well, now we know why the coffee tastes funny."
Nicholas French, Detroit, MI

Six Flags Appalachia!
George Perney, Via e-mail

"This one time? At fat camp? We jumped in a giant cesspool of Yoo-Hoo?"
Anthony Toney, Garland, TX

Billy Bob dives into this metaphoric "gene" pool.
Jonathan Davidson, Philadelphia, PA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DAILY BUMP 'N' GRIND

MAXIM'S STRIP SEARCH

Last November we challenged female readers to build homemade stripper poles, photograph themselves, uh, in pole position, and mail in the results. Ta-da!

First place winners Maggie (above), Gaila (top right), and Alison (right) upstaged the stiff competition with their striptacular linoleum tile lights. Nice attention to detail, ladies!

Katina: With hair that long, who needs a costume?

Coeds Erin and Erica grind away at their finals.

Debbie prepares for her gravity-defying "flag" move.

Ladies! Show us your pompoms! Do us a favor. Help our lifeless editors bring it on by sending your sexiest cheerleading photos to editors@maximmag.com, or mail to *Maxim*, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018. Winners get a crisp $100 bill. Go team!

the jugular vein. Hope that settles it.

Jeff Cosgrove
Dubuque, IA

According to Principles and Practice of Embalming, *by C. G. Strub and L. G. Frederick:* (1) *The artery tube can be inserted in the base of the neck or in the upper thigh, foot, or armpit.* (2) *Fluids are used to push out the blood, but suction is also used to suck out stubborn blood clots.* (3) *Beware of anyone who seems to know a bit too much about embalming.*

Ford Tough

In your "Chick Flick Survival Guide" [Says Her, April], you dis Harrison Ford! I can't believe it. Sure, he's appeared in some really terrible girly movies, but good ol' Harrison has been kicking major ass for years.

Adam A.
Via e-mail

That's exactly our point—why do 'em if you don't need the dough and aren't banging the costar? (For more from Dr. Jones, see page 106.)

Nut Job

You guys truly have it great, hanging out with the hottest babes on the planet. It's nearly as good as my job, working as a floor supervisor at the local psychiatric hospital in Thunder Bay, Ontario. Want to switch jobs?

Cameron Dokis
Via e-mail

Wow, we thought we had it good, but you get to whack mental patients with a broom and spend your workdays with Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Jesus Christ? Where do we sign? M

Correction: The photos in April's sports column are by Tammy Lechner, from *In the Cal: Pastime Goes Primetime in California's Minor League* (©1994/STILL Productions, Inc).

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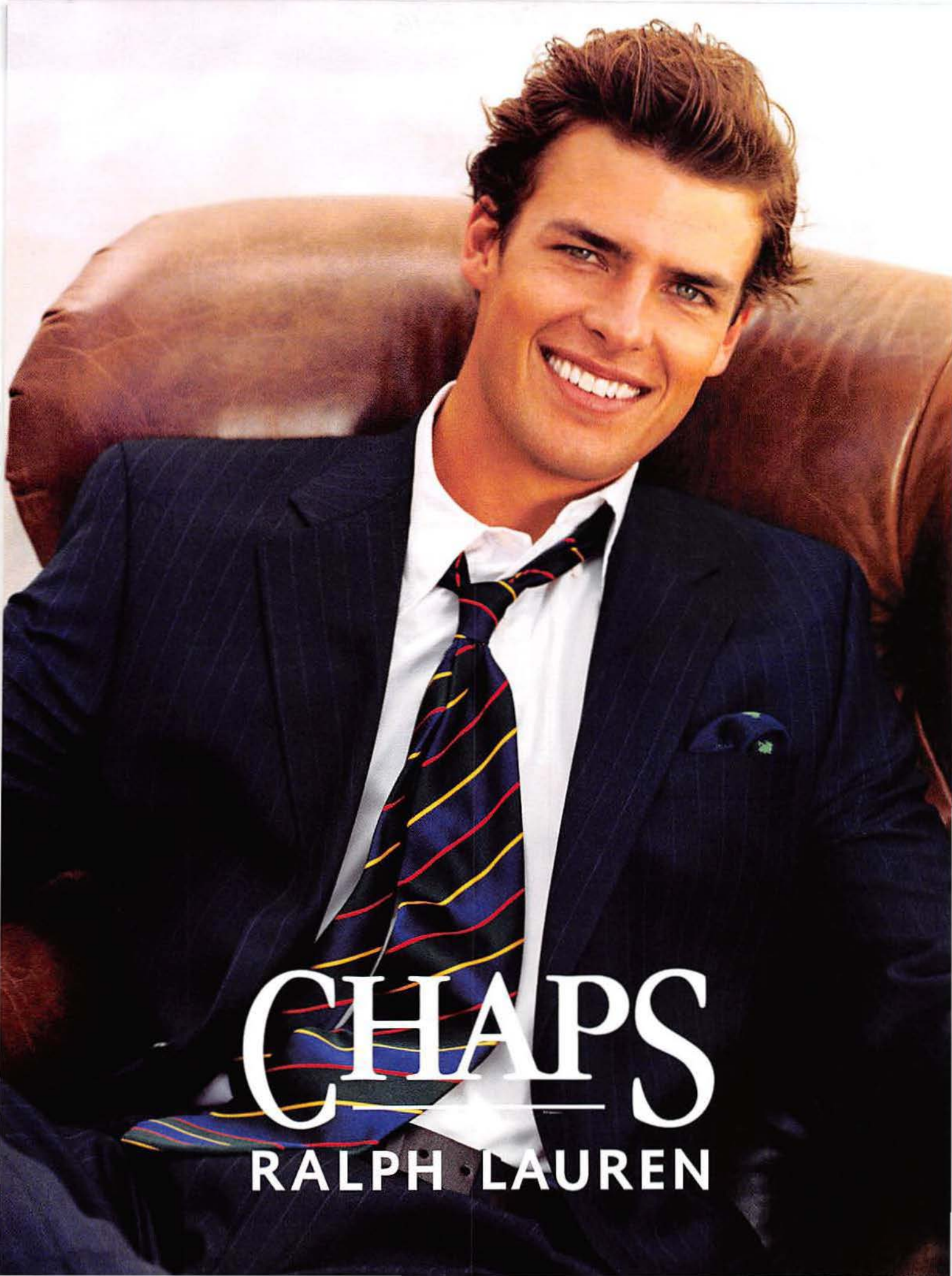
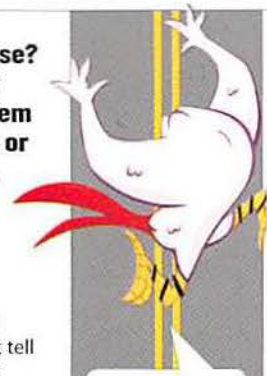

CHAPS
RALPH · LAUREN

NYUK, NYUK, NYUK!

Got a joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. E-mail 'em to jokes@maximmag.com, or send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 6th Ave., 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018.



Q: How are breasts like martinis? A: One's not enough and three's too many.

Sour Grapes

Mother Superior calls all the nuns together and says to them, "I must tell you something. We have a case of gonorrhea in the convent."

"Thank God," says an elderly nun in the back. "I'm so tired of chardonnay."

—Randy Briggs, via e-mail

Child's Play

Q: How many kids with ADD does it take to change a light bulb?

A: Wanna go bike riding?

—Daryl Conrad, via e-mail

Shot in the Dark

Four guys out golfing one afternoon start getting annoyed by a very slow group ahead of them. After another 15 minutes of waiting, they decide to play through. The first three tee off, and each nearly hits the slow group. Just as the fourth guy is teeing up, the course superintendent runs up, yelling, "Hey, give those guys a break—they're blind!"

"We're so sorry," say the three guys.

The fourth guy angrily picks up his driver and whacks the ball right into one of the blind men's carts.

"Fuck 'em," he says. "They could've played last night."

—J.J. Bamberger, Saginaw, MI

Learning Curves

Two boys get their report cards and notice that they both got *F*s from their sex education teacher.

"I can't believe we failed sex ed," says the first boy. "My dad's gonna kill me."

"I know," says the other. "I'm so mad I could kick Mrs. Wilson in the nuts!"

—Joshua Wu, Torrance, CA

Death Wish

A man dies and appears at the Pearly Gates. "Have you ever done a good deed?" asks St. Peter.

"Sure, one time I came across a gang of bikers who were threatening a woman," the man says. "I walked up to the leader and punched him in the face, kicked over his bike, and told him, 'You leave her alone or you'll answer to me.'"

"That was very brave of you," says St. Peter. "When did this happen?"

"About two seconds ago."

—Ramon B., Houston, TX

Class Act

Little Johnny is in math class one day when the teacher calls on him.

"Johnny, if I gave you $100," she says, "and you gave $25 to Mary, $25 to Sally, and $25 to Lucy, what would you have?"

Johnny thinks for a second and answers, "An orgy."

—Christine Forsyth, Evanston, WY

Life in the Fast Lane

Q: What goes clip-clop, clip-clop, bang, clip-clop, clip-clop?

A: An Amish drive-by.

—Jack Conrad, Sumter, SC

Head Cases

A blonde who's having financial troubles decides to kidnap a child for ransom. She writes on a piece of paper: "I've kidnapped your son. Leave $10,000 behind the oak tree in the park tomorrow at 7 A.M. The Blonde." She walks over to the park, grabs a little boy, pins the note to his jacket, and tells him to run home.

The next morning, the blonde goes back to the park, where she sees the boy standing behind the oak tree.

"I'm supposed to give you this," he says, handing her a brown bag. As she counts the money, she notices a new note pinned to his jacket: "For the record, I can't believe that one blonde would do this to another."

—David Hooper, Providence, RI

Old School

Q: What's the only thing worse than a male chauvinist pig?

A: A woman who never does what she's told.

—Jason Babbit, Spring Valley, NV

Pop Quiz

A kindergarten teacher gives her class an assignment to draw a picture of someone they admire.

"What a great picture," she says to one little boy. "Who is it?"

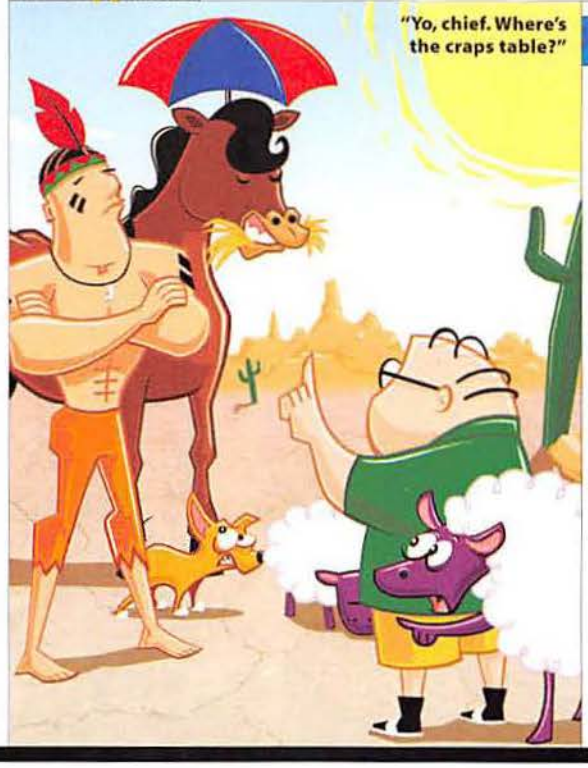
"That's my dad," he says proudly.

"Tell me more about your father," the teacher says. "What's he like?"

The kid shrugs. "Beer and pussy."

—Kevin Peloquin, Highland, WI

Prepare your knees for the slapping of their lives! Go rifle through hundreds of jokes at maximonline.com.



THE $150 JOKE

Woolly Bully

A ventriloquist is visiting an Indian reservation and decides to have a little fun with the chief.

"Hey there," he says. "I bet I can make your horse talk."

"Horse no talk," says the chief.

"We'll see," says the ventriloquist. He turns to the horse and asks, "So how does your master treat you?"

"Pretty well," says the horse. "He gives me plenty of food and water, and he lets me run all over."

"I bet I can make the dog talk, too," says the ventriloquist.

"Dog no talk," says the chief.

"How about you?" the ventriloquist asks the dog. "Is he good to you too?"

"Yup," says the dog. "We play fetch."

"Let's see what the sheep has to say," says the ventriloquist.

"Wait!" yells the chief. "Sheep lie! Sheep lie!"

—Arnie Jacobsen, Miami, FL

Illustrations, www.superham.com

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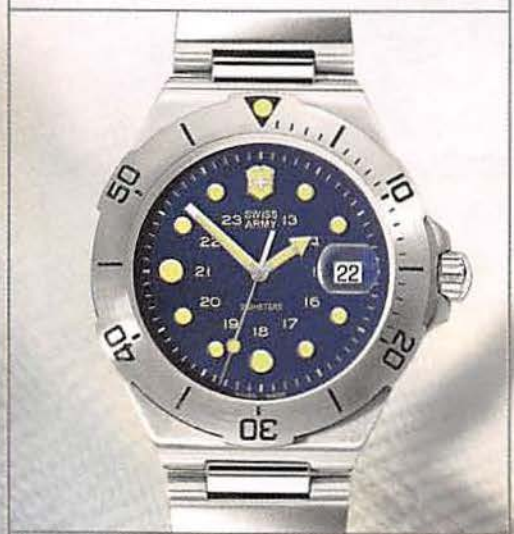

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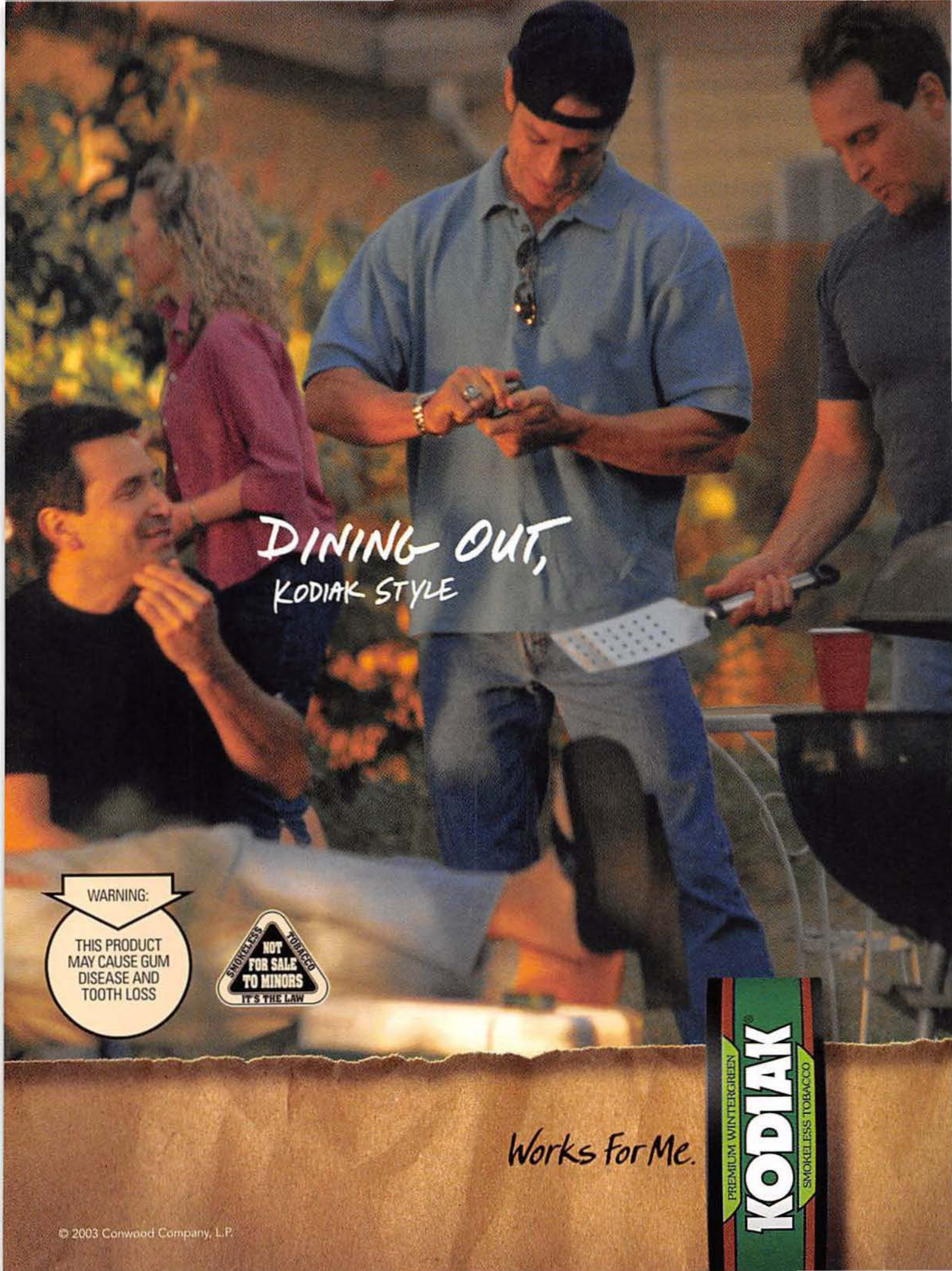

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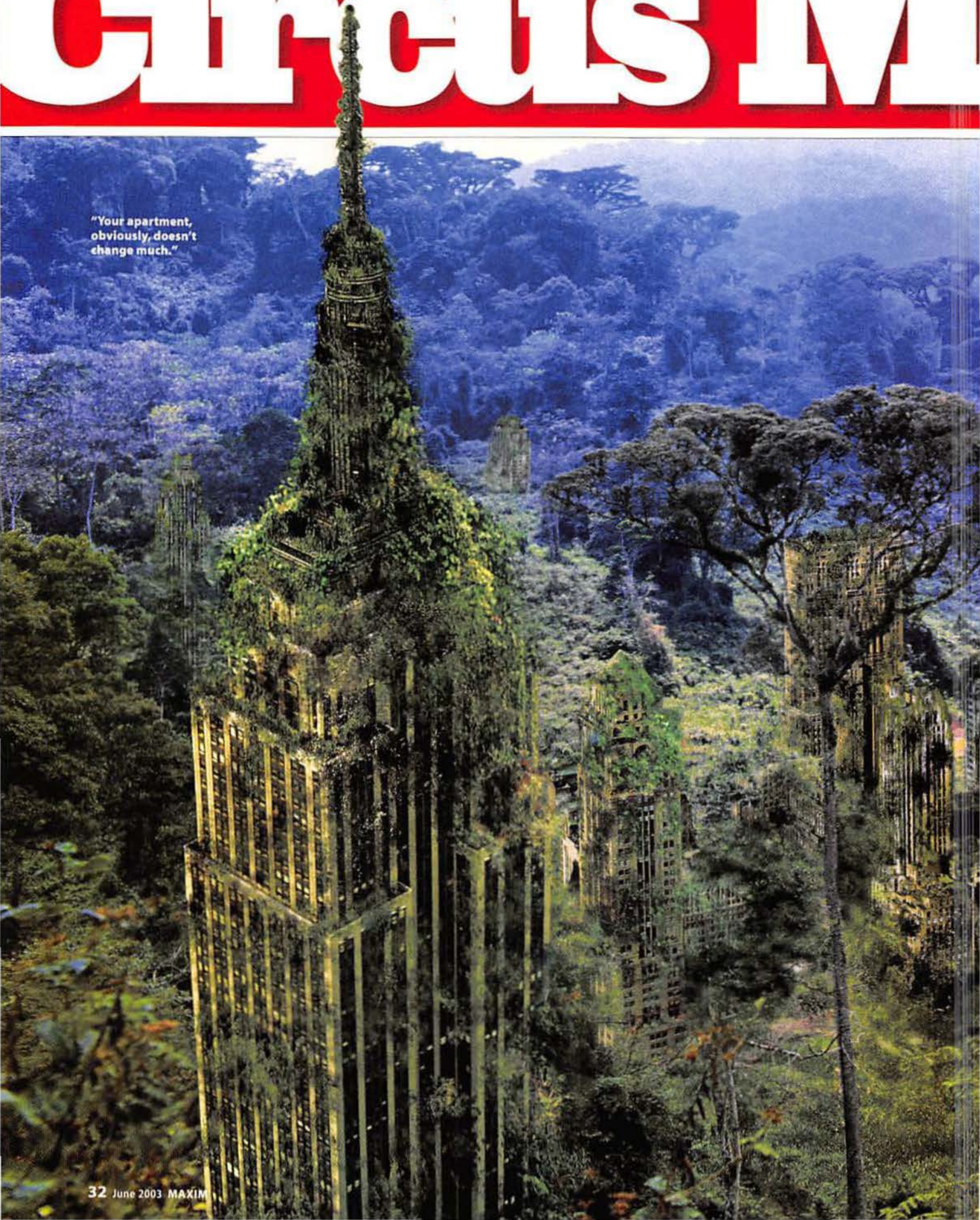
A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

Circus M



axiMus

THE BIG PICTURE

URBAN JUNGLE

Ma Nature reclaims the streets of New York City from marauding shoppers.

Thousands of years ago, cities used to look remarkably like forests, with trees and rocks where peep shows and housing projects currently stand. French artiste Chayan Khoi's *Return to the Jungle* depicts what he calls "nature taking revenge." But how closely does his vision reflect what would really happen? What *would* New York City look like if its real estate moguls, lawyers, and hot dog vendors went the way of the dinosaur? "Within 100 days, raccoons would swarm out of Central Park to take over the city," warns Seth Reice, Ph.D., biology professor at the University of North Carolina. "They're waiting *right now.*" Not long after the raccoon menace assumed power, hawks and osprey would flock to the empty buildings, whose less sunny north sides would grow moss, rot, and eventually collapse. Meanwhile, ginkgo and privet trees would break through the pavement, joining "escapee houseplants" to make the streets green with something other than vomit. But the most fertile soil would be provided by the corpses of eight million former New Yorkers. "Imagine, undigested cucumber seeds growing vines out of the bodies," gushes a disturbingly giddy Reice. Now you understand why we *must* crush nature first!

Illustration: Chayan Khoi; referenced photo: Charles E. Rotkin/Corbis

CRASS MENAGERIE

VERY GRISLY BEARS

It can be hard to find the perfect gift to show people just how little you really care. So if Grandma manages to stay alive for yet *another* birthday, make it memorable with a disturbing $25 figurine from ToxicTeddies.com.

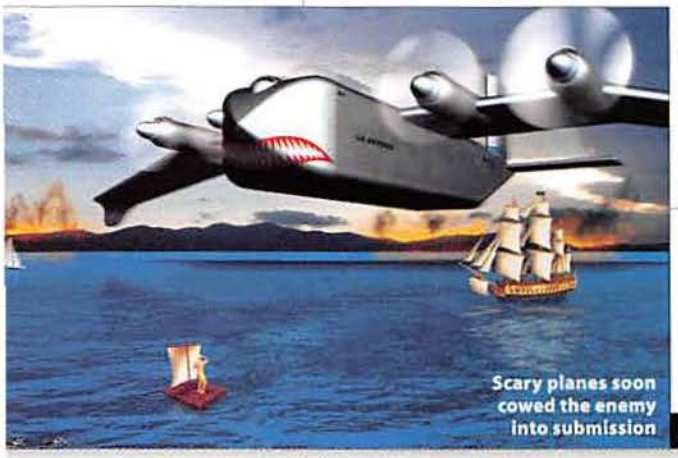
RELAX. I'M NOT REALLY A GOALIE.
I'M OUR GOOD SIDE!
GOD, I HATE THAT WANKER.
I'M DEAD-AND LOVING IT!
HEY! THESE MAGGOTS TICKLE!
CRIP TERRITORY MY ASS!
THE MOB IS TESTY.
YUM, DAHMER SAUSAGE!
I THINK THE SKATEBOARD BIT ME!
WHO NEEDS A HUG? OH, WAIT.
THIS MASK SMELLS LIKE...FEAR.
YOU BROKE MY HEART, TEDDY RUXPIN.
CHILDREN ARE SO INNOCENT.
NOTHING LIKE GOOD HEAD.
FOR TWO HITS I'LL DO GREEK.

WAR CHEST

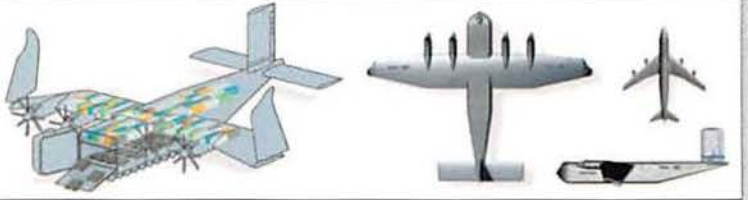
PELICAN BRIEF

A new plane will fly 5,000 troops anywhere—even your mom's bed!

There's no telling when the military will need to mobilize against an evil dictator, a diabolical terrorist, or the messing-with of Texas. Enter the Pelican, a gargantuan transport plane designed to deliver 5,000 soldiers, 17 tanks, or nearly *three million pounds* of bombs and ammo—enough ordnance to pancake Boston—to almost any unlucky destination. "The plane could start an engagement outside a surface-to-air missile threat," explains John Skorupa, a spokesman for Boeing, which hopes to develop the plane. "It would eliminate that, then move in to drop thousands of bombs." Aside from its unholy capacity for carnage, the Pelican is environmentally friendly, utilizing "wing-in-ground effect" to conserve fuel by flying a mere 20 to 50 feet off the surface of the ocean; if necessary, the plane will be able to fly at 20,000 feet. The Pelican will boast four pairs of 40,000 hp engines driving massive 50-foot props, for top speeds of 400 mph. The result? Each plane—Boeing says they'll cost tens of millions of dollars—would let the military deploy an entire brigade to, say, Pyongyang, North Korea in four days or less. Aren't surprise guests the *worst*?



Scary planes soon cowed the enemy into submission



The Pelican could swallow 1,500 tons of supplies and crap out a 747.

Photographs: Satoshi (bears); illustrations, Mika Grondahl and Paul Wootton

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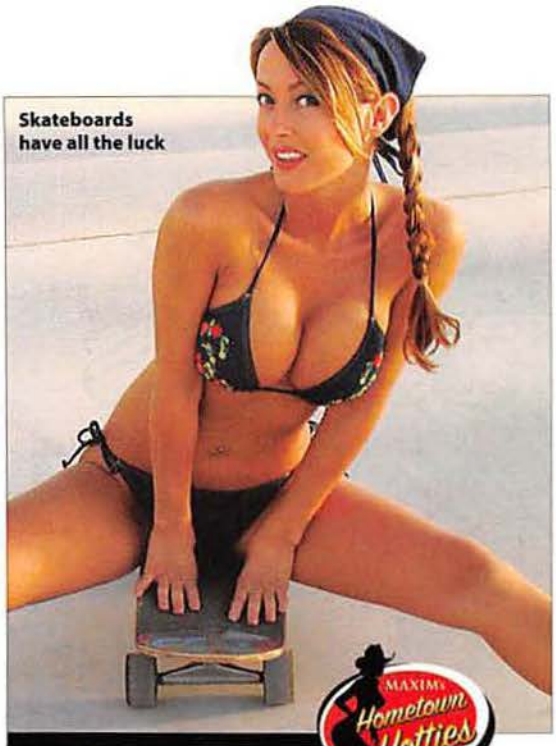
**In breaking/combing tests, compared to an ordinary shampoo.



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SURF'S UP!

Summer's here—best you stay inside and stare at the computer.

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Ten weeks and 1,000 girls-next-door later, we're down to the cream of our Hometown Hottie crop. That's 100 Hotties now on display, waiting for you to rock the vote.

MAXIM FALLACY BASEBALL

LOSERS AND WINNERS

Get in touch with your inner sports geek by building a dream team of baseball's most ham-fisted hacks and vie for prizes each week in Fallacy Baseball. We do for fantasy sports what TV did for reading books.

HOT AND HOTTERER

Peep extra photos and behind-the-scenes video of *Bachelorette* #1 Trista Rehn and *Dumb and Dumberer*'s Rachel Nichols in the Maxim Lounge. But to get past the velvet rope you gotsta subscribe.

THAT'S NOT ALL!

Behold bonus superhuman absurdity with even more of our Lamest Superheroes (p.166)—free for all our homeys in the Lounge!

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11

Teams in the NCAA'S Big 10 Conference.

Got a little too caulky, didn't you?!
So you thought you could tackle that remodeling project by yourself, but now you're not so sure? Well, before that sticky situation becomes a full-fledged disaster, pick up your phone and give us a call.
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We can provide you with the names of professionals in your area who have the expertise you and your project need — so let the pros do the work. We can also send you our free kitchen and bath

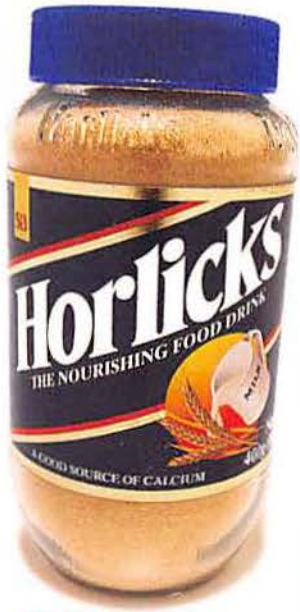
▲ **RUNNER-UP**
He's a do-it-yourself kind of guy.
—Samuel Jennings, Bensalem, PA

SEEMS WRONG SOMEHOW

FOUND PORN

Someone actually thought this stuff was innocent.

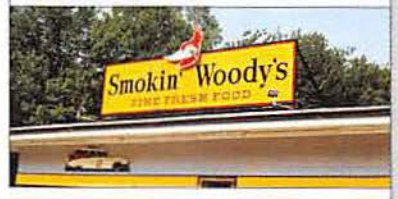
◀ **RUNNER-UP**
Relics like this teach us so much about ancient Greek children.
—Keir Johnson, Rockaway Point, NY



▲ **THE $150 WINNER!**
Tastes like 'tang!
—Jayne Salters, Nashville, TN

▼ **RUNNER-UP**
Next week: She complains bitterly.
—B. Sillato, Columbus, OH

▼ **RUNNER-UP**
The chicken's better at Cock Gobbler.
—Matt Atkinson, Warrenville, IL



HAVE YOU SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Snail-mail your entry (we old-skool, yo) to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Horlicks), Andrew Kist (man)

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I WONDER...
OWW! OK, OK! CHRIST, I'M AWAKE!
ONE LARGE COFFEE, PLEASE, AND MAKE SURE IT'S BLISTERINGLY HOT!
WHY-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
DAMMIT, NOT AGAIN! CHARLES, GET THE MOP AND THE BURN OINTMENT.
JERK.
ARRGH!
YO MAMA'S SO OLD SHE'S GLUE! YOU SCARED, MR. ED? DOES A MADMAN LIKE ME SCARE YOU?
WHAM!
HA, HA. SEE? DID EVERYBODY SEE THAT?
I WASN'T LOOKING. SORRY.
DID YOU FALL DOWN, MISTER?
AAAAH!
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. COULD YOU GIVE ME A PUSH? MY WHEEL'S STUCK.
FREAK!
GARCON! A MINERAL WATER WITH A WEDGE OF LEMON, PLEASE.
BIKERS SMOKE DICK
HELLS
MAYBE IT'S TIME I GET A GIRLFRIEND TO TAKE CARE OF ME...
BIKERS SMOKE DICK
IS CLOSED
...FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!
THE END

DODGE TRUCKS. Fifty-foot hairy tarantulas? Alien armies? No, our competitors fear only one thing—the Most Powerful Line of Trucks—including Dakota, Durango and Ram Heavy Duty. Two words to other trucks: Nighty, night. For info, visit dodge.com or call 800-4ADODGE.

GRAB LIFE BY THE HORNS

DODGE

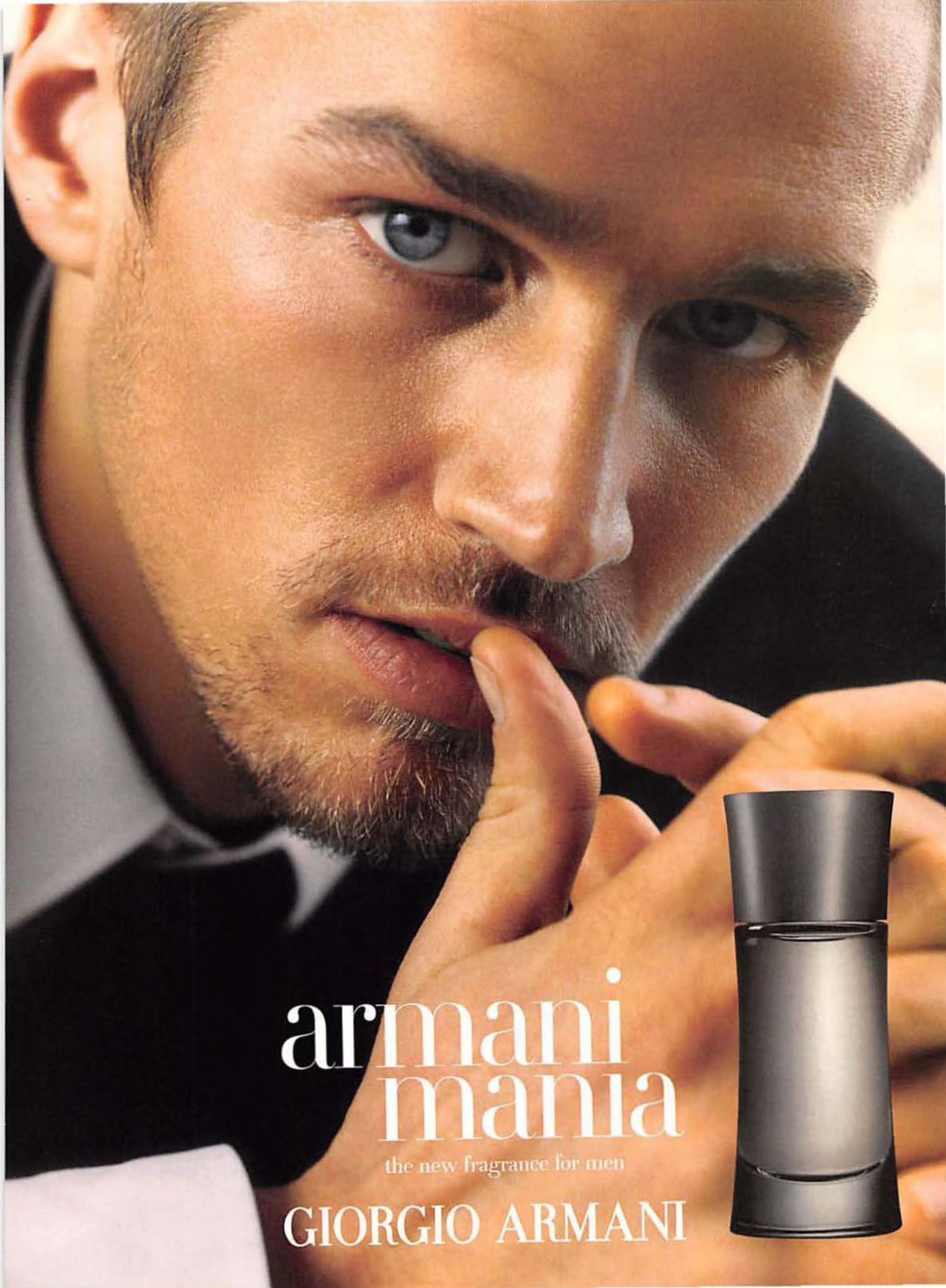
THEY HAVE A STARRING ROLE IN OTHER TRUCKS' NIGHTMARES.

MODEL CITIZEN

JOANNA KRUPA

Her gigs: Skechers, Frederick's of Hollywood, Venus swimwear
Her story: Parks are usually good for nothing but fresh air and exercise—two of our least favorite things. But once in a while there's an exception. "I was posing in a park wearing a button-down shirt, and when I lifted my arms the whole thing popped open," recalls the Polish-born, Chicago-bred stunner. "The poor little kids who saw probably had nightmares." Unless Joanna has menacing red eyes for nipples, we doubt that. And with her recent season-long stint as a *Man Show* Juggy, she's certain to become even more visible to the public. "I want to be like Brigitte Bardot," Joanna says modestly. "She was naturally beautiful, not trashy or plastic. It's hard to find a classy beauty these days." Don't we know it, babe—this is our life's work.
Hard or soft...ice cream? "I like it half melted and all drippy." Yes!

Photographs, Antoine Verglas; styling, Jillian Lincoln; makeup, Donna Fumoso for Face Stockholm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mania
the new fragrance for men
GIORGIO ARMANI

BLOOMINGDALE'S

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the new fragrance for men

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Lift here
to discover
armani mania

'My whole shirt popped open. The poor little kids who saw probably had nightmares.'

POP QUIZ

IDOL RUMORS

Can you guess which is actual tabloid gossip and which is just crap we made up?

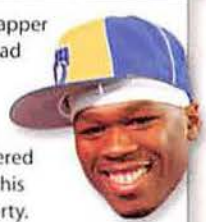
1. Faux-punk ingenue **Avril Lavigne** stormed out of a posh New York City jazz club, complaining that the music "didn't even have any words, mostly."

2. Ex–Washington Wizards mascot **Michael Jordan** spent nine hours at a Vegas blackjack table, winning an irrelevant $1.7 million. Thing is, His Airness was *still* in the hole.

3. Superhottie **Jennifer Garner** berated the staff of an L.A. Starbucks for giving her a cappuccino instead of a decaf latte the previous day. "I was jittery!" she shrieked.

4. *American Idol* yenta **Paula Abdul** gave herself 21 years of bad luck when the show's crew failed to install special "lengthening" mirrors in the squat star's dressing room.

5. Apparently, rapper **50 Cent** fears bad luck might be genetic. The oft-ass-capped street poet ordered a flak jacket for his six-year-old shorty.



6. Ex-Nirvana drummer **Dave Grohl** spent $50,000 to have his teeth shaved and capped—then, like a true rocker, insured 'em for $80 grand.

ANSWERS: 1-F, 2-T, 3-T, 4-F, 5-T, 6-F

.0056

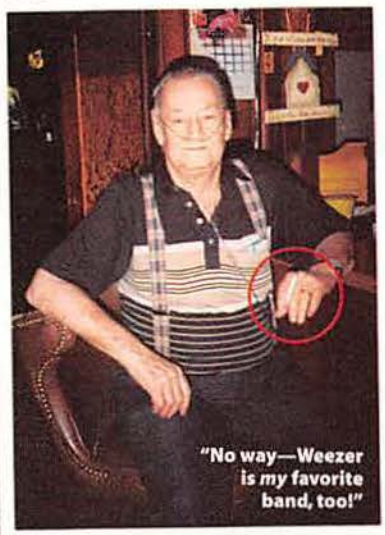
Standard weight of a Ping-Pong ball, in pounds.

Ten cents out of every dollar goes to the Roof Fund
OPPRESSIVE LONELINESS
PARTY ZONE!
PLENTY O' BOOZE
STAND BY YOUR BAR!
Is your—hic—watering hole a Bar o' the Month? Tell us why at mybar@maximmag.com and win a $250 bar tab. For official rules, visit maximonline.com.

BAR O' THE MONTH

THE YELLOW ROSE

Olives in beer, open flames near explosives—this must be Texas!



What it lacks in wet-T-shirt-clad coeds, the Yellow Rose makes up for with Lone Star atmosphere. Located in tiny Monahans, Texas, this roadhouse serves up $1.50 drafts—with an olive in every mug—as patrons pump quarters into the country *and* western jukebox. Since 1986 the bar has been owned by 65-year-young Jerry Redmon and his wife, Kathleen, who entertain customers with colorful yarns and by not blowing themselves up. A loyal smoker for 50 years, Jerry still sucks down the heaters despite emphysema and the oxygen tank that affords him the luxury of breathing. "Smokers and nonsmokers sit side by side, and no one complains," he boasts. So drag your butt to 2603 South Loop 464, or call 915-940-7673.

MEDIC ALERT

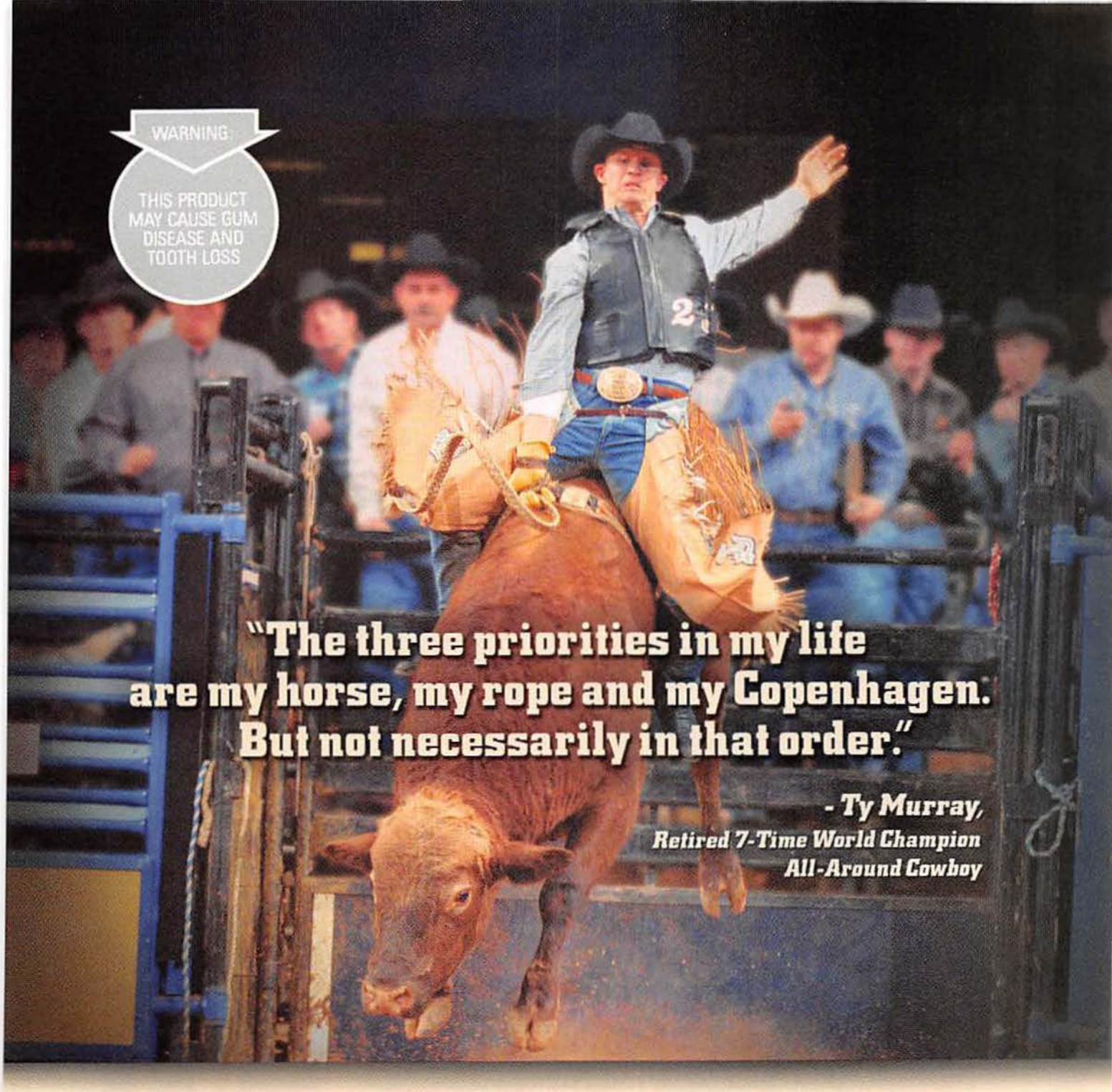
JOHNSON & JOHNSON

Having a second schlong need no longer be just your sick fantasy.

Worried about your girlfriend straying while you're away on business or in jail? BoneClone replicates the only part of you she really needs. Just stick your mini-me inside this do-it-yourself dildo kit's molding cylinder for 15 seconds (think about baseball), then fill the "negative penis" imprint with molding silicone. Arts and crafts aficionados can mix in any flesh tone from "Michael Jackson" to "Jesse Jackson," then wait 24 hours and—*voilà!*—twins! "It's the ultimate compliment to know that your partner can get pleasure from your body double," says BoneClone creator Dave Berg. And when the Viagra stops working, you can have it implanted. Go fuck yourself for $40 at theboneclone.com.

Great for keeping your baby quiet

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (BoneClone); Felix Chavez (bar)


WARNING:
THIS PRODUCT MAY CAUSE GUM DISEASE AND TOOTH LOSS
"The three priorities in my life are my horse, my rope and my Copenhagen. But not necessarily in that order."
- Ty Murray,
Retired 7-Time World Champion All-Around Cowboy

The bold taste of Copenhagen. As authentic as the people who enjoy it. Whether it's Fine Cut, Long Cut or Pouches, Fresh Cope® satisfies.

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US Smokeless TOBACCO CO.

STOCK OPTIONS

BOOZE ALERT

Your home bar ain't got no novelty hooch? Whatsamattayou?

THE WINE OF VODKAS
Made with snap frost grapes from the Gaillac—heh, heh—region of France, Ciroc has an extra-smooth finish because it's distilled five times. Take that, terrorists! *(cirocvodka.com)*

THE BEER OF MUTTS
Czech beer, made with Icelandic water, sold by Californians. Finally, globalization put in terms we can understand! Bonus: Josef Bierbitzch Golden Pilsner goes down easier than your sister. *(bierbitzch.com)*

THE BOURBON OF MOONSHINE
Made from an Alabama family recipe inbred for generations, Conecuh Ridge is lovingly aged in caramel-charred white oak barrels. Still, it'll fuck you up like a crowbar-totin' redneck on crystal meth. *(crbrands.com)*

THE BOOZE OF JUICE
How do distillers of Danflou Pear William get a pear into the bottle? They construct it ship-in-a-bottle style! The liquor preserves the pear, which flavors the brandy, and everyone's a winner. *(internetwines.com)*

THE TEQUILA OF FOSSILS
The recipe for AsomBroso's excellent sippin' tequila was found in a 2001 archaeological dig. Makers traveled to Mexico to "ask the permission of the spirits"—but lawyers demanded 20 percent. *(californiatequila.com)*

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

NAVY SEALS

Screw Aquaman—our nation's shores are patrolled by far more formidable fish.

America has the edge on terrorists in many respects: deadlier firepower, cooler reality shows, higher moral high ground. But the coolest example of U.S. superiority is our use of ninja sea lions. That's right—a Navy program known as the Shallow Water Intruder Detection System, or SWIDS, trains the animals to hunt down and detain underwater enemies trying to approach military bases and ships. Why sea lions? They have keen underwater directional hearing, can swim up to 25 mph, and will do anything for a mouthful of chum. Most importantly, they can see in the dark—these "hookers-of-the-sea" work only at night—making it easy to "mark" evildoers. How? With leg cuffs that stop them dead in the water until the human cavalry arrives. "If you were a diver, you would likely just think that a fish had brushed by you—until realizing you had been caught," says Navy Public Affairs Officer Tom LaPuzza. The San Diego–based Marine Mammal Program, which has a $15 million annual budget, recently sent sea lions to the Middle East. Of course, they'll be fitted with turbans to help fit in with the native fish.

"Slap me...uh, one!"

"Enough with the Oprah jokes, dammit!"

48

Ounces of beer that can fit in a regulation-size Frisbee.

Photographs, Satoshi (liquor)

How millions will save for the future.

Save the best parts of life on Memorex digital media.

There's more than one way to save for the future. That's because Memorex offers a complete array of media formats to help you capture, preserve and enjoy the very best parts of life. Imagine saving your favorite videos, precious photos, valuable data and your entire music library for at least a century. Our media can handle whatever captures your fancy. We have the new recordable DVDs in all the popular formats—DVD+RW/+R, DVD-RW/-R and DVD-RAM. We offer a full line of recordable CDs that hold 700 MB of storage or 80 minutes of audio. Our 8cm Pocket CDs hold hours of MP3 music or up to 140 high-res photos. And our Flash Media captures everything from photos to music to PDA files. How popular is our media? Over the past five years, no one has sold more digital media than Memorex. And with 30 years of experience, we have one of the most trusted names in recordable technology. To find out how you can preserve your life on digital media, visit www.memorex.com. Think of it as an investment for the future!

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Our Recordable DVD system includes everything you need to preserve your digital videos on DVD.

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Shoot, record and share like never before with our Flash Media—then save your memories on recordable DVD or CD.

> The future of digital music

Compile hours, days—even weeks of your favorite tunes using our Flash Memory Products and recordable CD media.

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DOUBLE TALK

THE TAO OF DIRTY DANCING

Never underestimate the brilliance of a shitty Patrick Swayze movie.

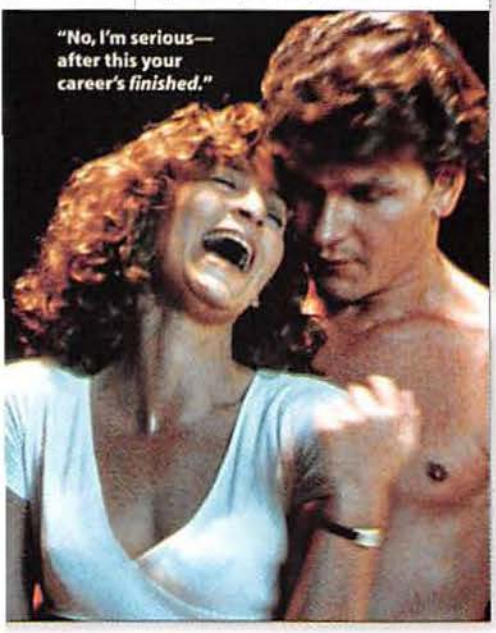
Groin-grinding choreography aside, ancient Chinese wisdom and the perky nubs of a pre-nose-job Jennifer Grey make *DD* a classic.

Johnny: "The steps aren't enough—you have to *feel* the music."
Meaning: Johnny (Swayze) demonstrates to Baby (Grey) the principle of Oneness: Lose yourself in the song and *become* the dance. There's no old nose or new nose, just *one* nose.

Johnny: "Nobody puts Baby in a corner."
Meaning: Baby doesn't stagnate—she evolves through a public display of her new mambo skills, a boost in confidence that can otherwise be achieved only through rhinoplasty.

Johnny: "Last month I'm eating Jujubes to stay alive. This month women are stuffing diamonds in my pocket."
Meaning: Johnny accepts Dynamic Balance and his coexisting dualities. Costarring in a huge blockbuster doesn't mean you won't be relying on candy for sustenance again.

Johnny: "All it is is one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four."
Meaning: In breaking down the mambo into a simple rhythm, Johnny illustrates Harmonious Action. Strength is gained through action; big Semitic honker is replaced by WASPy button nose.



HIROKI! IS HOMELESS!

TALKING TRASH

Our poor Japanese art assistant tries the underground practice of Dumpster diving.

HALF-EATEN FRIED CHICKEN
Location Popeyes, Teaneck, NJ **Value** $4.60
Comments: Free bird is the ultimate value meal! Bonus: It was sitting right on top of the trash—nowhere *near* the rats and maggots.
Hiroki says: "I don't trust. Someone bite, but I don't want to kiss him. I need two days off." ✪✪✪○○

FAT GUY DRESS SLACKS
Location Nanuet Mall, Nanuet, NY **Value** $5
Comments: It was funny when tiny Hiroki tried on these stained 46-waist pants. Funny, that is, until his legs broke out in a rash. That was downright hilarious!
Hiroki says: "They huge! Curious for me. *[picks at stain]* Chocolate, or man's period?" ○○○○○

SESAME STREET 3-IN-1 LEARNING POTTY
Location Toys "R" Us, Livingston, NJ **Value** $16
Comments: Toddlers urinating all over Elmo and Cookie Monster? Yay! Good news: Now Hiroki never has to leave his desk. Bad news: not even to empty it.
Hiroki says: "Baby shi-shi. *[removes plastic bowl]* Big teacup for drink! I keep for my junior." ✪✪○○○

MENU SIGN FROM DINER
Location Garden State Plaza, Paramus, NJ **Value** 99¢
Comments: Cops came to investigate reports of an Asian elf frolicking in garbage. Luckily, they recognized Hiroki and pointed him toward the really *choice* trash.
Hiroki says: "When I hungry, I watch. When I open restaurant, I use. But just boiled chicken." ✪○○○○

MAGNAVOX TELEVISION
Location Palisades Center, West Nyack, NY **Value** $40
Comments: Hiroki no doubt got tetanus from wading through rusty scrap metal for this gem. What kind of book-reading sicko tosses out a semifunctional TV?
Hiroki says: "This for playing kung fu games—or watching porn DVD video. I keep it." ✪✪✪✪○

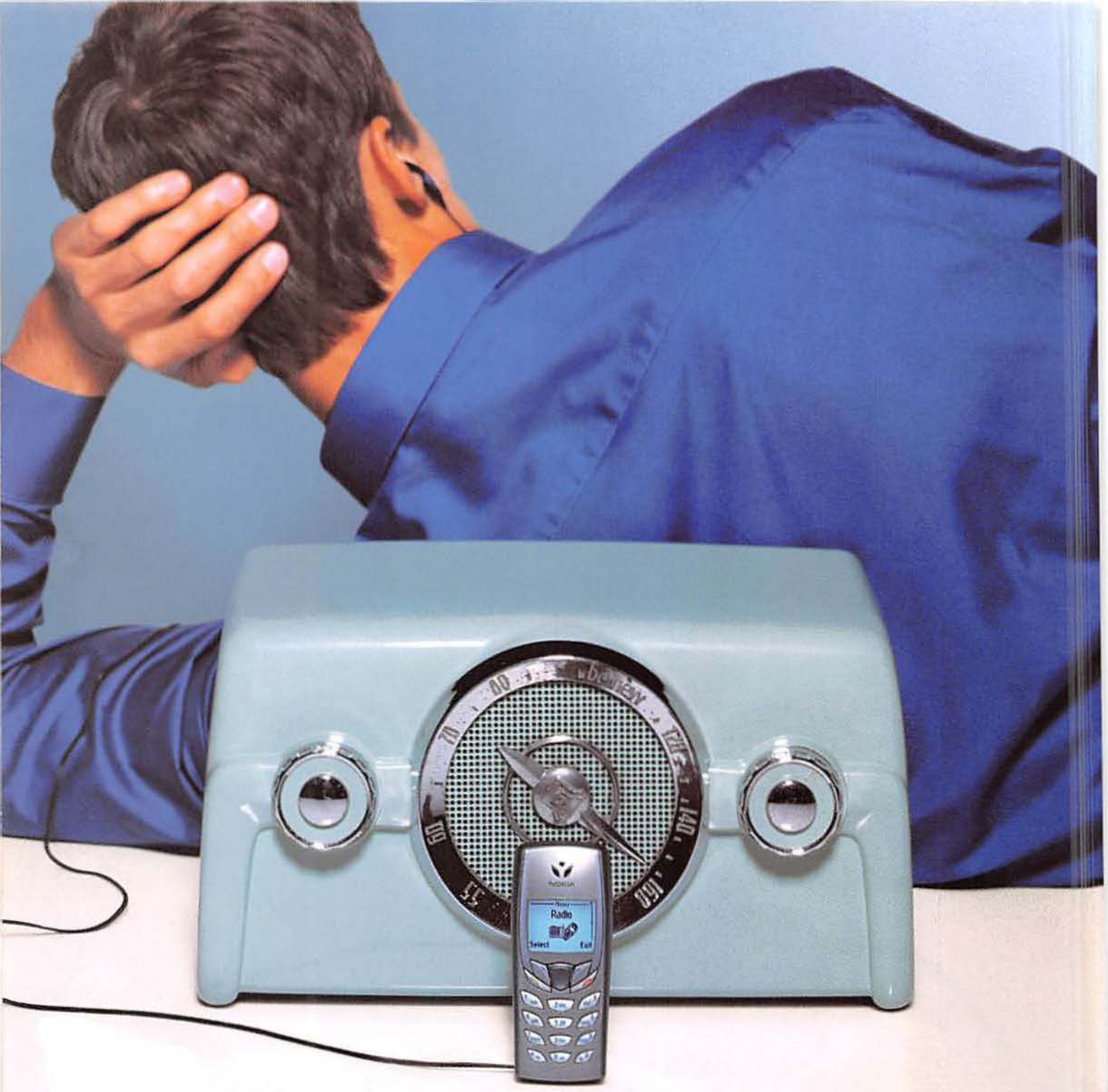
4

Rogue U.S. states that call themselves "commonwealths."

Photographs, Satoshi; set and prop design, Eyal Brauch; grooming, Wendy Brown; Dumpster courtesy of M & M Sanitation, N.Y.C. Product photos, Robert Glasgow.

The new arcade

NOKIA
3595



The new frequency

NOKIA
6590i

The new "say cheese"

NOKIA
3650

Introducing the latest phones from Nokia. They put a new spin on everything you do.

NOKIA 6590i

- FM radio
- Voice dialing, recording and commands
- High-speed mobile Internet browser

NOKIA 3595

- Download new games
- Optional active covers that light up (sold separately)
- Polyphonic ringtones
- Voice dialing, recording and commands

NOKIA 3650

- Built-in camera takes pictures in just 2 clicks
- Multimedia messaging for sharing pictures
- Stores over 1,000 photos
- Video recorder

Nokia makes more mobile phones than anyone in the world. See if we've made one for you.
To find yours today – and to download new games, ringtones and more – visit www.nokia.com/us.

NOKIA
CONNECTING PEOPLE

All screen images are simulated. Nokia 3650 photo storage capacity based on standard VGA photos at basic resolution using combined phone and 16MB tri-bit memory card. Memory usage for other features or higher-resolution photos affects number of photos stored. Many features including multimedia messaging and downloadable games or ringtones are network-dependent and require network support. Check with your carrier about support and availability. Mobile Internet Browser used to access content/services designed for mobile devices. Product color may vary. Copyright © 2003 Nokia. All rights reserved. Nokia, Connecting People and Nokia 6590i, 3595, and 3650 are trademarks or registered trademarks of Nokia Corporation.

HAZARDOUS WASTE

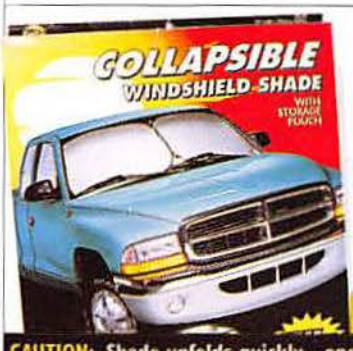
UNFAIR WARNING

Just how stupid do lawsuit-fearing companies think American consumers are? Lobotomized-monkey stupid, if these actual product labels are any indication.

WARNING!

Warnings Keep out of eyes. Stop use if skin rash occurs. **Keep out of reach of children.**

▲ **NOT SO EASY ON THE EYES**
What part of the phrase "lip balm" is so difficult to understand?



◀ **DIM SHADY**
Car safety's all the rage: First seat belts, now this—soon cars will have noisemakers announcing your approach!

WARNING!

CAUTION: Shade unfolds quickly - open carefully outside Remove shade before operating vehicle.

◀ **PLUG UGLY**
Remember to wait 30 minutes after eating them—*then* you can go swimming.

WARNING!

⚠Warning: Keep away from infants and small children. These earplugs are non-toxic, but may interfere with breathing if caught in windpipe.

▶ **ONE WORD: PLASTICS!**
Aw, but the packet's the best part—and a lot more nutritious than prefab slabs of pizza meat.

WARNING!

PACKET ENCLOSED TO KEEP PRODUCT FRESH. DO NOT EAT PACKET.

▼ **HIGH 'N' DRY**
The first step toward conquering your fabric softener addiction is admitting you have a problem.

WARNING!

CAUTION: AVOID OVERDOSING.

GREAT QUOTES #2

GET IT RIGHT

Otter's *Animal House* soliloquy.

"THE ISSUE HERE IS NOT WHETHER WE BROKE A FEW RULES OR TOOK A FEW LIBERTIES WITH OUR FEMALE PARTY GUESTS—WE DID. BUT YOU CAN'T HOLD A WHOLE FRATERNITY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BEHAVIOR OF A FEW SICK, PERVERTED INDIVIDUALS. FOR IF YOU DO, THEN SHOULDN'T WE BLAME THE WHOLE FRATERNITY SYSTEM? AND IF THE WHOLE FRATERNITY SYSTEM IS GUILTY, THEN ISN'T THIS AN INDICTMENT OF OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS IN GENERAL? I PUT IT TO YOU—ISN'T THIS AN INDICTMENT OF OUR ENTIRE AMERICAN SOCIETY? WELL, YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT TO US, BUT WE'RE NOT GOING TO SIT HERE AND LISTEN TO YOU BAD-MOUTH THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA! GENTLEMEN!"

TV NATION

TELLY TUBS

Because reading on the john is *so* 2002.

Thanks to the British company Porter Lancastrian, your days of choosing between bathing and watching *American Dreams* will soon be over. TileVision is a waterproof, heat-resistant flat screen that mounts flush with your bathroom wall tiles. Though the price is a bowel-loosening $2,700 and up, the 10.4-inch or 15-inch monitor can be hard-wired to a DVD player so you can watch flicks without leaving your DIY gas chamber. Just be sure you know what you're doing before you install it. (Hint: Turn off the shower.) Order your very own excuse to never leave the loo at tilevision.tv.

21

Wives Mormon leader Brigham Young had to put up with.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (labels). Product examples taken from the book *Wearing This Garment Does Not Enable You to Fly: 101 Real Dumb Warning Labels* (Simon & Schuster).

MAXIM'S

WHO'S YOUR DADDY? Championship

FIGURE HEADS

ROUND 1

CLIFF HUXTABLE
Always armed with great fatherly advice or preachy stories about jazz.

OZZY OSBOURNE
Picked up his dad skills from *his* father: Satan!

MIKE BRADY
The ultimate '70s dad: laid-back, draped in plaid, and gay!

RED FORMAN
That '70s Show is like *The Brady Bunch*—except the dad ain't gay.

ROUND 2

The Oz nods off; the Coz prevails!

Nice win! You working out, Mr. Brady?

ROUND 3

Mike's on top; asked to wrestle again.

Another round? Tony'd better reload.

GREATEST TV DAD!
Homer proves it: You don't need brains to raise kids. Woo-hoo!

Sadly, only one genius slob can win.

Frank's wife is shrill, but Al's *is evil.*

"Beer. Now there's a temporary solution."

Frasier and Niles? Mincing ninnies.

June: a hottie. Mrs. Garrett: a nottie.

Foot odor is tougher than any terrorist.

Tina Yothers nude? Serenity now!

ROUND 3

HOMER SIMPSON
What every dad should be: fat, drunk, and lazy.

MARTIN CRANE
Frasier's dad may be a gimp, but he's an ex-cop with a hot nurse.

WARD CLEAVER
Never has a dad loved Beaver more than he.

PHILIP DRUMMOND
Swings both ways: adoptive *and* biological.

ROUND 2

The Fonz isn't *really* Italian!

OK, you win—*if* you give us the Olsens.

Mary-Kate and Ashley will *love* the Bing!

Frank's wife is shrill, but Al's *is evil.*

ROUND 1

TONY SOPRANO
Kids whose dad could whack 'em? Well-behaved.

HOWARD CUNNINGHAM
The *Happy Days* padre also sold a mean trash bag.

DANNY TANNER
Say what you will—he raised the Olsen twins.

HAL
No, not the psychotic computer. *Malcolm in the Middle*'s dad!

AL BUNDY
Soldiers on despite hellion kids, a lousy job, and a harpy wife.

JACK BAUER
Rescuing your daughter from terrorists scores *mad* dad points.

STEVEN KEATON
Raised three kids on a public television salary.

FRANK COSTANZA
Raised the most neurotic tubber in New York.

In honor of Father's Day, we pitted 16 beloved TV dads—your pa's cameo on *Cops* doesn't count—against each other to determine the grand daddy of 'em all.

HBO VIDEO

THIS FATHER'S DAY

MAKE SURE DAD GETS IT.

GIVE HIM THE FIRST THREE SEASONS ON DVD AND VHS.

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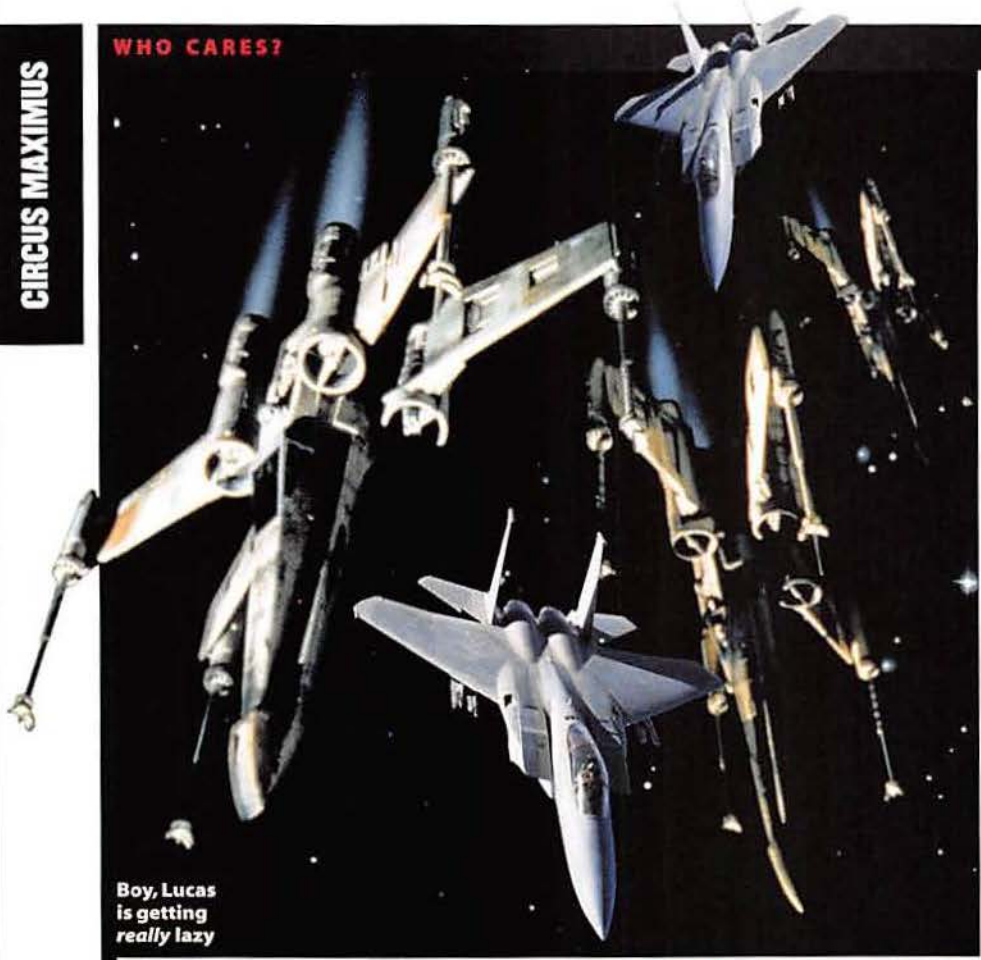
BRAD GREY TELEVISION

WHO CARES?



Boy, Lucas is getting *really* lazy

G'HEAD, ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers your supersonic, Teutonic, McGillycuddy's Restorative Tonic questions.

Q: Could an F-15 jet fly into space?

A: An F-15 will get you past the speed of sound, behind enemy lines, and sitting in one messy flight suit, but it won't get you into space. Originally flown in 1972, the F-15 was the first aircraft that could accelerate vertically. However, the F-15's two Pratt & Whitney jet engines require oxygen to burn fuel; since space—much like the interior of Ben Affleck's skull—is an airless vacuum, the fighter would quickly stall outside the Earth's atmosphere. "It's like blocking the air filter on your car—it would choke out," says Gray Creech, spokesman for NASA's Dryden Flight Research Center in Edwards, California. That doesn't mean F-15 pilots haven't *tried*. In 1975 one aviator took his plane on a three-and-a-half minute vertical climb before killing the engines at 98,425 feet—space begins at about 250,000 feet—and restarting after he plunged thousands of feet into denser air. "Houston, call the dry cleaner..."

Q: What were the first two Reichs?

A: Sure, Adolf Hitler's irrepressibly genocidal Third Reich gets all the attention, but the first two Reichs, or "empires," deserve derision as well. The First Reich is better known as the Holy Roman Empire, which "sounds impressive," says Steven Remy, assistant professor of history at Brooklyn College, "but it was just a loose confederation of territories with no real power." Kinda like Canada! It was founded in 800 A.D. by Charlemagne, but Napoleon conquered and dissolved it in 1806 to make up for his childlike stature. The Second Reich began in 1871 when donut magnate Otto von Bismarck unified Germany. That lasted until 1918, when the allies celebrated their World War I victory by forcing Germany to create a democracy. That, um, didn't go so well, and Hitler named his regime the Third Reich in 1933, predicting it would reign for 1,000 years. It lasted 12—also the length, in inches, of the pitchfork jammed up *der Führer's* ass by the Allies.

"Wow. I suddenly feel, like, homicidal."

Q: Does medicine *really* go bad?

A: Like women, meds don't go "bad" so much as they stop making you feel "good." Since medicine is often organic, ingredients break down over time; while they don't become dangerous, they do lose effectiveness. The FDA suggests that expiration dates be set at the point when meds lose 10 percent of their potency. So while recently expired penicillin can clear up your latest outbreak, "Medicine *far* past its expiration probably won't help," says Eric J. Mack, Ph.D., assistant professor at the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy and Health Sciences. Hint: Since meds break down slower in a cool, dry place, rethink storing those heroin balloons in your rectum.

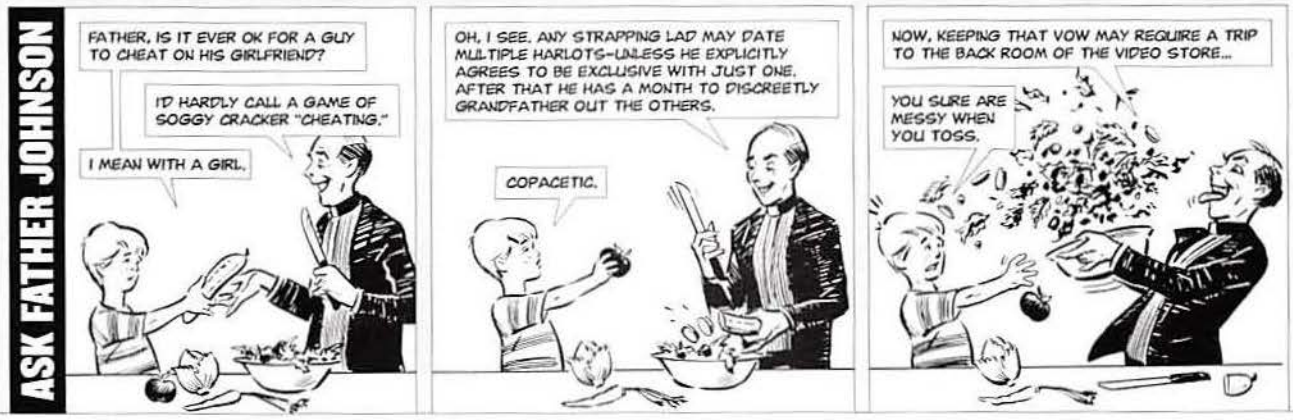
It's like Viagra for your wallet!

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?

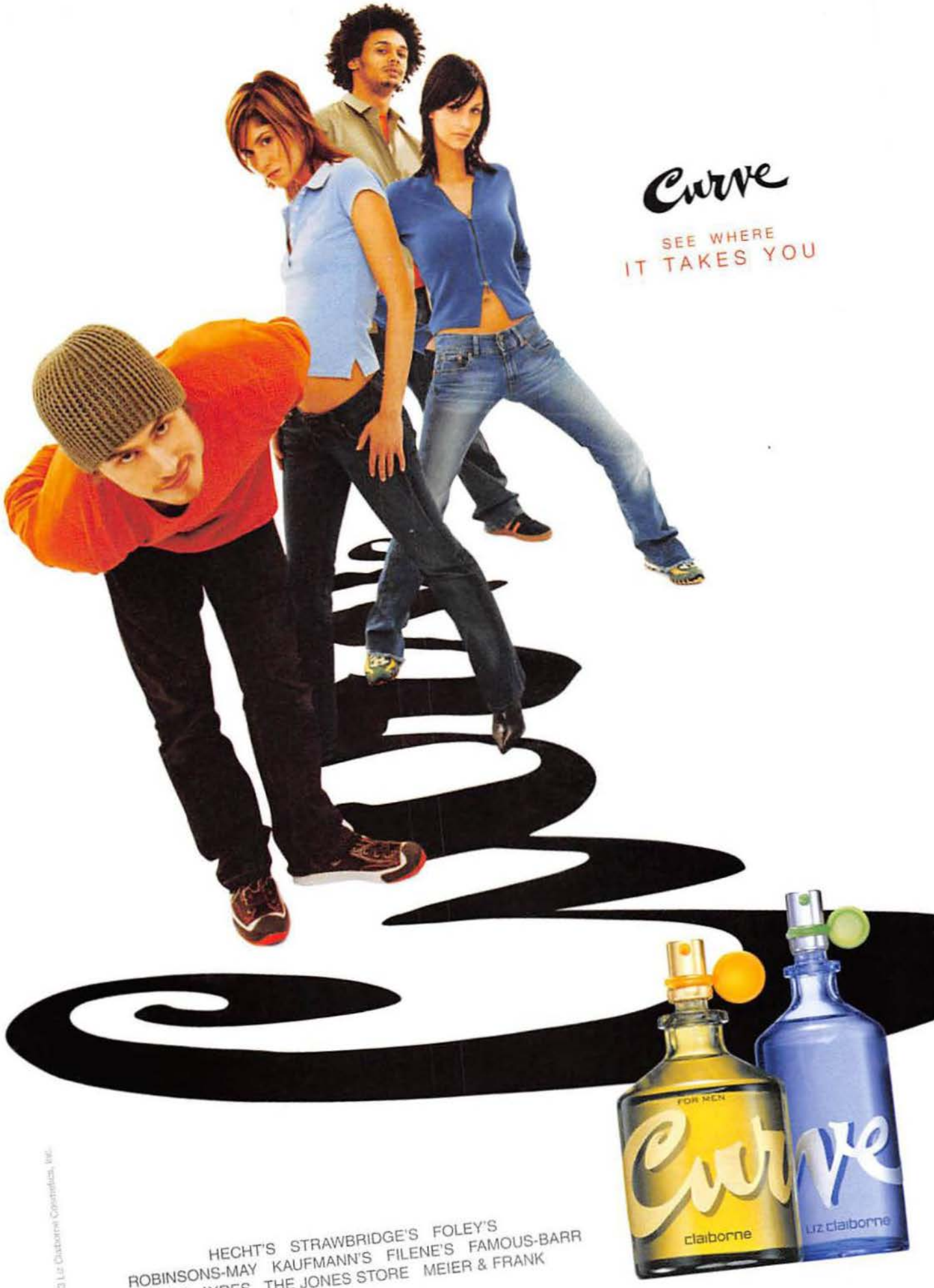
Send them to Ask Anything, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018, or e-mail ask@maximonline.com. Hurry up, peg boy!

MORAL AUTHORITY

ASK FATHER JOHNSON


FATHER, IS IT EVER OK FOR A GUY TO CHEAT ON HIS GIRLFRIEND?
I'D HARDLY CALL A GAME OF SOGGY CRACKER "CHEATING."
I MEAN WITH A GIRL.
OH, I SEE. ANY STRAPPING LAD MAY DATE MULTIPLE HARLOTS—UNLESS HE EXPLICITLY AGREES TO BE EXCLUSIVE WITH JUST ONE. AFTER THAT HE HAS A MONTH TO DISCREETLY GRANDFATHER OUT THE OTHERS.
COPACETIC.
NOW, KEEPING THAT VOW MAY REQUIRE A TRIP TO THE BACK ROOM OF THE VIDEO STORE...
YOU SURE ARE MESSY WHEN YOU TOSS.

Circus Maximus/How To contributors: Dave Alexander, Mike Austin, Craig Better, Paul Bibeau, Cojo, Chris Connolly, Melissa Daly, Ky Henderson, Jessica Hundley, Steve Kandell, Dan Kraus, Lance Laytner, Dan Levine, Alex Porter, Molly Rosen, Mark Yarm. Father Johnson illustrations by Lyman Daily.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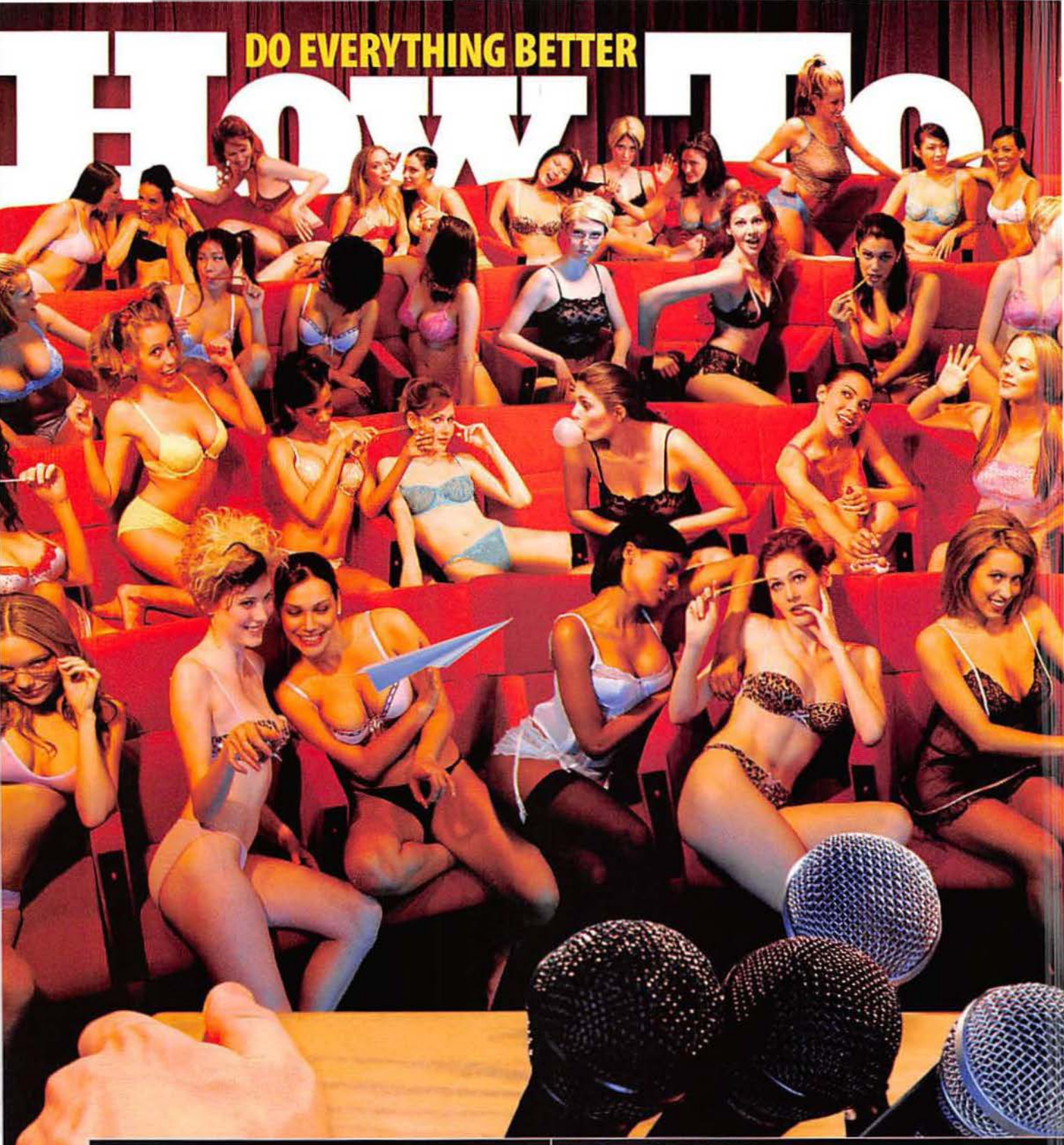
DO EVERYTHING BETTER

HOW TO



HOW TO

GIVE A SPEECH

Comb your hair, straighten your tie, and use your silver tongue to give great oral.

Young punks may know Ken Howard from *Crossing Jordan;* half-dead old-timers remember him from the '80s show *The White Shadow.* But the timeless thespian is also the author of *Act Natural: How to Speak to Any Audience.* With his help you'll kill at your next court appearance.

1. COLLECT YOUR THOUGHTS

Whether you're addressing a roomful of insurance salesmen or just declaring war on another country, organize your ideas beforehand. Follow the old adage: Tell 'em what you're gonna tell 'em, tell 'em, tell 'em what you told 'em. Establish at least three main points during your intro, discuss each of them in turn, and restate them in your conclusion. Your Zima-addled brain may go blank if you try to memorize the whole thing, but you'll sound wooden if you read verbatim. So write a few "trigger words" on 4"x5" note cards as reminders. Since memory is very visual, associate each word with an image. "Think of your speech as a movie in your head," Howard suggests. Like the one where the pizza boy delivers to the slumber party...

Photograph, Dan Couto; wardrobe styling, Tara Smith for RJ Bennett; hair and makeup, Stacy Beneke, Bryan Lynde, and Kristine Oulman, all for RJ Bennett. Shot on location at the Bryant Park Hotel Screening Room.

Who knew National Organization for Women conferences were so *freaky*?

2. PREPARE YOURSELF

As with violin playing and defenestration, practice makes perfect when you're delivering a speech. Perform in front of a mirror or video camera—with clothes *on* this time—to work the kinks out of your delivery and lessen your reliance on note cards. Then, if possible, do a few run-throughs at the actual venue so you'll feel more at ease on the big day. Still nervous? "Proper breathing helps performance anxiety," Howard calmly tells us, so spend a few minutes taking slow, deep breaths while you visualize a great performance. If you exercised, you wouldn't exercise without warming up, so prepare your purty mouth by repeating, "Good blood, bad blood." Er…the microphone should be off for that part.

3. SPEAK YOUR MIND

"The rest of what you say may not measure up if you open with a sidesplitting joke," Howard warns. Of course, *you* are in no danger of that—but telling a lousy one is even worse. Keep your tone conversational, but don't use words you totally don't even, like, need. If you do flub a line, move on instead of drawing attention to it by apologizing. Stand up straight with your shoulders square and your hands on the podium; you can use subtle hand gestures occasionally, but leave the fist- and shoe-pounding to more experienced orators. Make frequent eye contact with people throughout the audience, but avoid holding it with any one person for more than five seconds. Unfortunately, that may be a problem if only one sucker shows up for your crappy speech.

HOW TO

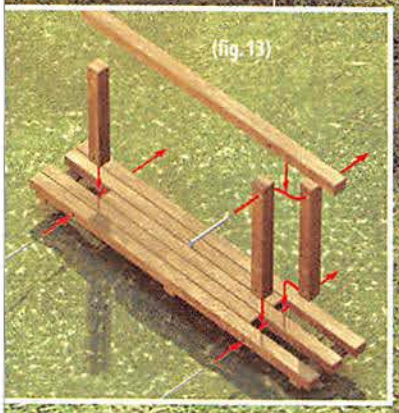
BUILD A CATAPULT

Neighbor stole your paper *again*? It's time to get medieval on his ass.

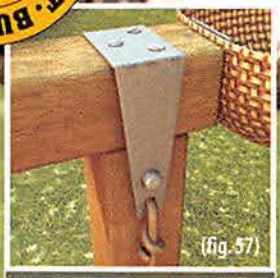
TOTAL COST: $300–$500
TOOLS: Power saw, hammer, hand drill, wrench, square and level, screwdriver, cauldron of boiling oil
DIFFICULTY: VII out of X

1. FIRST BASE

"It's important to make the catapult sturdy," says Bill Wilson, author of the best-selling *Build a Catapult in Your Backyard*. Unless you want yours to throw like a girl, construct a foundation of five 4"x4" beams: two 8 feet long, two 6 feet long, and one 6'7" long. Lay them on the ground with the eight-foot beams on the outside, the 6'7" in the middle, and the six-foot beams in between (fig. 13). In each two-foot gap, place a 43-inch-high 4"x4" to form supports for the throwing arm. In the other gap, place one 39-inch 4"x4" for the trigger arm. Secure all three vertical beams by drilling two holes through the base and inserting a pair of two-foot-long threaded metal rods with nuts and washers. Add 12-inch wheels so your home security system can double as a parade float.



(fig. 13)



(fig. 57)

2. ARM YOURSELF

Drill one-inch holes three feet from the end of your throwing arm—an eight-foot-long 4"x4"—and a few inches from the top of its two support beams, then hammer a foot-long piece of one-inch pipe through all three beams to form a fulcrum. "The Romans used a combination of human hair and animal sinew as the springing force," Wilson notes. Since hair and sinew are on perpetual back order at Home Depot, he recommends using a two-foot-long garage-door spring instead. Drill an eyebolt near the bottom of the throwing arm and affix the spring, then bolt a hand winch *(mmm. . . baloney sandwich)* to the base. For the trigger, fasten a gate hinge to the end of the throwing arm, leaving the other half unattached so you can slide over a headless screw or nail (fig. 57). Attach a bucket to the end of the throwing arm, or fashion a sling—Mom won't miss one lousy bra.

"In my spare time I'm a smoker and a midnight toker!"

3. LAUNCH PARTY

It's time to throw down. Raise the throwing arm and attach the free end of the spring to the eyebolt just in front of the winch. Attach the winch hook to the eyebolt secured to the underside of the throwing arm and crank the arm down into firing position. Once you've secured the hinge on the screw, undo the winch hook. Tie six feet of rope to the hinge's lock slit so you can pull it from a safe distance. When you're ready to launch—don't stand in front, professor—yank the rope and let go of it immediately. Incoming!

Illustrations, Graham Murdoch

jeans for canceled date: $60

shirt for most boring date to date: $55

chinos for date with parents' best friend's daughter: $70

crew neck for date from hell: $42

hooking up at the laundromat: priceless

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HOW TO

They're in de Nile

HOW TO

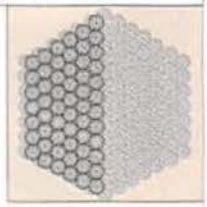
MAKE A WHISKEY PYRAMID

Champagne is for pussies—*real* men balance Beam.

FIND YOUR CUP SIZE

You'll need 616 glasses to spice up your next party with a six-foot-tall monument to booze. If you don't own 616 glasses, rent 'em from a catering company for pennies each. "A six-ounce goblet is easiest to stack," says Jeremy Yost, who builds *6,400-glass* champagne pyramids for Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. Hey, everyone needs a hobby.

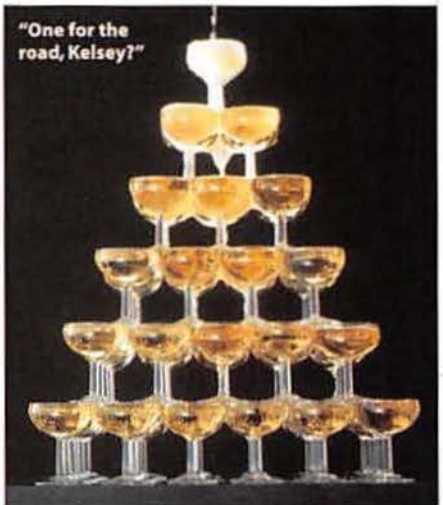
USE BASE INSTINCT



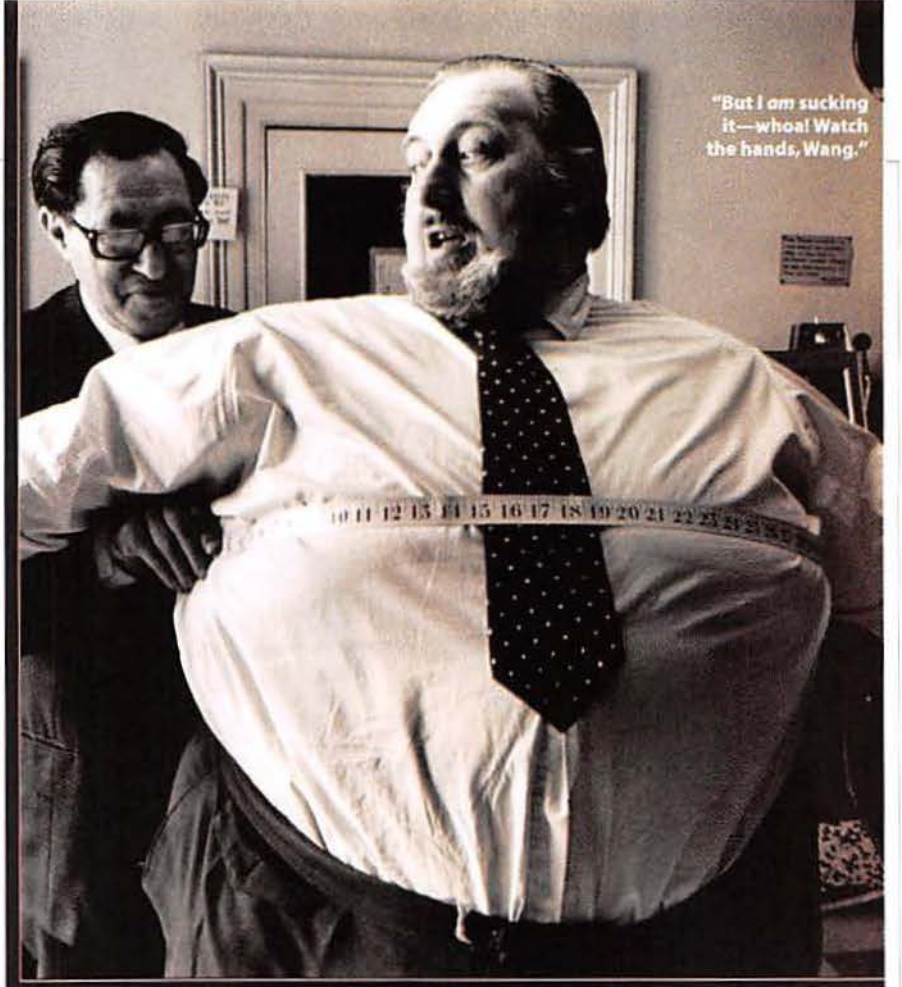
On a level and stable surface (read: *not* your belly), command thousands of Hebrew slaves to line up 13 glasses in a straight line. On either side of this row, line up 12 glasses, then 11, and so on till you get to seven. You should now have a hexagon of 127 glasses fit snugly together in a honeycomb pattern. Only 12 more levels to go!

REACH FOR THE SKY

Construct each story like the first, but start every middle row with one less glass than the one below it. Stack glasses so they're offset from the ones on which they're standing, but "alternate the direction or you'll get a lopsided pyramid," Yost reminds us. Once you're done, gently—*gently*—pour hooch into the top glass, letting the overflow trickle down. Next month: how to chug 616 glasses of whiskey!



"One for the road, Kelsey?"



"But I *am* sucking it—whoa! Watch the hands, Wang."

HOW TO

LOOK LESS AWFUL

The right clothes will take you from zero to slightly more than zero.

1. BANISH BULK!

Want to look slimmer *without* giving up your Pie of the Month Club presidency? Then burn your plaid sports coat and slip into something more subtle. "Solid colors drastically diminish your girth," says Wirt Cook, manager of posh New York consignment store Ina for Men. If your pecs resemble your grandmother's knee-length teats, avoid light-colored shirts, linen, cellophane, and anything else sheer. Saggy triceps make you look like you have webbed arms? Bypass T-shirts with sleeves that terminate far above the elbow or have elastic. As for pants—yes, you *still* have to wear them—avoid pleated trousers; they'll accentuate your woman-hips. Instead, wear slimming flat-front slacks. Caution: They won't hide your shameful erections during *Emeril Live*.

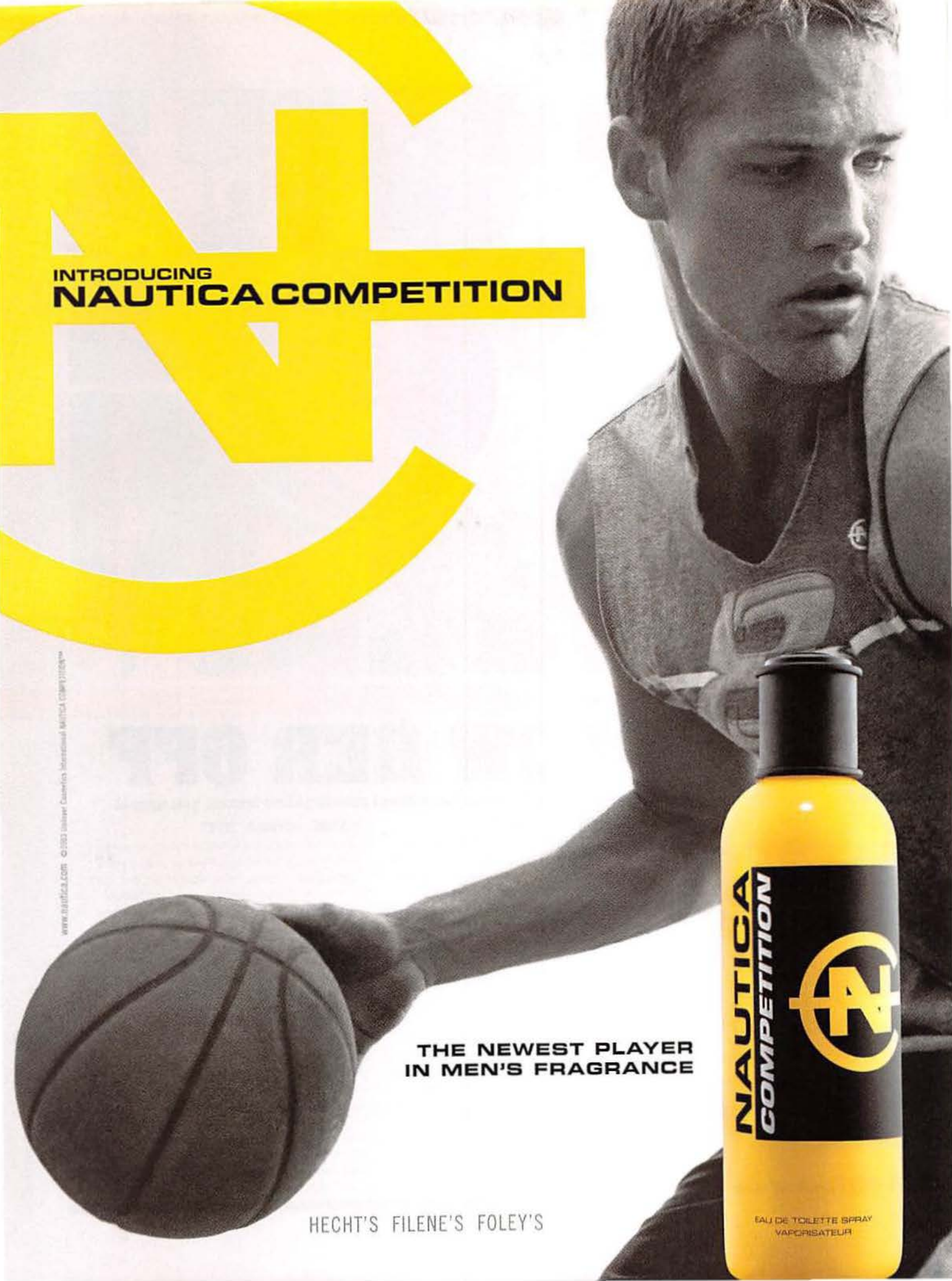
2. SHROUD SCRAWNINESS!

Much like your collection of Freddie Prinze Jr. DVDs, your lack of muscle tone makes you look like a preteen girl. First off, *don't* wear bulky clothes. Wide-legged pants, for instance, will make your polio-victim legs look out of proportion with the rest of your wuss body; instead, opt for checkered or pinstripe trousers. Got an ass flatter than Kansas? "Straight-legged jeans, like Levi's 501s, will draw attention away from your back end," Wirt assures us. You could cover your bulbous Adam's apple with a turtleneck, but people will think you're an art house beatnik. Instead, wear well-starched long-sleeved shirts with collars, which will make your pencil neck appear thick. If only they made collared pants...

3. CONCEAL OTHER FLAWS!

Since burkas are *so* 2002, you'll need to find other ways to cover up. Your Streisandian honker can be softened by glasses, so even if you've got 20-20 vision, visit a high-end boutique and ask for advice on frames...then buy cheaper versions someplace else. If you break out, grow a five o' clock shadow—and wash your damned face. Too short? Wear all one color (we suggest black) or pinstripe pants. Fat or skinny, boxer briefs are the most flattering underwear, assuming they're not stained. If you've done all you can do but *still* look like hot death, take heart knowing that women find a slight paunch or flat ass endearing as long as you have personality. Come to think of it, you're doomed.

Release the hounds! No, the *scary* ones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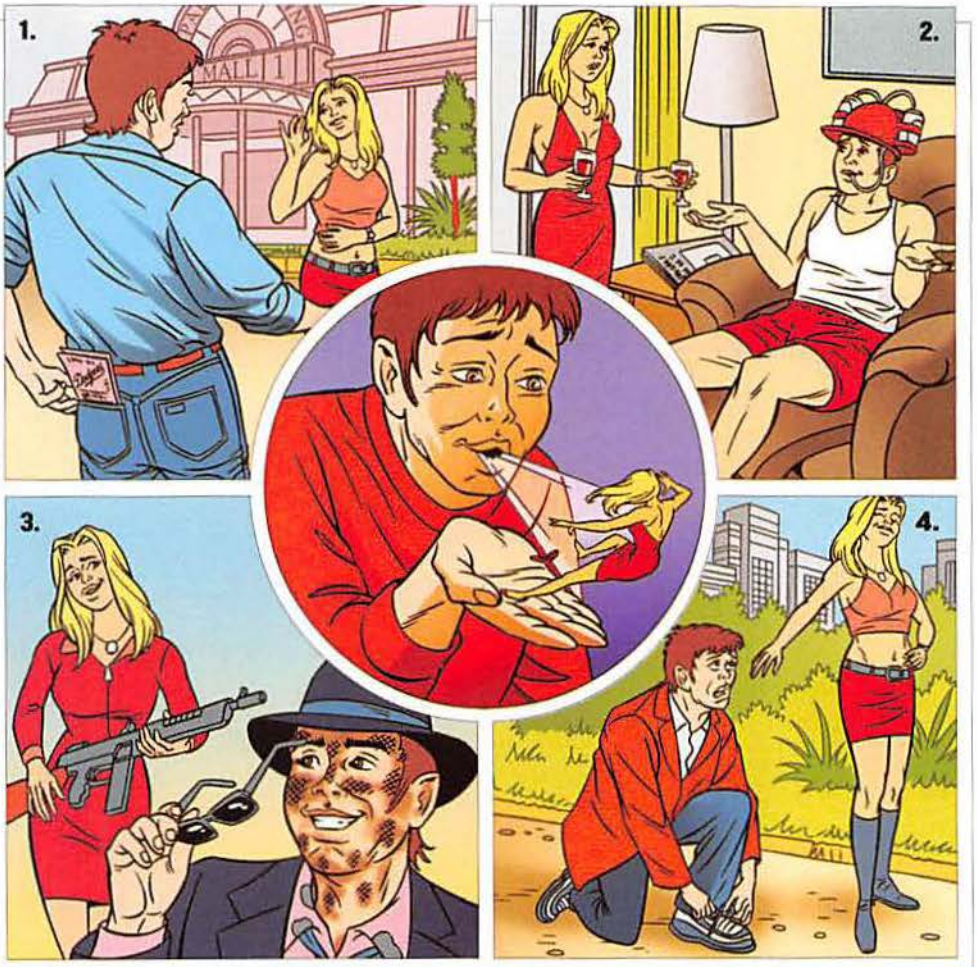

HOW TO

BLOW HER OFF

Weasel out of boyfriend duties without seeming like a weasel, you weasel.

1. AVOID...DOING CHICK STUFF

Not dying to attend Sally Field's menses lecture down at the Shoe Barn? You need an excuse—but keep it simple, stupid. "The more you explain, the worse you'll fare," says Perry Buffington, Ph.D., author of *Cheap Psychological Tricks for Lovers*. Make it something your girlfriend will relate to: You need to console your buddy because he just had a fight with his girlfriend. You'll get sensitivity points—and if a thick steak and a stripper binge are all that'll console him, who are you to say no?

2. AVOID...HAVING A "TALK"

Like panhandlers, boy bands, and burning sensations, many of her problems will go away if you ignore them. "Women often *want* to talk, but don't *need* to," Buffington says. Get a brief synopsis of what's bothering her, then suggest you chat later, when you have more time. If the problem is external—a bad day at work—she'll calm down; if it's about your behavior, temporarily alter it. Either way she'll no longer require a talk, and you can save your voice for screaming at TV referees.

3. AVOID...BREAKING UP

She wants to end it. But you're in love with her... and her dad is your boss. It's time for you to have an emotional breakthrough. Show her that you finally get why she's fed up, then assure her that you'll change. "Act like a girl," Buffington suggests. "Women equate being emotional with showing commitment." If you can't even figure out what you did wrong, just repeat what she says. To her you'll sound like you understand, buying you time to figure out the real problem—or find a new job.

4. AVOID...GETTING MARRIED

You plan to get hitched eventually, but she wants to know how long "eventually" is. You can hold her off for a while by explaining that knowing would ruin the surprise. Need bigger guns? Tell her you're glad she doesn't nag, then mention that a friend canceled his engagement plans after his girlfriend's constant nagging convinced him to break up instead. But if you have no intention of marrying her, be honest and say so. It's only fair, and it'll free up your ring fund...make that *whiskey* fund.

Illustrations, Dave Hine

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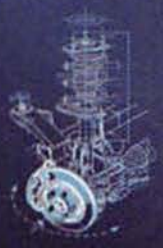

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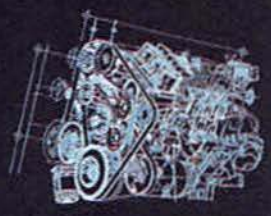

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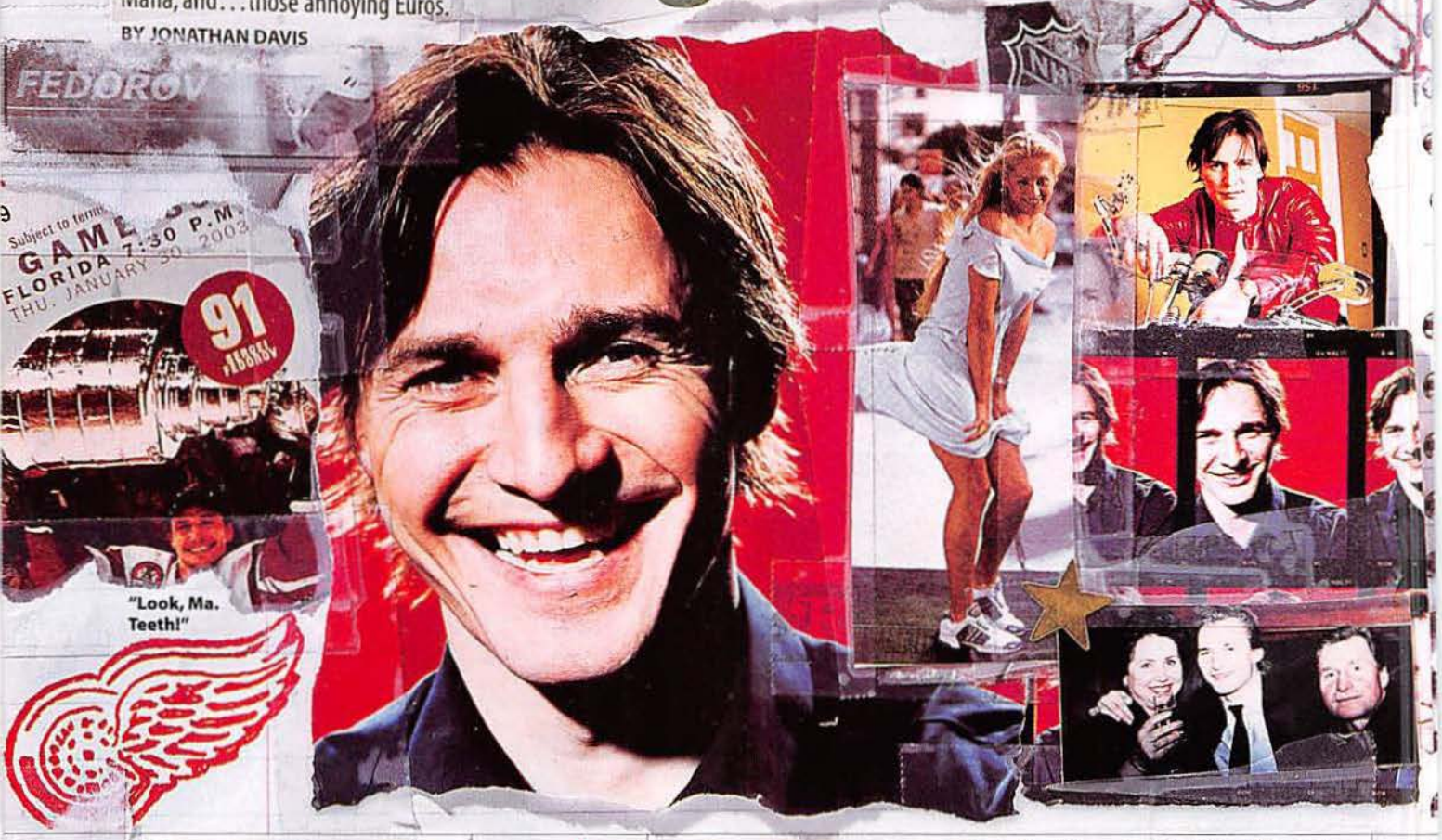
Inside the Mind of Sergei Fedorov

The best hockey player on Earth finally speaks (for the last time) about Anna Kournikova, the Russian Mafia, and . . . those annoying Euros.

BY JONATHAN DAVIS



"Look, Ma. Teeth!"

Sergei Fedorov is living your wet dream. He's rich, famous, and a three-time Stanley Cup champion. Better yet, he's the best player on what many people say is the greatest team . . . ever. Not the greatest hockey team—the greatest team.

But, as you know, that and a million rubles won't buy you a lap dance in Latvia. The 33-year-old international chick magnet sees more ass than most bicycle seats. He's the Austin Powers of puckdom and the only man on Earth who can say he spent his 20s having sex with a teenage Anna Kournikova.

Plus, he's a decent guy. (Which, apparently, girls like. Who knew?) Fedorov donated his entire 1998–99 NHL salary ($2 million) to help underprivileged children in Detroit and regularly sends millions to charities in his native Russia. Now, for the first and last time, he's answering all the questions the hockey world has been asking. Heads up, Anna!

FEDOROV DOES IT ALL; BOWMAN LIKENS CENTER TO GREATS OF YESTERYEAR.

Super Bowl winners go to Disney World. Lord Stanley goes to strip joints. How'd you celebrate last year's title?
I stood on top of a bar and filled the Stanley Cup with beer. Then I buried my face in it and started drinking. Only every time I pulled my face up, I was soaked, my entire head covered with beer, and I could barely walk the next day. If we win it again this year, I'm taking the Cup back to my home country to share it with all my Russian comrades.

You may want to change the beer first. What about the Russian Mafia? Is it true they demand "protection money" from Russian NHL players who go back home?
Yes. The amounts vary depending on the guy.

Has the Russian Mafia ever been a threat to you or your family?
They have been an issue for me. I definitely feared for my family's safety until I moved them to North America in 1992. When I signed my new contract that year, I asked the Red Wings not to announce the deal until I moved my family out of Russia to the U.S. I know I've been followed. I think to this day there are times that I'm still being followed.

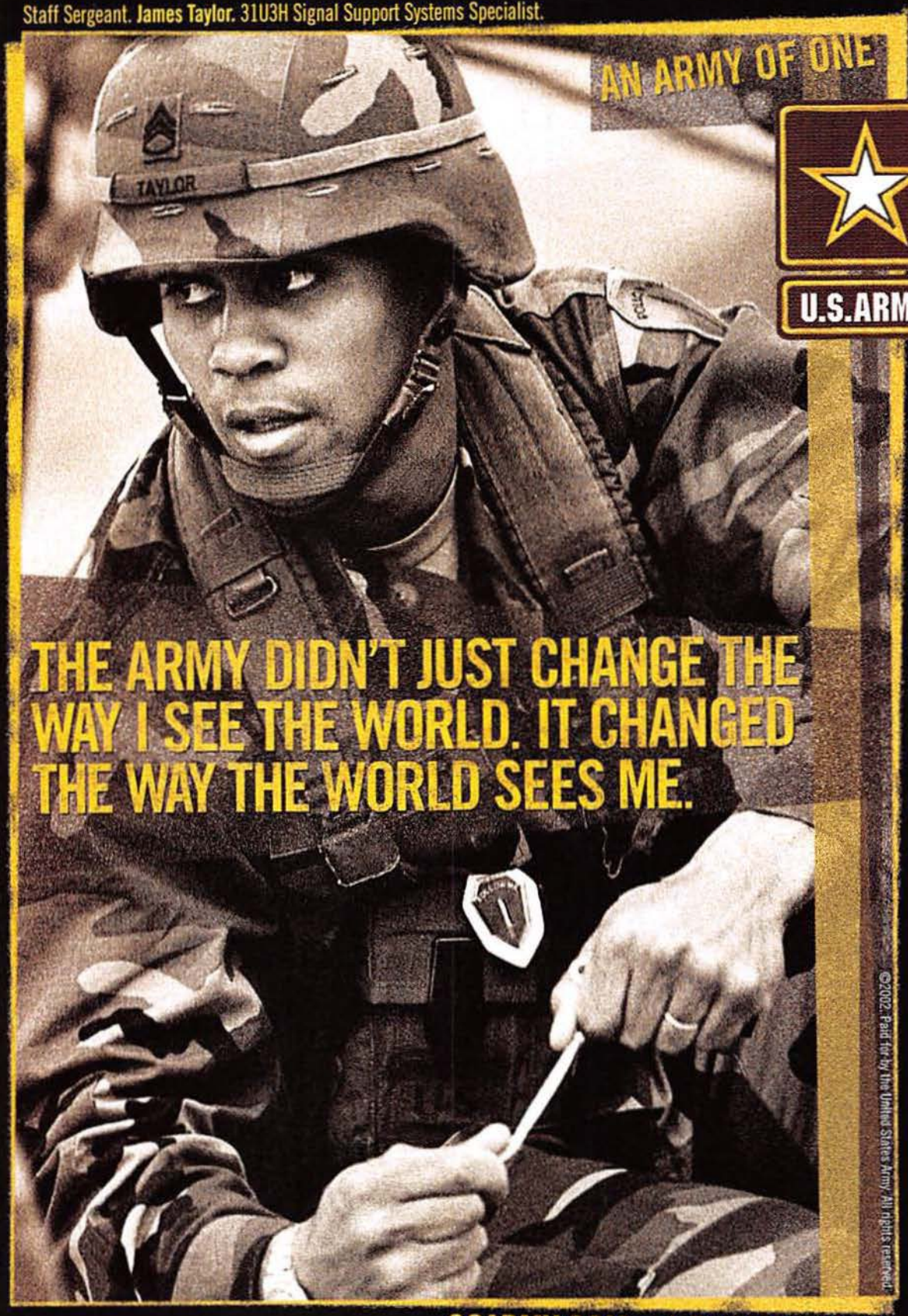
OK, now that we've got you singing like a canary . . . You've said this interview will be the last time you'll speak about your relationship with Anna Kournikova. Are you ready to spill?
Let's go!

Is it true you two were married?
It's true. It was very short-lived, but true. Now we are divorced.

Did your teammates give you a hard time because she was so young she ▶

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY PATRICK McBRIDE

Staff Sergeant. **James Taylor.** 31U3H Signal Support Systems Specialist.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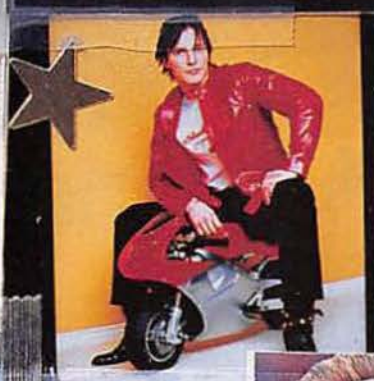

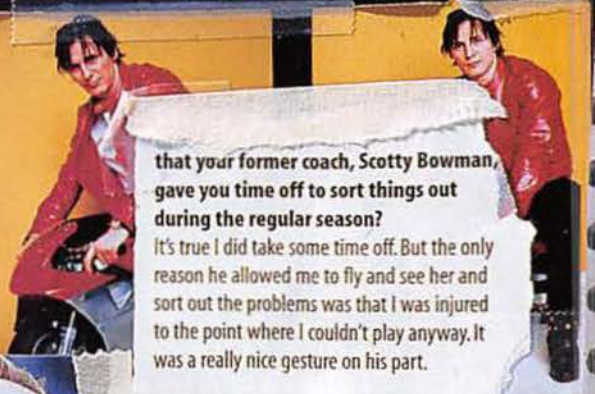

needed a hall pass to see you?
Actually, they were quite supportive. They knew we came from the Old World and that our age difference was normal for the Russian way of life. But they did have problems with it later—when she embarrassed me publicly by being with someone else and not telling me about it.

Right, Anna started dating current New York Ranger and fellow Russian Pavel Bure. How did you deal with that?
I'll be honest: I still don't know what that was. I only read in magazines what was going on. I know I wanted to break up whatever they had. As far as Pavel and I go personally? We're colleagues, then and now, and that's all.

'Anna and Pavel? I wanted to break up whatever they had.'

When was the last time you pounded out a "colleague"...on the ice?
Back in February, against the Avalanche. It was pretty intense. I had a chance to punch the guy in the face and do some serious damage, but he was being held by the referee and couldn't really defend himself. I didn't think it would've been right to go after him like that. So I just started talking to him in the language that is best left in the locker room.

You don't mean Russian, do you? Is it tough not having Anna in your life now?
Tough? No, it's a lot easier.

For us too. Is it true that at one point in your relationship things were so rough that your former coach, Scotty Bowman, gave you time off to sort things out during the regular season?
It's true I did take some time off. But the only reason he allowed me to fly and see her and sort out the problems was that I was injured to the point where I couldn't play anyway. It was a really nice gesture on his part.

Now that you're a free agent on the verge of signing a megacontract, you must have women constantly trying to skate into your life.
Actually, it's very hard for me right now to trust a woman. It's hard for the women I meet to separate Sergei Fedorov the hockey player and the person.

They'll never know your sensitive side the way we do. How do you react when hockey fans say European guys are soft?
Now, wait a minute! In my mind being "soft" is being patient, staying with the play, taking the cheap shots, and keeping yourself focused on what you need to do to score. Many of the European players are very skilled, and their job is to stay on the ice. It's not our style to run someone through the boards. It sounds great hearing the boards banging, but the effect is really minimal. You look at guys like Jaromir Jagr [Washington], Mats Sundin [Toronto], Markus Naslund [Vancouver], these are all the top players on their teams. They are constant targets and get much more shit game in and game out than the other guys on the team. So I wouldn't call them soft by any means. ▶

A CUP RUN AMOK

It's been a long, strange trip for the oldest trophy in U.S. sports. Here's hoping the next 110 years are just as demented.

1903 Ottawa Silver Seven In some twisted Canadian ritual, Lord Stanley's 10-year-old cup is buried in a graveyard after a drunken victory party.

1905 Ottawa Silver Seven On a bet, drunk defenseman Harry Smith drop-kicks the trophy onto the frozen Rideau Canal. Coach Alf Smith retrieves it the next morning.

1906 Montreal Wanderers In what remained Stanley's greatest humiliation until 1940, the Cup is reconstituted as a flower holder at a team photographer's studio.

1910 Montreal Wanderers The Cup spends the entire summer sitting in a Montreal bowling alley, filled with chewing gum.

1924 Montreal Canadiens After fixing a flat tire, the Canadiens leave their trophy on the side of the road—probably to make room for beer—returning to claim it hours later.

1940 New York Rangers Garden officials burn their mortgage papers in the Cup while players ceremoniously urinate in it, igniting 54 years of futility for the Rangers.

1941 Boston Bruins Entire team sips champagne out of Rangers' urinal.

1980 New York Islanders Clark Gillies uses it as a dog bowl. Bryan Trottier takes it to bed. "I'm not one to kiss and tell," Trottier said. "But it's a night it'll never forget."

1984 Edmonton Oilers Team owner Peter Pocklington illicitly engraves his father's name on the chalice. NHL officials hammer a row of *x*'s (which remain to this day) over the name.

1991 Pittsburgh Penguins Penguins sink the Cup to the bottom of Mario Lemieux's pool.

1994 New York Rangers Ed Olczyk uses it as a feedbag for '94 Kentucky Derby winner Go for Gin. Mark Messier brings it to a strip joint, where it is part of an onstage show.

1996 Colorado Avalanche Sylvain Lefebvre has his first daughter baptized in the sacred chalice. Apparently, no one told him about the strippers.

1999 Dallas Stars Guy Carbonneau reportedly launches the Cup into a pool...or tries to. The resulting dents are later banged out by the NHL.

2000 New Jersey Devils Scott Gomez takes the Cup through Anchorage, Alaska via dogsled. Martin Brodeur and his family smuggle it into a theater and eat popcorn out of it.

"To the pool, boys!"

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Soviet-U.S. Relations Poor after Defection of Fedorov

Apart from all the foreigners, does European hockey differ from the NHL?
The biggest difference is the size of the ice surface. With the European rinks being larger, I think you need to be more of a skill player to play there. But since I defected in 1990, the NHL has completely changed with the influx of European players. The best players in the world are now in the NHL. The game is now much faster and more intense—and definitely more physical too.

What's the craziest thing you've ever seen happen in a hockey game?
You have to understand there is no love lost when we play Colorado. One time Scotty Bowman, who's 69, and [former Avalanche coach] Marc Crawford started yelling at each other from the benches. Scotty was ready to fight him. There's glass that separates the benches, and Scotty was trying to go over it to get at Crawford, but we held him back.

Would he have taken Crawford?
Let's just say I'm glad it never came to that.

What's the nastiest hit you've been on the wrong end of?
I broke my nose running into Bryce Salvador of the St. Louis Blues. The damn thing moved an inch and a half to the left. Here I am flying down the ice at 100 mph getting ready to blast a shot. I lift my head, and there is his face right up in mine. I'm not feeling any pain, but the next thing I know gallons of blood are flowing from my face.

SERGEI FEDOROV - 2002-2003 S

GP	G	A	PTS	PMN	PIM
		40	68		

91

"Who you callin' Vanilla Ice?"

'I'm flying down the ice. Next thing I know gallons of blood are flowing from my face.'

Sucks for you. Ever been jacked like that in Detroit's "8 Mile" district?
Ten years ago I wouldn't set foot in that part of town. It was made clear to me to stay away, so my first few years playing for the Red Wings I lived downtown and I would drive 30 minutes away to go shopping where I knew it was safe.

Ballsy. Do you ever hang with Detroit natives Eminem or Kid Rock?
I know Bobby very well—in fact, my teammate Chris Chelios and I hang out with the man better known as Kid Rock. He invited us to his studio when he recorded his last album. It was a blast. He actually surprised us by doing a mini-concert at one of our team parties after we won the Stanley Cup last year.

Is Eric Lindros the NHL's biggest bust?
No way! If you ask the media, it's actually a friend of mine that I hang out with all the time in the summer. I don't want to say his name—I'll let your readers try and guess.

You drive a Ferrari. You have a pair of Harleys. Are you a speed freak?
Are you kidding? There are speed limits here. I'll go crazy up to 45 mph, then it's over. *[laughs]* OK, I've hit triple digits in the Ferrari.

Last question: Who's the stinkiest guy in the league?
I'm not going to embarrass anybody, but there are a lot of NHL guys who think sweat is a great perfume. M

DATING GAMES

These athletes took their girlies on a one-way trip to Splitsville. Learn from their mistakes. Then make your move.

ANNA KOURNIKOVA AND SERGEI FEDOROV
Relationship: Fedorov passed Kournikova to fellow hockey star Pavel Bure. Bure faked left and—whoa!—passed to pop queen Enrique Iglesias.
How you can move in: You can't.

TARA REID AND TOM BRADY
Relationship: After the 2002 Super Bowl, Reid was spotted sipping dry martinis out of his cleft chin. Two months later it was all over.
How you can move in: Be a Super Bowl MVP . . . duh!

BROOKE SHIELDS AND ANDRE AGASSI
Relationship: Married in 1997. Divorced in 1999.
How you can move in: Have hair (on your head, that is)—even if it's spray-on or comes in shag carpeting squares.

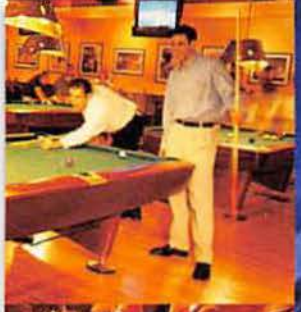
HALLE BERRY AND DAVID JUSTICE
Relationship: With wife-beating rumors running rampant, they divorced after a three-year marriage.
How you can move in: "It's about *time* an African-American woman was recognized by the Academy."

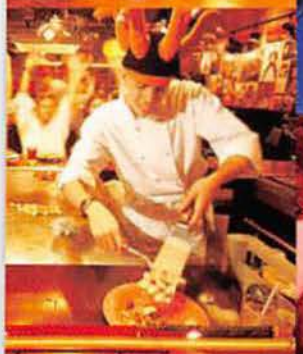
MARIAH CAREY AND DEREK JETER
Relationship: She bolted Yankee spring training for the Dominican Republic to file divorce papers from Sony boss Tommy Mottola.
How you can move in: "Nobody thinks you're washed up, Mariah. I swear!"

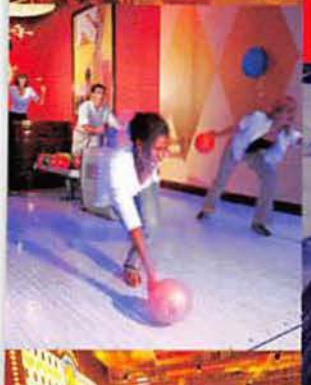
ROBIN GIVENS AND MIKE TYSON
Relationship: Seven months after the wedding, Givens described her marriage as "torture, pure hell, worse than anything I could imagine."
How you can move in: You don't want to. Trust us.

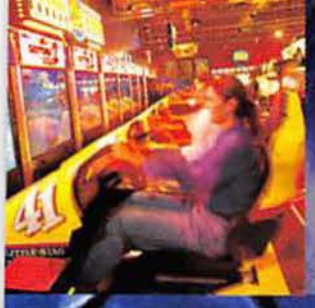
MIKE PIAZZA AND ROBERTO ALOMAR
Relationship: After learning that they share a passion for Brahms and beer, the two stars began a whirlwind romance in 2002.
Punch line: Don't call a press conference, Mike—we're just kidding around.

Game, Set and Match for Anna and Sergei



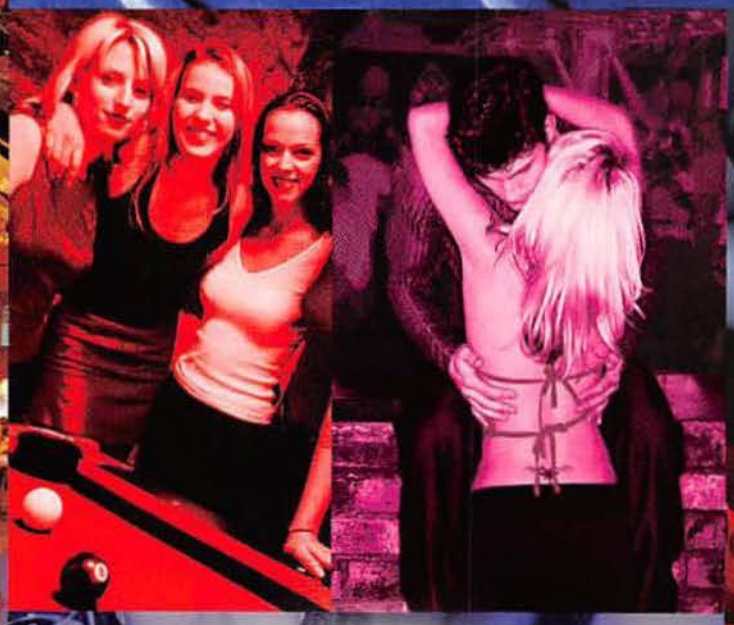


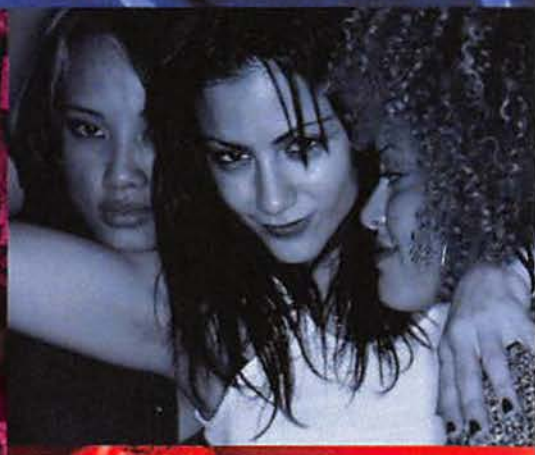


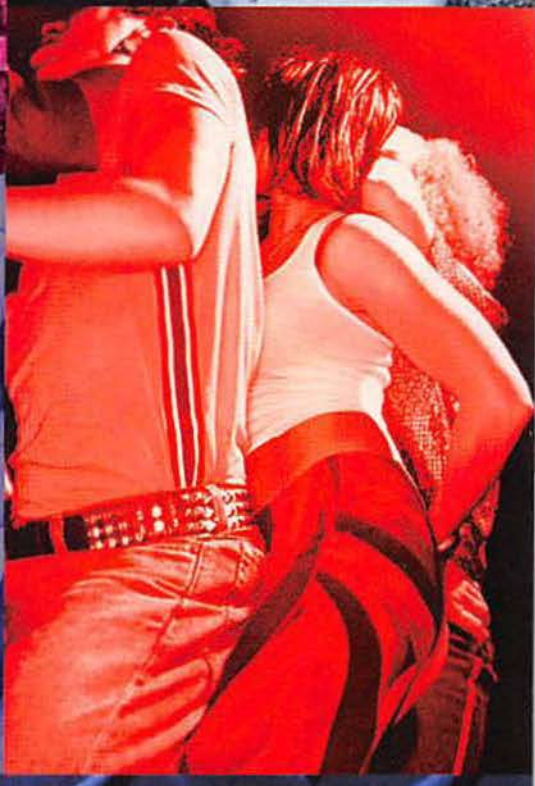


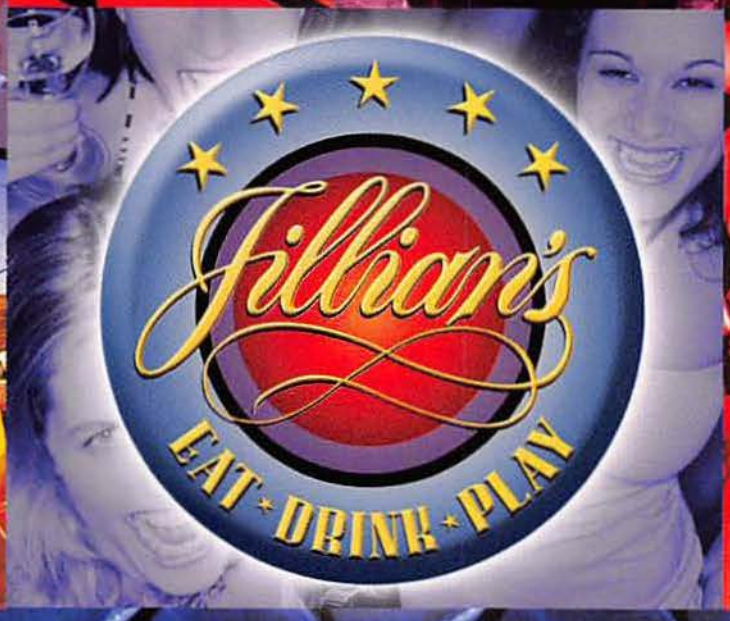
GREAT FOOD & DRINKS | AMAZING GAMES

INCREDIBLE SCENERY









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BLUE NOTE
A note "between notes" that adds immediacy, intensity, voice, and depth to a jazz riff, harder to pin down than Martha Stewart's accountant. On Aunt Mable's piano, plunk two keys and slowly lift one. See blue? Practice till you awaken in Chicago surrounded by smiling men with trumpets.

IMPROVISATION
You know the word. It's what you do when the boss says, "Perhaps Peters can explain the tequila stench around his desk this morning." But in jazz, improv is more about makin' new than makin' do. Only a square plays a tune the way it's written.

JAZZ IN A BOX

When you absolutely, positively have to watch a sexy girl's eyes roll back in her head, nothing does the job like jazz. Here's how to catch a real gone vibe just right.

ROOTS
Take work songs and spirituals from the slavery era, Cuban and African rhythms, ragtime, even—*mon dieu!*—French military marches, then crush 'em all in turn-of-the-century Nawlins. Stew until 1920, ladle heapin' helpings into Chicago, New York, Kansas City, and dig it!

THE SWING
"Doctuh" Mike Woods, a jazz studies prof at Hamilton College, says swing is "a rhythmic phenomenon with a flexible feel and lots of syncopation"...(cue tumbleweed). "It's Jessica Rabbit's hips bouncing back and forth," he clarifies (cue wild whooping and cheering).

FEEL FREE TO HEP YOURSELF

To start you on the road to cool, here are 10 CDs no jazz collection is complete without.

Ella Fitzgerald
The Best of the Song Books
Verve

Jelly Roll Morton
The Original Mr. Jelly Lord
AVID

John Coltrane
A Love Supreme
GRP

Lee Morgan
The Sidewinder
Blue Note

Miles Davis
Kind of Blue
Columbia

JAMMING/CROSS-POLLINATION

Jazz musicians are sluts when it comes to band fidelity. All these cats jump from band to band. The constant camaraderie (and one-upmanship) leads naturally to shifting sounds and musical forms that mutate faster than a porn star's pap smear.

THE MAN

Early on, he recorded all the greats and paid them chicken feed, perpetuating slavery and unintentionally keeping the creative fountain of resentment flowing.

That girl can sing from her diaphragm!

Charles Mingus
Mingus Ah Um
Columbia

Ornette Coleman
The Shape of Jazz to Come
Atlantic

Cannonball Adderley
Somethin' Else
Blue Note

The Quintet
Jazz at Massey Hall
Debut/OJC

The Dave Brubeck Quartet
Time Out
Columbia

TEXT BY MIKE DAMONE ILLUSTRATIONS BY WWW.YMILLUSTRATION.COM

THE CATS

LOUIS "SATCHMO" ARMSTRONG (1901–1971) Three words: "Mack the Knife." A founder from the Big Easy, Satchmo took his trumpet all the way to Hollywood. God Himself reportedly loved Satchmo, and rewarded him with death in sleep.

MILES DAVIS (1926–1991) The Da Vinci of jazz, the great innovator, improviser, and founder of cool. No trumpeter matches him in range and control. His album *Kind of Blue,* with John Coltrane, is a jazz—wait for it—Milestone!

CHARLIE "BIRD" PARKER (1920–1955) Sax god of the 1940s. Sharpened his ax in Kansas City, then went to New York City to improvise the roots of bebop. His speedy, wicked riffs are as mind-altering as drugs, which he knew everything about.

JOHN COLTRANE (1926–1967) The pivotal sax player of the 1960s, known for his unique "sheets of sound" technique. Wooed millions with his version of "My Favorite Things." One of those things, sadly, was heroin—hence the not-still-alive part.

STAN GETZ (1927–1991) In tone, considered the purest saxophonist ever. Brought bossa nova and Brazilian rhythms to jazz with songs like "The Girl From Ipanema." If Getz's warm sax can't separate her knees, bro, you are one ugly motherfucker.

BENNY "KING OF SWING" GOODMAN (1909–1986) Child clarinet prodigy who never burned out, a father of swing, and one of America's first teen idols. If your grandparents had premarital sex, it was because of him.

EDWARD KENNEDY "DUKE" ELLINGTON (1899–1974) "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing," goes the song. Sir Duke had it, all right—in fact, the great pianist-composer helped invent it with his Cotton Club Orchestra.

ELLA FITZGERALD (1918–1996) Born poorer than a Bangladeshi mud salesman, Ella dominated jazz vocals for 50 years, laying down classics like "The Lady Is a Tramp" without parallel. Her 13 Grammys are a baker's dozen more than Britney can expect.

BILLIE "LADY DAY" HOLIDAY (1915–1959) Most influential female jazz vocalist ever, despite no formal training. Known for bluesy, sorrowful ballads like "Strange Fruit," Lady Day lived the life. G'head and cry while you listen, as long as you're alone.

CHARLES MINGUS (1922–1979) Greatest bassist who ever lived; jammed with everyone. His work "Epitaph," found posthumously, is considered one of the most important comps of the 20th century. Dead men sometimes do tell a tale or two.

MAX ROACH (1924–STILL KICKIN') Primo skin beater, instrumental in the creation of hard bop, cool, and free jazz. Rare for a drummer, he fronted his own quintet and still plays today. Guess nobody told him the drummer is supposed to die first.

PANTY RAID 2: Son of Panty Raid

In Maxim's most mature article yet, we get 15 girls to show you what lingerie they like to wear.

Last year *Maxim* brought you a hard-hitting investigative article featuring real girls showing off their real undies. This year we take it further and ask them to give you some tips on what to buy your own little lady. If you've ever plunked down a bunch of cash for a sexy something only to have her wear it once and toss it in a drawer, you're not alone. (Well, maybe you're alone . . . but you're not the only guy with that experience.) Why? Odds are it made her feel self-conscious, not sexy; it didn't flatter her frame, or it emphasized her least-favorite parts. So listen to our girls and score a hit with yours. Just don't let her bust you drooling over these pics or you may end up using that new silky negligee to sop up the mess from a swift right hook.

MODEL FREE ZONE 100% REAL MODEL FREE ZONE

'These cotton panties are comfy, fun, and sexy.'
—Lori Friedman, 32, EMT

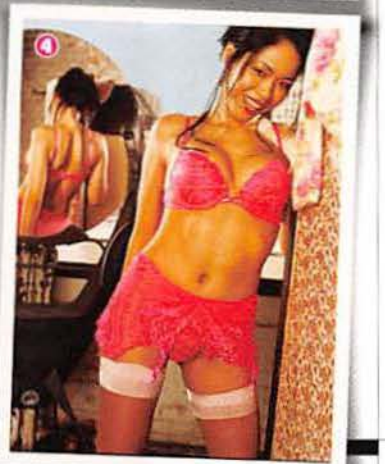
SKIVVY STYLE #1

EVERYDAY UNDIES

1. "Little bows and cottony lace dress up practical panties. And low-rise bikinis like these are great for showing off my hips."
—Sarah Bamford, 20, student

2. "I like this set because, while it's sexy, it still gives me some coverage—and it leaves a little up to the imagination."
—Margery Murillo, 19, student

3. "These little boyshorts are great! The vertical stripes make my butt look smaller and my legs look longer and slimmer. Plus, they're cotton, so they're not too itchy to wear all day."
—Anastasia Dorohova, 24, writer



4. "Lacy sets like these are sexy because they're just a little bit see-through. And I love the color! Black is too boring, and white is too innocent—a strong color like bright pink or red is perfect for girls with darker coloring."
—Weili Lin, 23, artist

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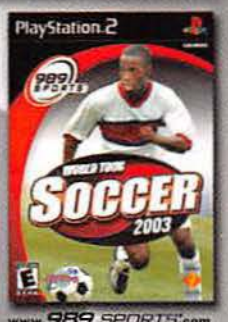

PlayStation.2

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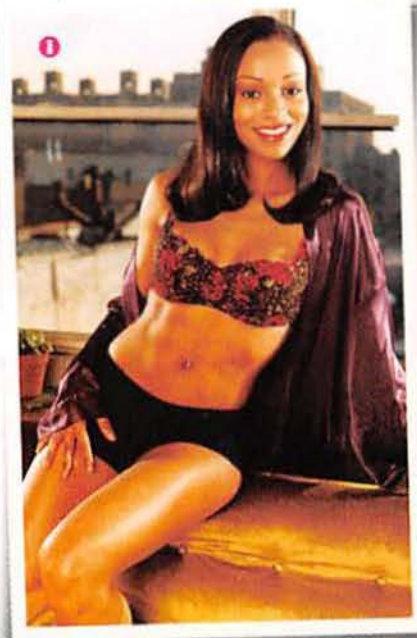
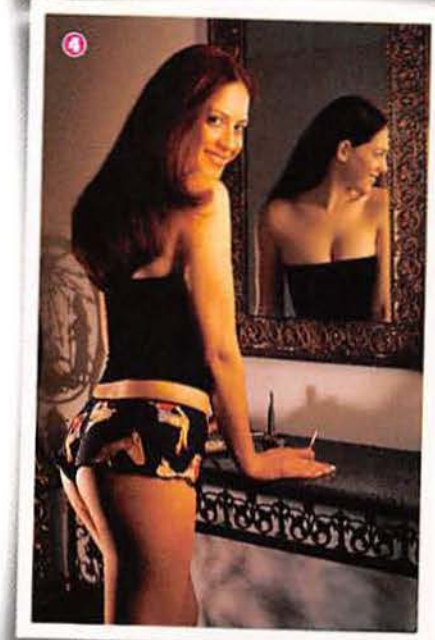
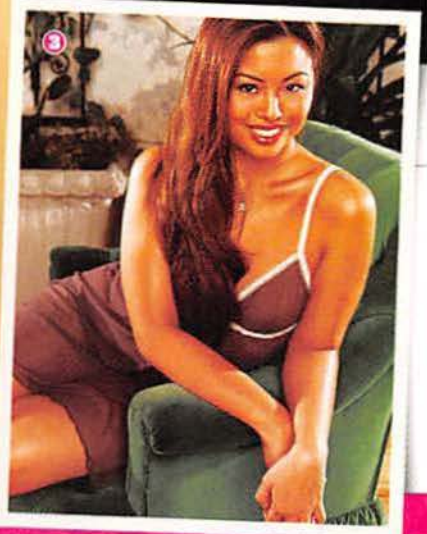




NAKED TRUTH

- **Victoria's Secret sells 20 million thongs a year. Laid end to end, they'd go around Anna Nicole Smith four and a half times.**
- The priciest bra, the bejeweled 2002 Star of Victoria Fantasy Bra, costs $10 million. Order yours from www.asifyou'reevenwritingthisdown.com.
- **The average B-cup boob weighs three pounds—as much as Ron Jeremy's left nut.**
- At $80 each, La Perla's Cabaret thongs cost $1,280 per pound. Equally mouth-watering fillets at Michael Jordan's Steak House run $48 per pound.
- **A Bay area artist has created a five-foot-tall, 1,400-pound "Bra Ball." His daughter and some friends (score!) helped him build it.**

—Amy Keyishian



SKIVVY STYLE #2

JUST FOR SEX...

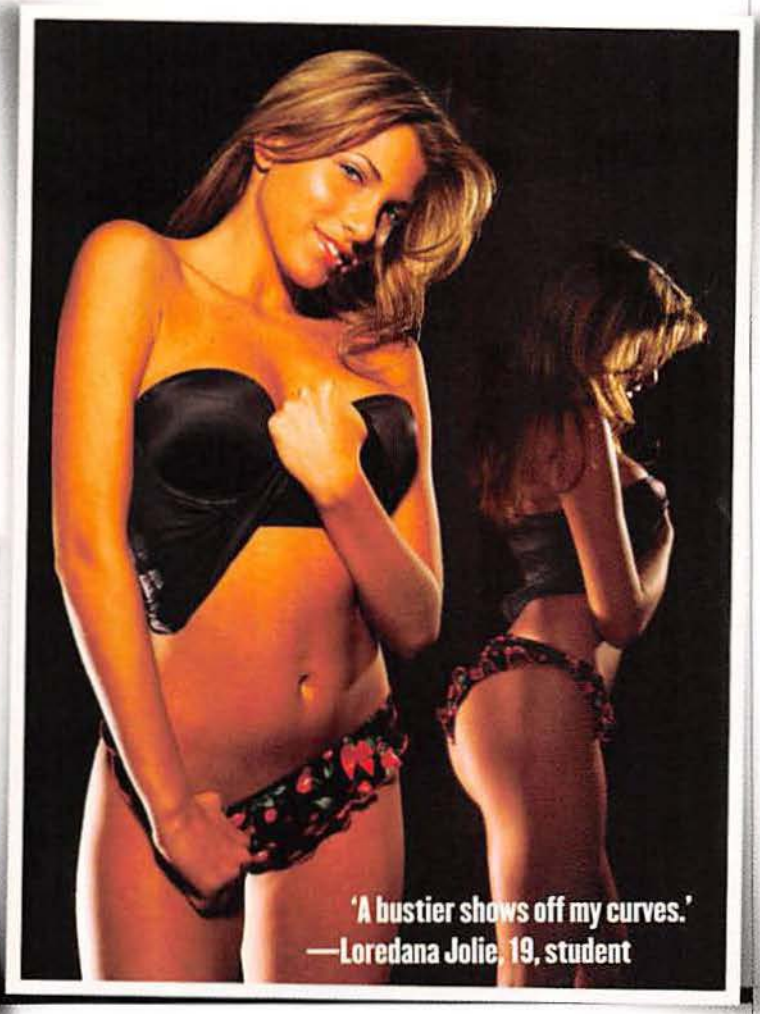
1. "I'm a little bit smaller-chested, so I go for push-up bras that give me great cleavage."
—Debbie Harris, twentysomething, actress

2. "A pair of satin shorts are great on almost anyone because they look and feel sexy."
—Rose Gabrielle, 31, dancer

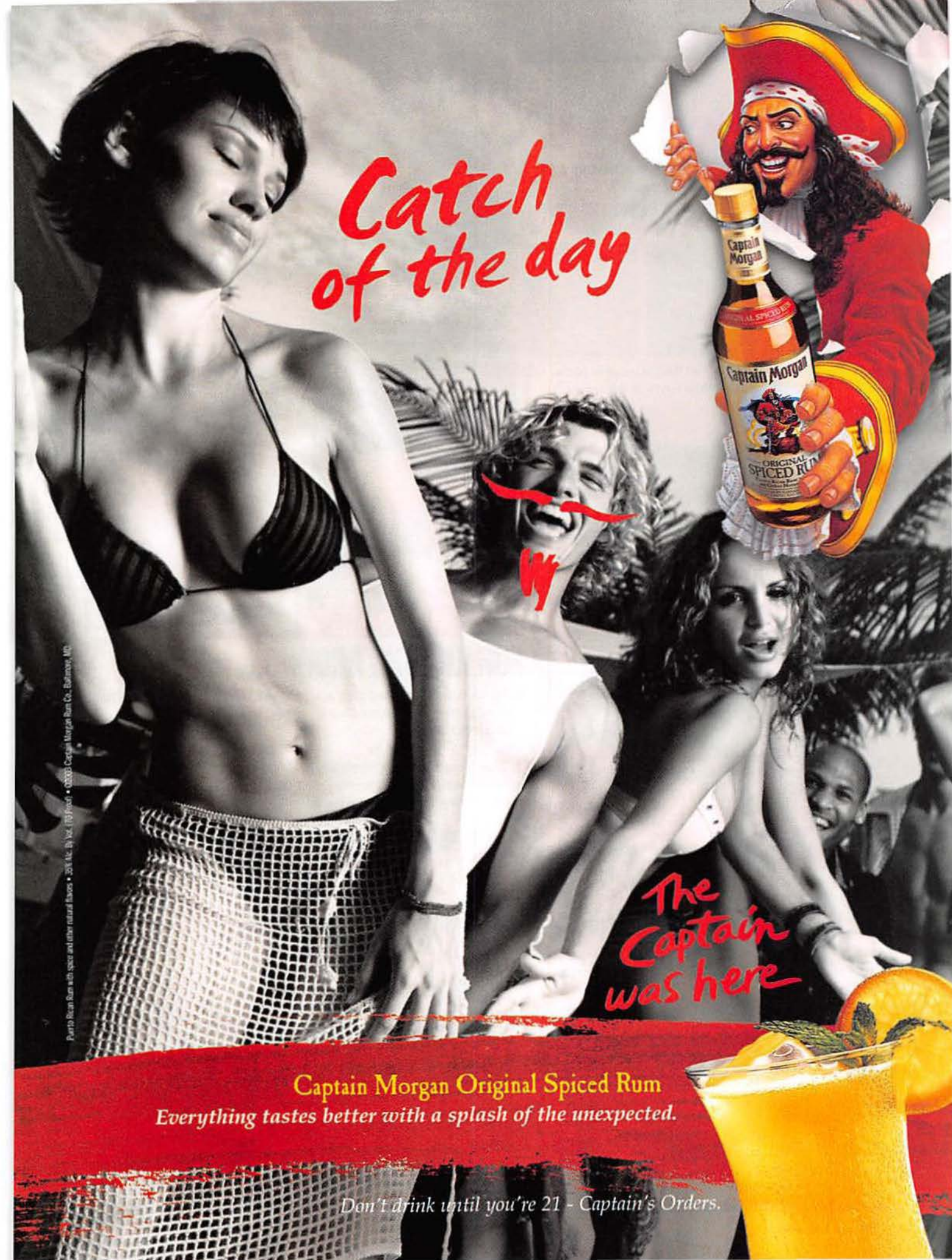
3. "I like wearing slips like this in sheer fabric because I don't have to worry about my body, but they offer a peek at what's underneath."
—Anissa Tong, 19, student

4. "These panties are fun for the bedroom, which makes them great for play."
—Michelle Bernard, 28, actress

5. "I like the way a traditional lacy teddy makes me feel girly and feminine."
—Yorkanis Francis, 23, student



'A bustier shows off my curves.'
—Loredana Jolie, 19, student


Catch of the day
Captain Morgan
ORIGINAL SPICED RUM
The Captain was here
Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum
Everything tastes better with a splash of the unexpected.
Don't drink until you're 21 - Captain's Orders.

DO THE MATH

These skivvy substitutions let you take it up a notch without freaking out your girl.

SHE WEARS	YOU WANT	BUY HER

See-through undies are the next best thing to crotchless panties and won't leave her feeling like the sex-shop catalog poster girl.

SHE WEARS	YOU WANT	BUY HER

She's all business, but you want to see her in fishnets? Get her seamed stockings—they're subtle but still acceptably trashy.

SHE WEARS	YOU WANT	BUY HER

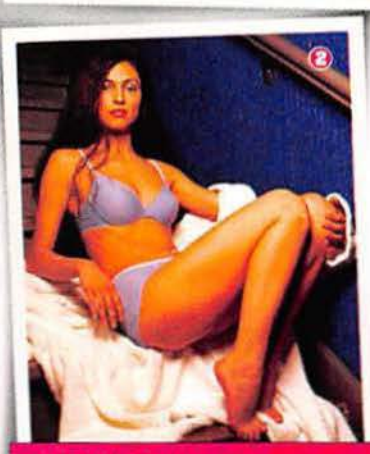
She'll love the silky feel of a negligee; you'll love how the clingy fabric paints her curves.

SHE WEARS	YOU WANT	BUY HER

A pair of frilly boyshorts will let her show a little more skin than briefs while keeping her covered enough to flaunt her butt.

SHE WEARS	YOU WANT	BUY HER

If she won't go garters, try a waist-cinching corset. It's flattering (for her) but still whorish at heart (for you).—*Cheryl Maday*



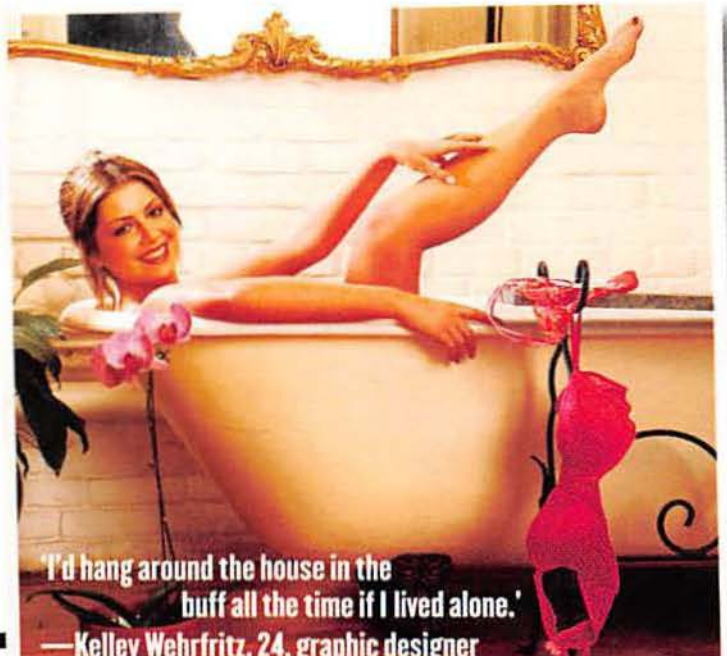
SKIVVY STYLE #3

FOR KICKING AROUND...

1. "The ruffles on this set make it cutesy and fun. It really puts me in a great mood."
—*Dana LaRosa, 28, teacher*

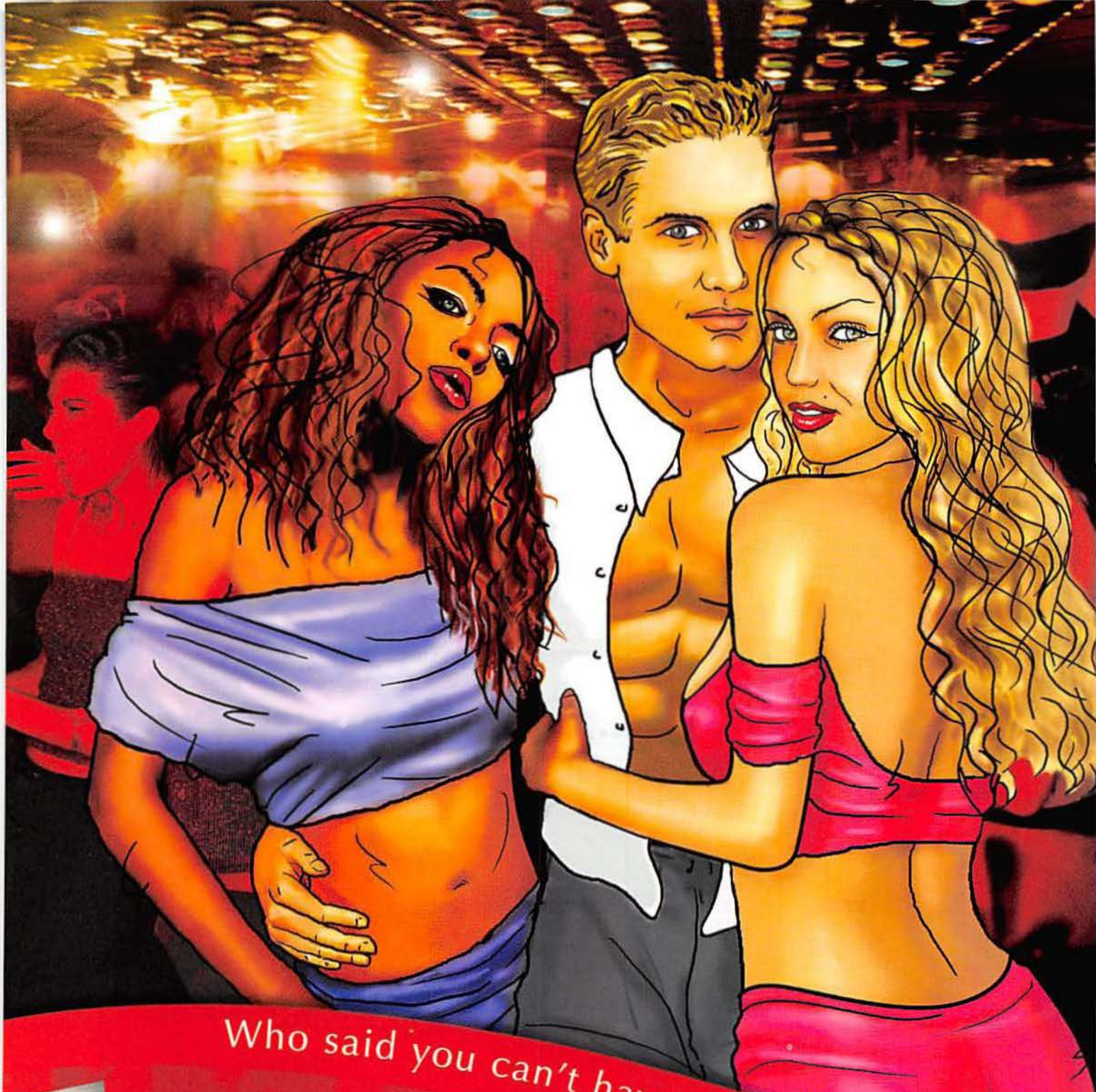
2. "I have a long, lean body, so I emphasize my curves wherever I can. These boyshorts are great because they flatter my hips, but they're still soft and comfy enough to be practical."
—*Kristin Foti, 24, student*

3. "A pretty bra and satin p.j. pants are perfect for hanging out in the morning. And I love these p.j. pants because they match my eyes."
—*Dana Barese, 22, paralegal*



'I'd hang around the house in the buff all the time if I lived alone.'
—Kelley Wehrfritz, 24, graphic designer

Photographs, Mark Mann and Charlie Langella; styling, Denise Grieco at Igroup. Tara Smith at RJ Bennett; hair, Rick Teal at Halley Resources; makeup, Pascale Poma at Halley Resources and Rigua Lawrence at Halley Resources. Still



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Everyone has to play it safe these days. But that doesn't mean giving up great sex. LifeStyles Condoms offer the ultimate in "stretchability" for real peace of mind, yet they're thin enough to never get in the way. Which means you'll be dancing in The Pleasure Zone in no time.

Try our new Liquid Lubricants and find out why "wetter is better"!

PLEASURE ZONE

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"Suspenders? But they're for nerds!"

Buckle That Belt by July!

Tired of people asking you, "What's your due date?" Lose 10 pounds in three weeks without resorting to starvation or radical surgery.

You've tried bathing in corrosive juices, contracting dysentery—nothing, it seems, will eat away that girdle of man-blubber. Maybe it's time for an extreme idea: dieting! Health nuts David Heber, M.D., author of *What Color Is Your Diet?*; Pat Baird, M.A., RD, FADA, director of nutrition and wellness at N.Y.C.'s Ajune Spa; and Jason Pulido, Crunch Fitness' director of personal training for N.Y.C. gave us the rules. Eat between 1,800 and 2,000 calories per day. You can still booze, but beer is out (calorie-to-buzz ratio doesn't cut it); shots are in. Pound 12 ounces of water a half hour before each meal to trick your stomach into feeling full. And guzzle black coffee to suppress your appetite. Sure, we're forcing you off the couch, but won't it be nice not to look like Michael Moore on the beach this summer?

WEEK 1 BASIC TRAINING

Spend a week getting used to *not* eating like Jabba the Gut. Eat lots more protein than you normally do—it will make you feel fuller longer because your body will take more time to break down the chow.

BREAKFAST

Start every day with caffeine. But put down the ax, Hannibal! You're making us nervous.

OPTION 1
- Two eggs and cheese on a roll (360 calories)
- One glass O.J. (110)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 2
- PB sandwich on cinnamon-raisin bread (330)
- Half a banana (50)
- Six raisins (10), three peanuts (20)
- One glass one-percent milk (100)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 3
- Two packets of flavored instant oatmeal (300)
- Three strips turkey bacon (100)
- One glass O.J. (110)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

LUNCH

One fast-food burger won't build a back porch in your pants... but stay away from ones that are called Biggie, King, or the McFlabby with Cheese.

OPTION 1
- Two turkey sandwiches: lean sliced turkey breast, four slices whole-wheat bread, tomato and lettuce, 1 Tbs. mustard (525 total)
- One apple (80)

OPTION 2
- Fast-food regular cheeseburger (330)
- Small fries (210)
- Side green salad with fat-free dressing (70)

OPTION 3
- Grilled Swiss cheese sandwich on whole-wheat bread (500)
- One cup minestrone or vegetable soup (120)
- One peach (40)

DINNER

When it's drinking night, choose Option 3! Loading up on grease will keep you from waking up with toxic alcohol poisoning. Whom you wake up with is *your* problem.

OPTION 1
- 8 oz. grilled salmon (400)
- Spinach and tomato salad with fat-free dressing (60)
- Small baked potato with fat-free sour cream (145)
- One shot vodka (100)

OPTION 2
- Two grilled chicken breasts, no skin (560)
- Dark green salad with fat-free dressing (50)
- One piece Italian bread with one pat of butter (110)
- One shot bourbon and water (100)

OPTION 3
- Two slices pizza (600)
- Three shots or three booze and sodas (300)

MOTIVATION

Tempted? Stare at this sweet tart until a different image emerges.

WORKOUT MENU

Burn at least 300 calories every day by doing any combination of these:
- Walk from the far end of parking lot to your cube (10 minutes): 70 calories
- Walk around your office floor (15 minutes): 105
- Afternoon "break" in the john five floors above (5 minutes): 35
- After-dinner sprints around the block (15 minutes): 250
- Furious end-of-day mastrbation session: 50

THE SNACK BAR

Eating one of these under-150-calories snacks a day will keep your levels steady and keep you from binging on a metric ton of Mallomars.
- Half a Snickers
- One piece of fruit plus six peanuts
- One low-fat granola bar
- A small bag of trail mix
- One bag microwave popcorn plus five almonds
- One piece fruit
- One small box breakfast cereal

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WEEK 2 DOUBLE OR NOTHING

Once your body realizes it's not eating for three anymore, it'll try to adjust its metabolism to burn fewer calories. To beat this annoying built-in fat preserver, we're keeping your calorie intake steady but doubling the workouts to convince your metabolism to burn more fat. Sneaky! Huh?

BREAKFAST

Sure, figuring out serving sizes is a pain. Here's a hand: One tablespoon is about the size of a testicle—or a Titleist 2, if you prefer.

OPTION 1
- Three frozen pancakes, two squirts light syrup (300)
- Fruit cup (50)
- Two fistfuls oats (50)
- One shot whiskey (100)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 2
- Bagel and 1 Tbs. regular cream cheese (350)
- One glass O.J. (110)
- Handful trail mix (100)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 3
- One two-egg-and-cheese breakfast burrito (450)
- Two slices melon (50)
- Spoonful peanut butter (80)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

LUNCH

A juicy quarter-pounder is 420 calories if you leave the last quarter of it on your plate—a damn good idea unless you're looking to win the next "American Rhino" competition.

OPTION 1
- BLT: whole-wheat bread, three strips turkey bacon, tomato, lettuce, dab low-fat mayo (350)
- One bag baked or reduced-fat potato chips (130)

OPTION 2
- Quarter-pound burger with lettuce and tomato (420)
- Black bean or split pea soup (180)

OPTION 3
- Subway roast beef whole-wheat sub with red peppers (290)
- One apple (80)
- One shot bourbon with Diet Coke (100)

DINNER

Go sirloin: The redder the cut, the less fat and calories. Buying it will also slim your wallet! White sauce, however, loads you down with artery-clogging oil and cream—at no extra charge!

OPTION 1
- One shot vodka (100)
- 6 oz. sirloin steak with A.1. sauce (450)
- Baked potato with one tablespoon low-fat sour cream (150)

Small salad (50)

OPTION 2
- Two glasses red wine (150)
- Roasted or grilled vegetables (eggplant, tomatoes, onion) with olive oil (160)
- 1½ cups pasta with red clam sauce (450)

OPTION 3
- Two pieces pizza with broccoli (600)
- Three shots whiskey or other 80-proof booze (300)

MOTIVATION

Lookin' even better! Hang in there, your immenseness.

WORKOUT MENU

Combine 300 calories' worth of last week's lazy-man's exercise every day with one hour of one of of these activities every *other* day.
- Shooting hoops (760 calories/hour)
- Running (960)
- Stairmaster (732)
- Soccer (800)
- Swimming (867)
- Weightlifting (667)

THE SNACK BAR

Two of these 200-calories-and-under protein-packed snacks a day will keep you from begging for donuts in the streets.
- Most of one of those protein bars
- One hot dog (no bun, but all the mustard and kraut you can stomach)
- Small pack peanuts
- Four slices lean turkey
- Two big spoons peanut butter
- Water . . . no ice

BUYER BEWARE

The only thing more misleading than the words *reality TV* is an FDA-approved food label.

"This is udder nonsense!"

TWO PERCENT FAT
The trick: Creative accounting. Whole milk gets 40 percent of its calories from fat. Added water reduces the fat by volume. Same milk; you just wash it down with a lot of expensive water.

SUGAR-FREE OR NO ADDED SUGAR
The trick: Semantics. This just means sugar isn't dropped in during processing. Watch for meth-lab-like variations of sugar like glucose, fructose, and corn syrup.

FAT-FREE
The trick: Serving size. Anything under .5 grams of fat per serving is legally fat-free. A cooking spray label assumes a .33-second spritz, but the average is three seconds, or three grams of fat. Sucker.

LIGHT OR LITE
The trick: Ambiguity. Sure, this may mean a food contains fewer calories or half the fat, but it may mean the salt content has been halved. Or that it's lighter in color. Or texture. Or . . .

Source: *Lose Fat Forever*, by Derek Alessi & Don Alessi Jr.

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WEEK 3 HELL WEEK

Think of this as fat-burning boot camp. To make sure you succeed, we're lowering your food intake and upping the workouts. It sucks, but you gotta do it if you ever want to be a runway model, soldier!

MOTIVATION

If you can't do it for yourself, do it for them. Keep it, uh, up!

BREAKFAST

Nuts add extra protein and energy without the tasty but artery-clogging fat. Plus, studies show men who eat nuts have a lower coronary risk. Insert your own childish joke here.

OPTION 1
- Omelet: six egg whites, one slice cheese, two slices chopped ham, peppers, tomato (350)
- Three each: almonds, walnuts, peanuts, cashews (100)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 2
- 1/2 cup low-fat granola cereal, such as Quaker 100% Natural (200)
- One cup low-fat milk (100)
- Three slices Canadian bacon (120)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

OPTION 3
- Scrambled egg whites and cheese (220)
- Three pieces turkey bacon (60)
- Glass of O.J. (110)
- Black coffee, no sugar (0)

LUNCH

Load up on condiments like ketchup and mustard. They add lots of flavor with negligible calories. Mayo, on the other hand, is the equivalent of eating a tub of lard, not that there's anything wrong with that.

OPTION 1
- Two lean smoked ham sandwiches, hold the bread (400)
- One shot whiskey (100)

OPTION 2
- Fast-food grilled chicken sandwich, no mayo (330)
- Small fries (210)
- Small side salad with fat-free dressing (50)

OPTION 3
- Peanut butter and raisin-bread sandwich (330)
- One apple (80)

DINNER

Barbecue is perfect for the cave man cook. Since you don't add butter or oil, you don't load on the grease and fat. Plus, you get to play with fire!

OPTION 1
- Two skinless barbecued chicken breasts with BBQ sauce (600)
- Grilled red and green peppers and tomatoes (50)
- One shot vodka (100)

OPTION 2
- Four BBQ spare ribs with a few dabs of hot sauce (550)
- Grilled peppers, onions, tomato slices (60)

OPTION 3
- Tuna sandwich: one can tuna packed in water, 1 Tbs. light mayo, and chopped celery on whole-wheat bread (550)
- Three shots of whiskey (300)

WORKOUT MENU

Get ready, this is gonna hurt. Get your ass outdoors and ride a bike, rollerblade, jog, or play naked volleyball five days this week for an hour a pop. Then burn 200 calories more. Some ideas:
- 200 jumping jacks in office stairwell (five minutes): **90 calories**
- Get a blow job (three minutes): **30**
- Perform oral sex (five minutes): **50**
- Food-shop (30 minutes): **150**

THE SNACK BAR

Come this far without cheating? We're impressed. Treat yourself to a little crap by picking one indulgent item daily from this list.
- One shot hard liquor
- Two Hershey's Miniatures
- Ice cream sandwich
- Small bag Doritos
- Small bag unbuttered movie popcorn

"What's wrong with twinkies?"

FOOD STEALS

Here are all the famous diets we bit off chunks from.

1. **Dr. Atkins' New Diet Revolution:** Mmm . . . meat! Yeah, it's better than granola and yogurt—and protein helps you slim down fast. But you still need a balanced diet.
2. **Weight Watchers:** Calories count, and keeping track is half the battle. But luckily no food is off-limits, so you won't feel deprived and binge like Oprah off-camera.
3. **Volumetrics:** Watery, low-calorie-density slop like soup and oatmeal trick you into feeling full. We say drink a bathtub of water a day: You'll worry more about peeing than eating.
4. **The Zone:** They say 30 percent protein, 30 percent fat, and 40 percent carbs is the perfect weight-loss ratio. The balance sounds fine, but we prefer prepared meals, so we don't have to do all the cooking and cypherin'.
5. **Sugar Busters!** We're OK with sugar found in fruit, milk, cereal, and the occasional Snickers bar. But they're right: Too much can make you slip into a 3 o'clock coma.
6. **Slim-Fast:** Two shots a day is more like our idea of a liquid diet. Cheers!
7. **Somersizing:** Suzanne Somers avoids combining carbs and protein to maximize digestion. We hate fruit with ribs, too. The real point: Should we be taking advice from the dumb chick from *Three's Company*? M

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BREAST IN SHOW!

Janis Joplin flaunts her Bobby McGees

Music More Yorke! p.96 **Games** Home runs! p.100 **DVD** Hot buns! p.102

THE NEXT BIG THING

BEST IN FESTS

Cum on, hear the noize! Here are the concert tours to hit and miss this summer.

OZZFEST

Starring: Ozzy Osbourne, Marilyn Manson, Korn
The program: The addled Prince of Darkness (and merchandising) stops tarnishing his image and hauls his shattered body around one more time.
Expect to see: Hordes of thirtysomethings in black T-shirts leering at the four or five girls in attendance.
Why go: Could be the last chance to see Ozzy before he completes his metamorphosis into a Muppet.
Why stay home: Kelly Osbourne is single and on the prowl!
Don't miss: The Village of the Damned, which imagines hell as an unending string of piercing booths, video arcades, and black-T-shirt vendors.

LOLLAPALOOZA

Starring: Jane's Addiction, Audioslave, Queens of the Stone Age, Jurassic 5
The program: Yeah, we thought they gave up on this in the last century, too.
Expect to see: Aging Gen-Xers; kids who think Jane's Addiction is "classic rock."
Why go: Founder Perry Farrell boasts of technological breakthroughs that'll change "how people experience a festival." Translation: higher prices!
Why stay home: Remember when they revived Woodstock?
Don't miss: The Axis of Justice booth, where a teen trust-funder explains how your Chinese-made shirt is contributing to worldwide suffering.

SUMMER SANITARIUM

Starring: Metallica, Limp Bizkit, Linkin Park, the Deftones
The program: Metallica grasps at its last shreds of relevance by inviting rap-metal brickheads like Limp Bizkit and Linkin Park to cohead-line on the tour.
Expect to see: Every jerk you avoided in high school "kicking major ass" in the mosh pit.
Why go: Good question.
Why stay home: That sock drawer ain't gonna reorganize itself, you know!
Don't miss: The Deftones, who are too good to be hanging out with these pud-whackers.

BONNAROO

Starring: Widespread Panic, Neil Young, the Roots, the Flaming Lips, the Allman Brothers Band, James Brown
The program: Hippies with receding hairlines celebrating lots of peace, love, and Porta Pottis.
Expect to see: Range Rovers affixed with WAR IS NOT THE ANSWER stickers.
Why go: Diverse lineup; killer weed.
Why stay home: Are you sure you want to party with your parents, man?
Don't miss: Have we mentioned the weed?
—David Peisner

Because Anna Nicole's not touring

Find more reviews at maximonline.com.

A LITTLE IN 'N' OUT

THE MAXIM REPORT

Why? Because we said so.

NUTTY MOVIE TREAT

Peanut M&Ms	Jack Black

SIGN OF SUMMER

Pasty thighs	First misshapen mole

NEW SPORTS CLICH...

Getting creamed	Getting Saddamed

YOUR DAD...

Won't tell you twice	Isn't made of money

MUSIC TREND

Rock is back	Latin implosion

COMPUTER VIRUS

"I Love You" virus	Achy hard drive

SPF

100	50

INCOHERENT REALITY TV STAR

Ozzy Osbourne	Gary Busey

ALTERCATIONS

Bar brawls	Café catfights

NEW NAME FOR FRENCH FRIES

Freedom fries	Potatoes du cowards

COSBY KID

Mushmouth	Weird Harold

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	2 Fast 2 Furious (Universal) Release date: June 6	Paul Walker, Tyrese, Cole Hauser	They want us to believe Walker was the breakout star from *The Fast and the Furious*? This does not bode well...	There had better be flaming piles of both crammed into every other minute of this movie for us to even *consider* watching it.	We're actually upset that Vin Diesel isn't in it. What does *that* tell you? We avoid any movie that sounds like a rejected Prince song.
	Envy (DreamWorks) Release date: June 6	Ben Stiller, Jack Black, Christopher Walken, Rachel Weisz	What's a few million dollars between friends? A lot, apparently. When one guy's (Black) wacky invention makes him filthy rich, his pal (Stiller) gets hilariously pissy.	With a cast of freaks and geeks like this one, things are bound to get debauched.	Hey, jealousy. The promise of a manly Black-Stiller slap fight is enough to woo us.
	Bruce Almighty (Universal) Release date: May 23	Jim Carrey, Jennifer Aniston, Morgan Freeman	A down-on-his-luck loser is given the power of God after criticizing the Big Guy's ability to handle the weight of the world. Much abuse of said power quickly ensues.	If you were omnipotent, what would you do? *Exactly.* But can any guy who's dating someone like Aniston really be considered a loser?	Hallelujah! Our prayers have been answered—Carrey returns to his comedy roots in grand goofball style.
	The Italian Job (Paramount) Release date: May 30	Mark Wahlberg, Charlize Theron	The cult Brit caper flick gets a thorough American rogering—um, we mean, reworking. Like the original, a Mini Cooper chase sequence seems to be the only reason to see it.	We'd steal millions, too, if it meant being crammed into a Cooper with Theron. Expect lots of autoerotic mayhem.	Take this *Job* and shove it. Marky Mark is to remakes *(Planet of the Apes, The Truth About Charlie)* what France is to warfare.
	Hollywood Homicide (Columbia) Release date: June 13	Harrison Ford, Josh Hartnett, Eric Idle, Master P, K.D. Aubert	In this action-comedy, two L.A. cops (rookie Hartnett and vet Ford) deal with a rap group's murder while juggling moonlighting gigs as a yoga teacher and a real estate agent.	There's lots of gunplay, and we're pretty sure Hartnett didn't get into yoga strictly for the health benefits.	We let this one off with a warning. If Ford and director Ron Shelton *(Bull Durham)* don't deliver, someone call Riggs and Murtaugh.
	Dumb and Dumberer: When Harry Met Lloyd (New Line) Release date: June 13	Eric Christian Olsen, Derek Richardson, Eugene Levy, Rachel Nichols	This prequel to 1994's idiotfest *Dumb & Dumber* spins the tale of teenage morons Harry and Lloyd and their first wacky misadventure in high school special-ed class.	Take the raunchy humor and poop jokes from the original and add teenage hormones. *Bingo!*	Duh! Although we're not keen on someone trying to slip a Jim Carrey impression by us, this might just be dumb enough to work.

EJECTION SEAT

THE RENTS

C'mon, do you really want advice from the geek at the video store?

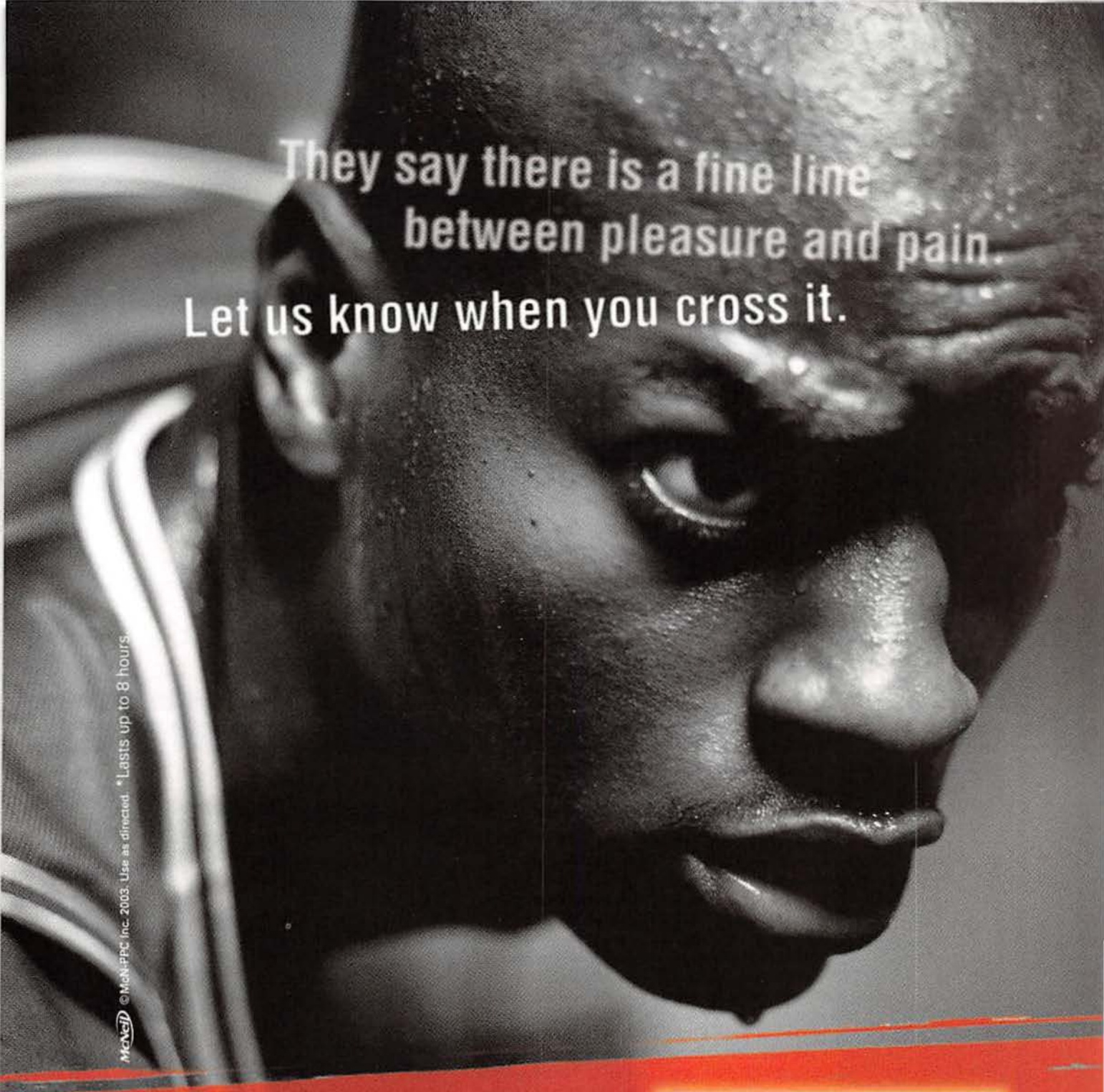
Windtalkers
Nic Cage and some Native Americans use smarts and thundersticks to thwart the Japanese during WWII. **That special something:** Three discs' worth of goodies, with documentaries on the real-life "windtalkers." (May 20)

Old School
Many make the "next *Animal House*" claim, but few deliver. Vince Vaughn, Will Ferrell, and Luke Wilson do Otter, Bluto, and Hoover proud. **That special something:** No matter what, you can guarantee more shots of Ferrell's pasty ass. (June 10)

About Schmidt
Don't be fooled by the "touching drama" crap—any movie that features a nude Kathy Bates is a horror flick. **That special something:** Extended Bates nude scenes! OK, now we're just being mean. (June 3)

Illustration, www.sosnovsky.com

Find more film and DVD reviews at **maximonline.com.**



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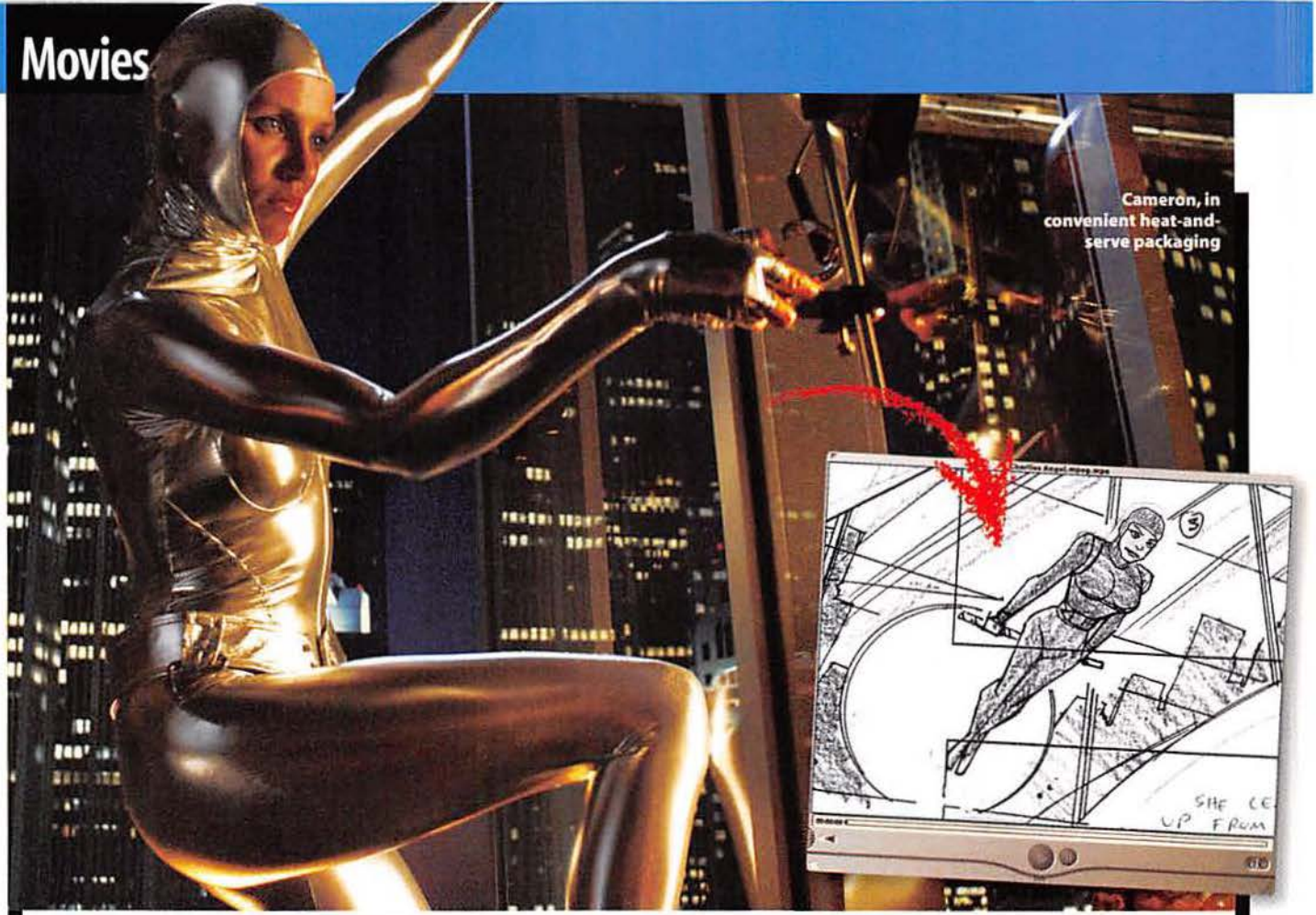


Cameron, in convenient heat-and-serve packaging

SKETCH APPEAL

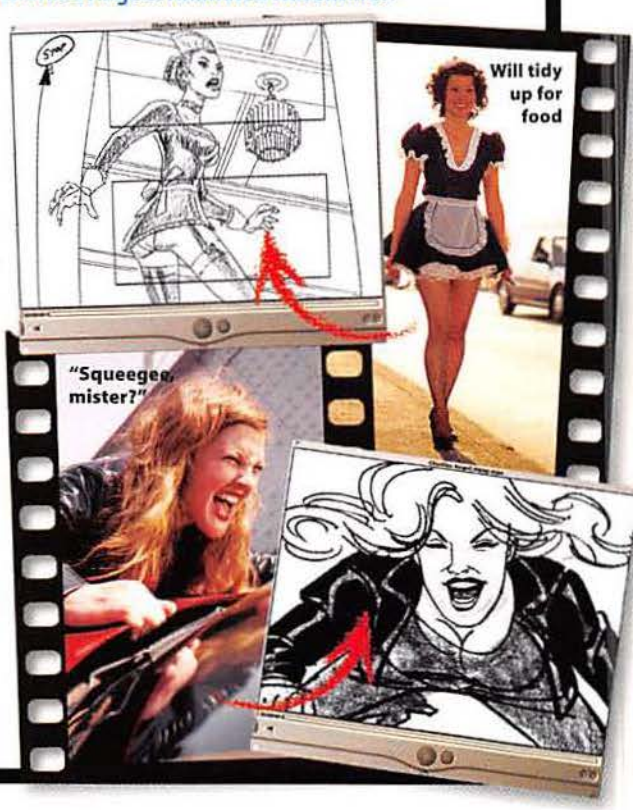
CHARLIE'S ANIME

Can't wait for Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*? Settle down, and then toon into* Charlie's Angels: Animated Adventures.

"Form of: hot chicks!"

They've drop-kicked villains, waltzed through high-security systems, and shaken their asses on *Soul Train*—but, in true diva fashion, they're far from satisfied. What does Charlie do when his Angels want to take it to the next level? He goes back to the drawing board, literally. "We're doing a really cool hybrid of 2-D and 3-D animation," explains Kevin Van Hook, executive producer of *Charlie's Angels: Animated Adventures*, a six-part Internet series that launched May 13 and will conclude right before *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* tips into theaters June 27. Explains Van Hook, "What's cool about this is that the serial will end with, literally, the first shot of the movie. We're telling the back story to the mission the girls are in the middle of when *Full Throttle* begins." Not only that, but elements of the animated adventure—available on the official *Charlie's Angels* movie Web site (sony.com/CharliesAngels), as well as on Yahoo! Movies (movies.yahoo.com)—will even explain some of the movie's throwaway jokes. "When you see that montage of previous adventures at the start of the movie, they will be explained in the animated adventures," says Stephanie Savage, who wrote the cartoon romp. "You'll be like, 'Oh, so *that's* why Alex was jumping off a bridge in a French maid outfit!'" French maid outfits? Cartoons? We've officially died and gone to heaven.

'We're telling the back story to the mission the girls are on when *Full Throttle* begins.'



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HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

LIVE NEWS GIRL

Real name: Giuliana DePandi
Better known as: E! News Live's eye-catching coanchor
Her story: It takes more than a dazzling smile and a DNA link to Joan Rivers to make it as an E! news personality. Just ask Giuliana, who's been training for desk duty almost since birth. "As a little girl, I learned English by watching the news after my family moved here from Italy," she explains. "I'm definitely the poster child for 'school is bad,' since I learned more than my older siblings by just staying home." She finally managed to get to class, scored a journalism degree, and took her talent to the small screen. It was in front of the camera that Giuliana first discovered fame's downside. "Some guy once sent me a care package with lingerie…and a seminude photo of himself. That was disturbing." And not the way to gain the attention of the aggressive Giuliana. "When dating I play my cards right, so the guy's in more of a girl role. Most guys like it." Yeah, Italian guys…

Red carpet ride

Photograph, Willy Camden; styling, Karen Shapiro; makeup, Natalie Miller for clouteragency.com; hair, Christophe Salvazo for clouteragency.com

"brilliant" -newsday

"gripping" -washington post

"daring" -time

"astounding" -usa today

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TOP SPIN

RADIOHEAD

Hail to the Thief (Capitol)

Have you been waiting for Radiohead to quit being so goddamn weird and rock out with the unbridled fury of their younger years? Well...you'd better grab a Snickers and get comfy. *Hail to the Thief* isn't the return to gritty guitar-rock basics you hoped for, but it's pretty great nonetheless, as the brooding Brits work their experimental jones into songs that brood, stomp, and soar—often all at the same time. The occasional guitar does pop up, crashing into a symphony of fierce riffs and slamming drumbeats on "2+2=5," dancing around a quiet piano refrain on "Sail to the Moon," and strumming and squawking through the spacey, buzzing rocker "Go to Sleep." The effect is a large wash of sound that includes skittering electronic beats, a smattering of ethereal keyboards, and, of course, Thom Yorke's ghostly, tortured wails. The sense of oppressive dread that made 1997's *OK Computer* so throttling also returns here in spades. As Yorke and mates fret about the current state of the world, their gloom is clearly our boon.—*David Peisner*

★★★★☆

Like this? Try these...

The Beta Band
The Beta Band
Astralwerks, 1999

Sigur Ros
( )
MCA, 2002

Mogwai
Rock Action
Matador, 2001

Deftones

Deftones (Maverick)

Deftones frontman Chino Moreno rarely feels good. The singer's got lots on his mind, and most of it comes out in jarring explosions of beautiful noise laced with about as much emotional trauma as you can stand. The Sacramento quintet has a flair for anguished melody, which makes a fine setting for Moreno's improvisational bursts of raw, wordless emotion. This new album of abrasive, melodic metal sets his cries and moans against a grinding wall of sound, providing a perfect backdrop for your moments of headbanging despair.—*Steve Appleford*

★★★★☆

Jarring explosions of beautiful noise laced with emotional trauma.

Grandaddy

Sumday (V2)

The fourth offering from indie-rock weirdos Grandaddy is an elaborate concept record about wasting away in suburban decay—or, more specifically, about wasting away in Modesto, California. The shimmering pianos, electronic loops, and crunching guitars provide sweeping terrain for heart-wrenching, and often hysterical, tales of stray dogs, drunken teens, and even a "shitty limousine that never got to drive any movie stars." *Sumday* is proof that men with bushy beards and mesh caps can make some damn beautiful music.—*Bill Crandall*

★★★★★

Third Eye Blind

Out of the Vein (Elektra)

Third Eye Blind's Stephan Jenkins was probably that high school smart ass who hid obscenities behind fake coughs (*"hackss-hole!"*). Now he buries unsavory subjects behind sing-along power pop (like the tales of speed and oral sex he sneaked into 1997's harmless-sounding "Semi-Charmed Life"). On Third's third, Jenkins remain as incorrigible as ever, cooing, for example, "I wanna stay right here and go down on you for an hour," in the high-flying "Blinded." Too bad it can't elevate the songs beyond disposable, radio-friendly throwaways.—*Dan Catalano*

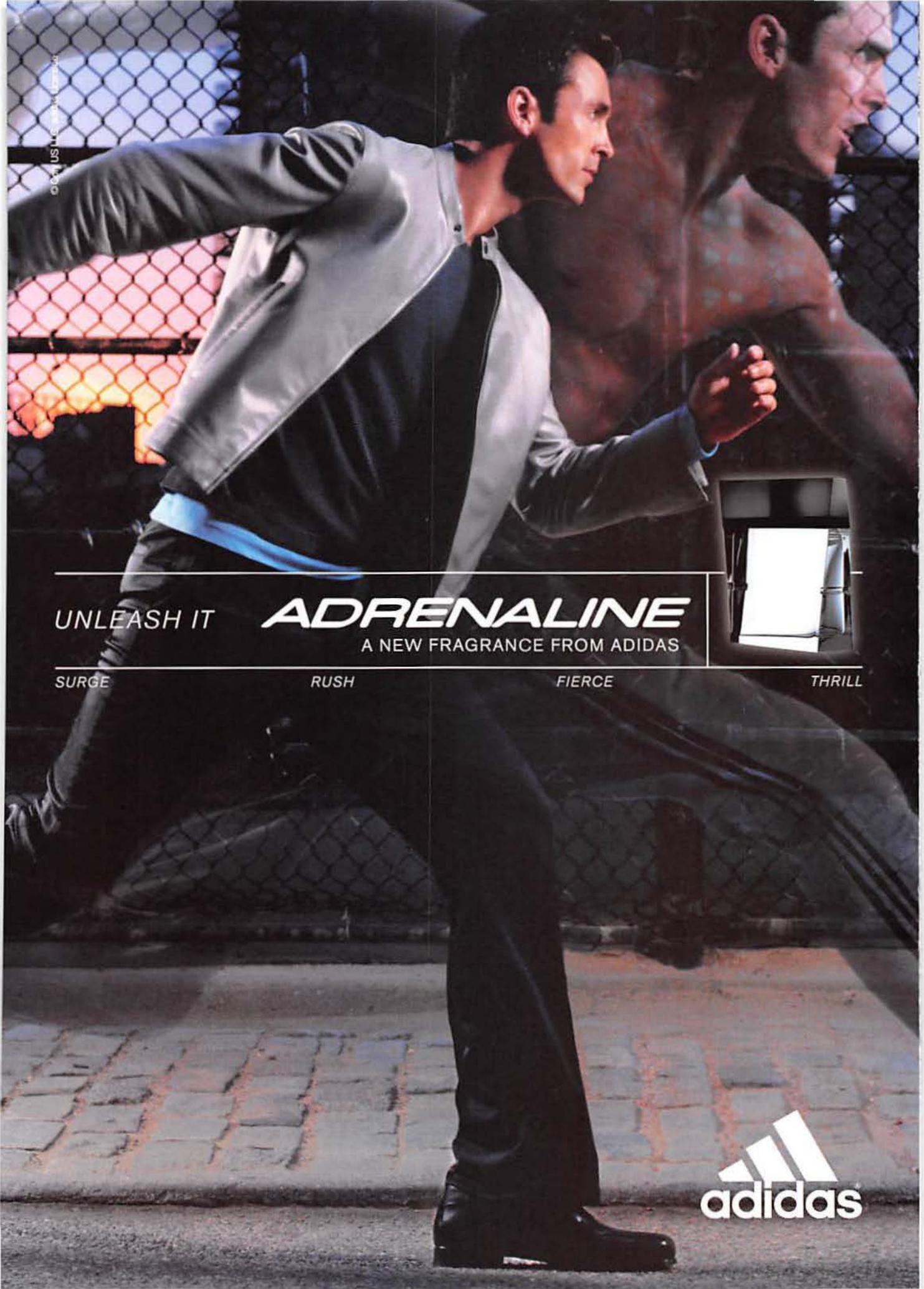
★★☆☆☆

Mystic

Cuts for Luck, Scars for Freedom...(Learning to Breathe) (DreamWorks)

With Lauryn Hill uninterested in making records anymore, the search for a successor to her throne of hip-hop divahood continues. The latest candidate is talented California-bred singer-rapper Mystic. *Cuts*, a retooled version of her acclaimed 2001 indie debut, melds gritty, street-wise poetry with graceful melodies and head-bobbing grooves. Its earnest, people-get-ready vibe sometimes teeters dangerously near self-importance, but we guess giving a shit shouldn't be considered a crime.—*D.P.*

★★★★☆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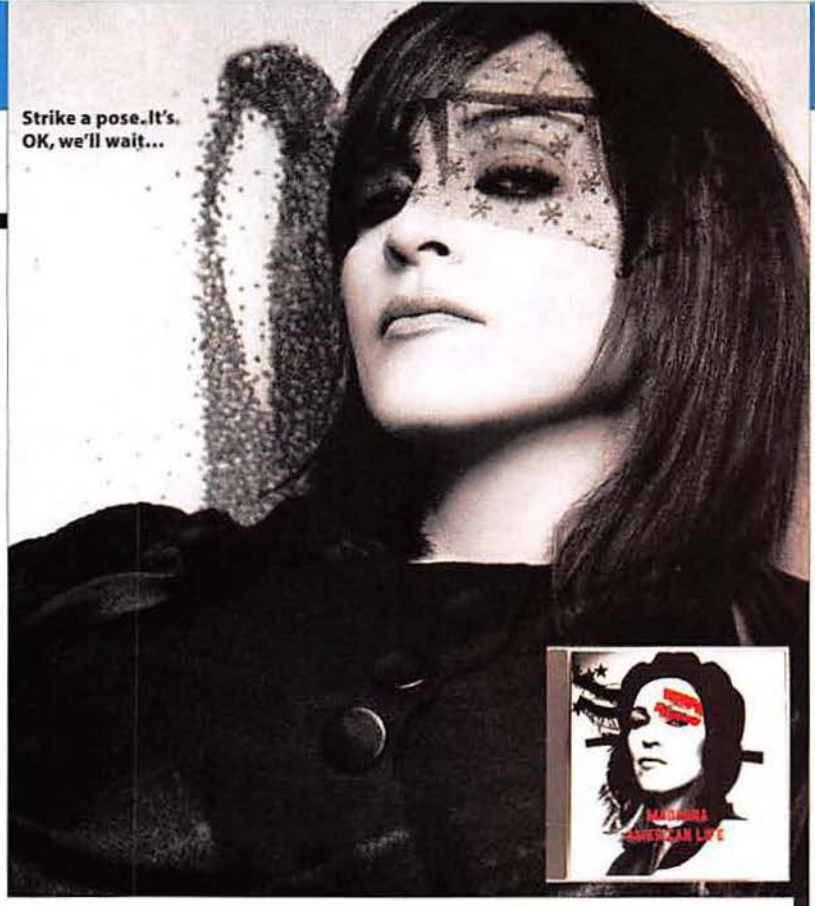
A NEW FRAGRANCE FROM ADIDAS

LIFT HERE
TO UNLEASH
ADRENALINE

Marilyn Manson
The Golden Age of Grotesque
(Interscope)
Remember when people got their panties in a bunch over Marilyn Manson? With bigger and more substantial problems than the Clown Prince of Darkness soaking up attention, we're left merely with the music. And it's not half-bad. *Really.* Amid punishing guitars, jerky synth squiggles, and lockstep rhythms, Manson welcomes us to *The Golden Age* with the opening salvo, "This Is the New Shit." Actually, it's the same old shit, but there's no denying the power spewing from his industrial-rock creep show.—*D.P.*
✪✪✪○○

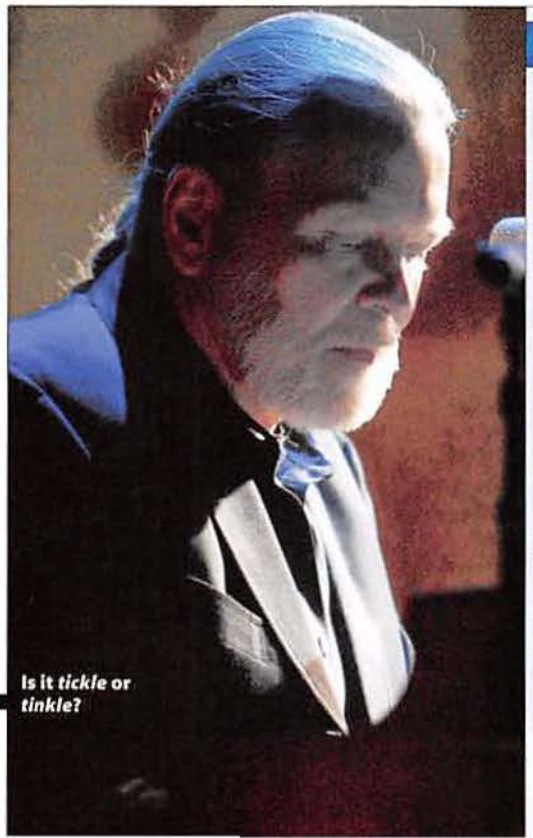
The Mars Volta
De-Loused in the Comatorium
(Strummer/Universal)
Finally, something Phish, Black Flag, and Rush fans can all agree on. Born from the scraps of the much-lauded but not-much-heard Texas outfit At the Drive-In, the Mars Volta chart a course on their debut full-length between fierce hard-core, noisy guitar freak-outs, and jam-band grooves. On tracks like "Drunkship of Lanterns," manic rhythms thrash around underneath a wild blitz of guitars, while impressively Afro'd frontman Cedric Bixler howls away like Geddy Lee being flayed with a steak knife. In a good way.—*D.P.*
✪✪✪✪✪



Strike a pose. It's OK, we'll wait...

Madonna
American Life (Maverick/Warner Bros. Records)
Though she's earned a rep as a pop culture chameleon, in reality Madonna doesn't change her stripes nearly enough. Three albums into her "electronic" phase and it's all beginning to wear thin. Although the club-anthem title track is campy fun, the rest of the disc is a navel-gazing snooze that promises serious introspection ("Nobody Knows Me") but ultimately delivers little more than a decent groove. Next palette, please.— *D.C.*
✪✪○○○

Madonna's "electronic" phase is beginning to wear thin.



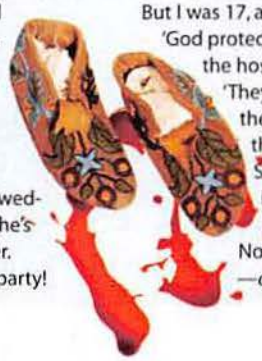
Is it *tickle* or *tinkle*?

TALES FROM THE ROAD

GREGG ALLMAN

Blues rock's bad boy puts his best foot forward—and then shoots it.

"Back when me and my brother, Duane, were starting to get serious about music, the government got real serious about Vietnam. We went on the road in 1965. Just before we left, the mail came, and there's this old, brown, government-looking thing. Sure enough, it said, 'Greetings! Uncle Sam wants you to report…' I thought, *What the hell am I gonna do?* My brother said, 'I'll tell you what we're gonna do. Just shoot a bullet through your foot.' I thought he was joking. He wasn't. We'd had a couple of hits of speed and a couple bottles of whiskey. An hour later he's got a box of sawed-offs set up in the garage, and he's invited a bunch of broads over. This is the first foot-shooting party! I got ready, and the girls are crying, and my brother's having a hell of a time, calling me chicken shit and all that. So I said, 'I need some kind of target.' I had moccasins on, and Duane painted a target on my left foot. I sat down, took real close aim, and *bam!* The pain, oh, man! I was bleeding quite a bit because the speed and liquor had my blood pressure going. But I was 17, and you know what they say: 'God protects children and drunks.' At the hospital, I said to my brother, 'They're gonna see the target on the moccasin and report us to the damn government.' Somehow Duane got back into the operating room and got that moccasin back. Nobody ever saw it again."
—*as told to David Peisner*



STILL CHARGED

YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS

The world's oldest schoolboy, Angus Young, takes a look back at AC/DC's war-torn highway to... the Hall of Fame?

Others use a pick...

"My father always said, 'You don't have to look for trouble, son. It'll walk right up to you,'" Angus Young laughs. The old man was right. Trouble's clung to the pint-size guitarist like a crazed groupie ever since he formed AC/DC with his brother Malcolm in 1973. The band, along with its notoriously balls-out fans, has blazed a path of destruction straight to... the freakin' Rock and Roll Hall of Fame! With Epic Records reissuing a chunk of their catalog this year, Angus takes a semilucid look back at AC/DC's combat-rock history.

AC/DC VS. DEEP PURPLE

"We were playing in a bar, and we got a call from the promoter for this rock festival. He said Deep Purple was headlining but changed the nights they were going to play. So to avoid a riot, he told the crowd, 'We're going to put AC/DC on.' When we got there we found out Deep Purple had changed their minds again, which really pissed us off. But they were a big band and could pick and choose where they played. We couldn't. Then one of their tour managers hit one of our people, and the next thing you know an enormous brawl broke out onstage. The audience started rioting. It actually helped make us famous in our own area, though."

ANGUS VS. A STUPID FAN

"We were playing out on Long Island, and this guy threw something and hit me. It was a bit of a thud, right in my head. The stupid thing is, he came right up to the front [where I could see him]. But when I got off the stage, I didn't realize how big this guy was. *[laughs]* Still, with a few swift kicks to the kneecaps, I sorted him out."

AC/DC VS. THE BELGIAN RIOT POLICE

"A Belgian policeman took it into his head he was going to stop one of our shows. He strolled onstage with a sub-machine gun and pointed it at me. One of the crew jumped him and took it from him. The riot police came and wanted to arrest the band, the audience, and all this stuff. They also wanted to keep all the equipment. So our crew said, 'Then *you* pack it.' *[laughs]* They thought twice about that and decided it was too much work. In the end they relented and let us go."

ANGUS VS. FATHER TIME

"The most strenuous exercise I probably do is lifting a cigarette to my mouth. So I wouldn't call me a health nut. Once I'm onstage I focus on the guitar, and it gets me through. I never have a thing where at the end of the night, you go, 'Where's the paramedic?'"

—David Peisner

Props: Irene LaGratta

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLAY PATRICK McBRIDE

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DATE WOMEN OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE.

SPICE THINGS UP.

Old Spice

NEW HIGH ENDURANCE BODY WASH with Dual Action Formula.
It rinses cleaner than soap and leaves you smelling great.
Grab some in two great scents.

The unaired *Diff'rent Strokes* finale

GAME ON!

POSTAL 2

(Whiptail Interactive—PC)

Like this? Try these...

- **Unreal II: The Awakening** (Infogrames—PC)
- **Grand Theft Auto: Vice City** (Rockstar Games—PS2, PC)
- **Super Mario Sunshine** (Nintendo—GC)

With the world in such a sensitive place right now, the makers of the first-person shooter *Postal 2* have made a concerted effort to distinguish themselves from their *Grand Theft Auto* peers by creating a game that's...well, much, much more violent and offensive. Some of the gruesome lowlights: Players don gimp suits, pee on mutilated corpses, and get to turn guest character Gary Coleman (guess those *Star Dates* appearances don't pay so well) into a lead-filled pastry. Though it's sure to have Senate subcommittees soiling their Depends and declaring the end of Western civilization, jaded gamers will no doubt dig the surprisingly amusing vocal and visual gags that spice up what would otherwise be a moderately paced, story-driven shoot-em-up. So go ahead and enjoy it, for all the wrong reasons.—*Scott Steinberg*

★★★★☆

Inside Pitch 2003

(Microsoft—Xbox)

Why risk sunburn, bleacher splinters, and watery beer when you can bask in the glow of your Xbox this baseball season? *Inside Pitch 2003* takes the idea of in-game realism to the next level, supplying gamers with full MLB rosters custom-designed right down to each player's cup-adjustment routine (lacking only Press Conference Mode, where players can confess drug problems, explain arrests, or demand more money). The game's simple batting and fielding controls make it easy on novices, while the in-depth pitching options give purists something to chew on as they cycle through a loaded arsenal of head-spinning tosses. You can even go online against fellow pale and lonely stats dorks. Hell, fresh air's really overrated anyway.—*Alex Porter*

★★★★★

The Hulk

(Universal Interactive—Xbox, PS2, GameCube, PC)

Argh! Puny soldiers mock Hulk's ill-fitting, purple Capri pants! Hulk smash! Just in time for the blockbuster movie, Marvel's famously unjolly green giant comes to gaming consoles in this graphically slick smash-'em-up. Players get to sneak around intricate levels as Hulk's scrawny alter ego Bruce Banner (voiced by the film's star, Eric Bana) and engage in some Hulk-size mayhem as the lovable monstrosity itself. Hulk toss soldiers, Hulk tap-dance on tanks, Hulk obliterate environments, Hulk unleash dreaded Sonic Clap and Gamma Stomp to clear room. Unfortunately, Hulk also get boring pretty damn fast. Hulk need tender loving of She-Hulk; we, however, need a much heftier radioactive bang for our buck.—*A.P.*

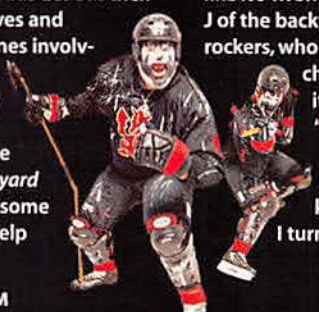
★★☆☆☆

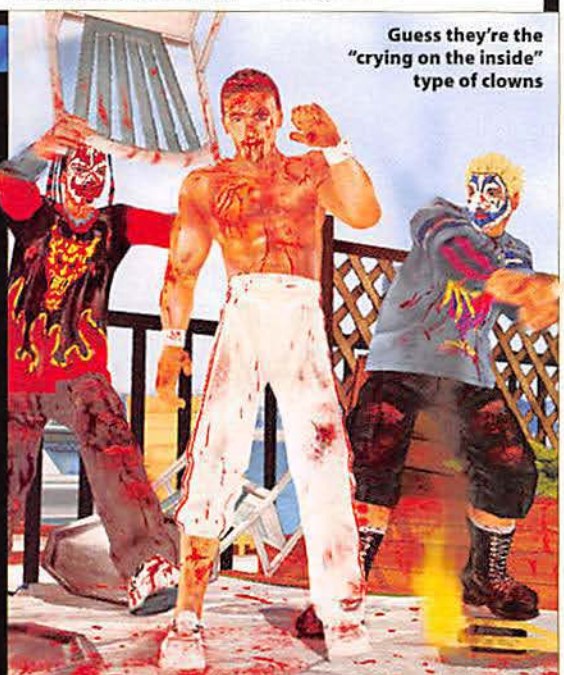
SLAPHAPPY

NO PAIN, NO GAME

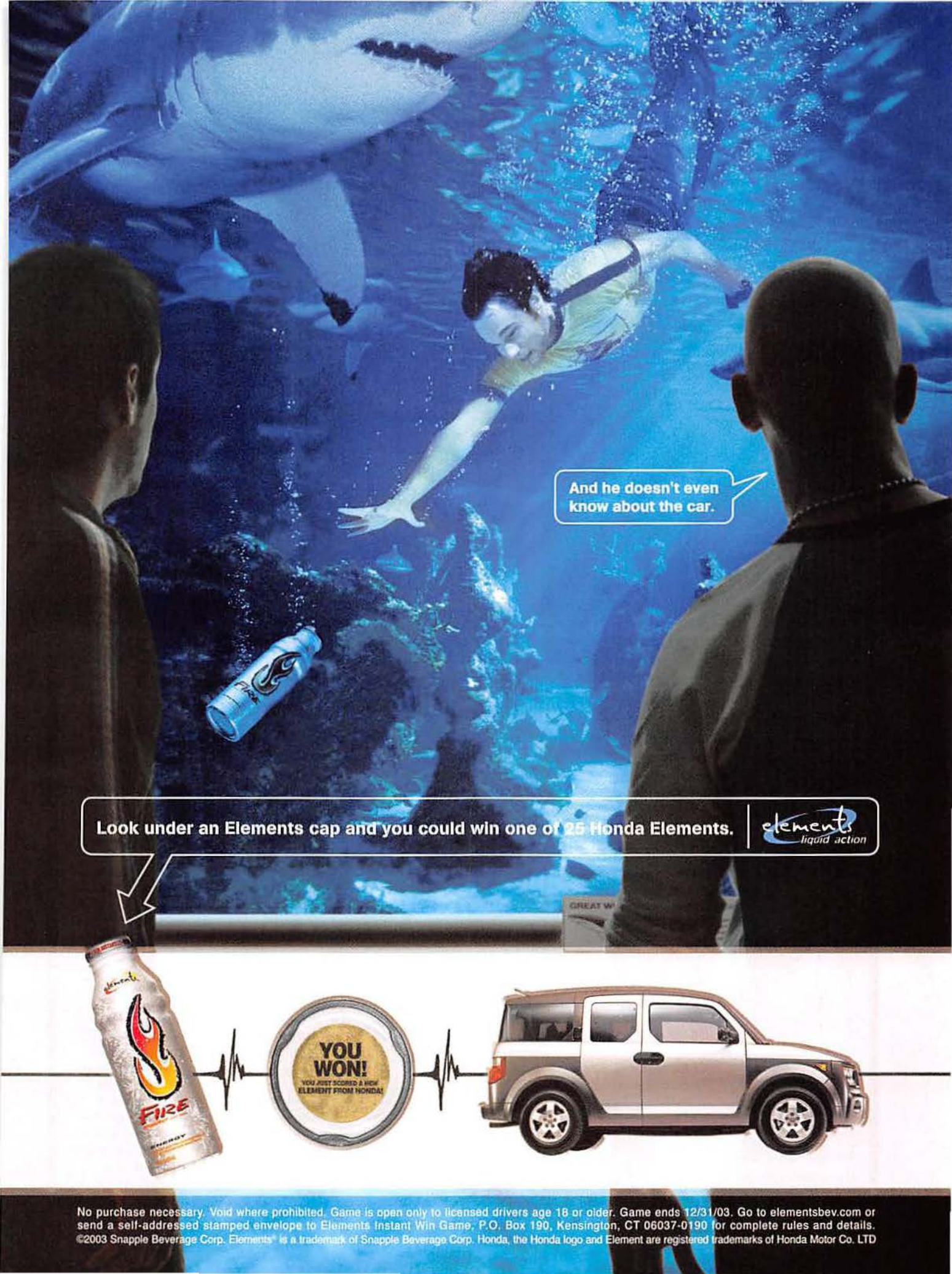
Backyard Wrestling's *video game incarnation sends in the Clowns.*

Backyard Wrestling, **for those who aren't soaking up the 3 A.M. commercials sandwiched between *Girls Gone Wild* pitches, is the deformed stepchild of the WWE in which kids act out their favorite wrasslin' moves and invent horrific new ones involving barbed wire and cheese graters in the comfort of their own yards. The video game spin-off—Eidos' *Backyard Wrestling*—recruited some infamous names to help sell (and provide music for) their infamous product: spokesclowns Violent J and Shaggy 2 Dope, a.k.a. the Insane Clown Posse. "People look at it like it's wrong, but it's all good," argues J of the backyard brouhahas. The rap rockers, who also appear as playable characters, defend the activity against player-haters: "Stop pointin' fingers," J continues. "Everybody backyard-wrestled as a kid...me too. And look how I turned out: just fine!"—*S.S.***





Guess they're the "crying on the inside" type of clowns


And he doesn't even know about the car.
Look under an Elements cap and you could win one of 25 Honda Elements.
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FIRE
YOU WON!
YOU JUST SCORED A NEW ELEMENT FROM HONDA!

No purchase necessary. Void where prohibited. Game is open only to licensed drivers age 18 or older. Game ends 12/31/03. Go to elementsbev.com or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Elements Instant Win Game, P.O. Box 190, Kensington, CT 06037-0190 for complete rules and details.

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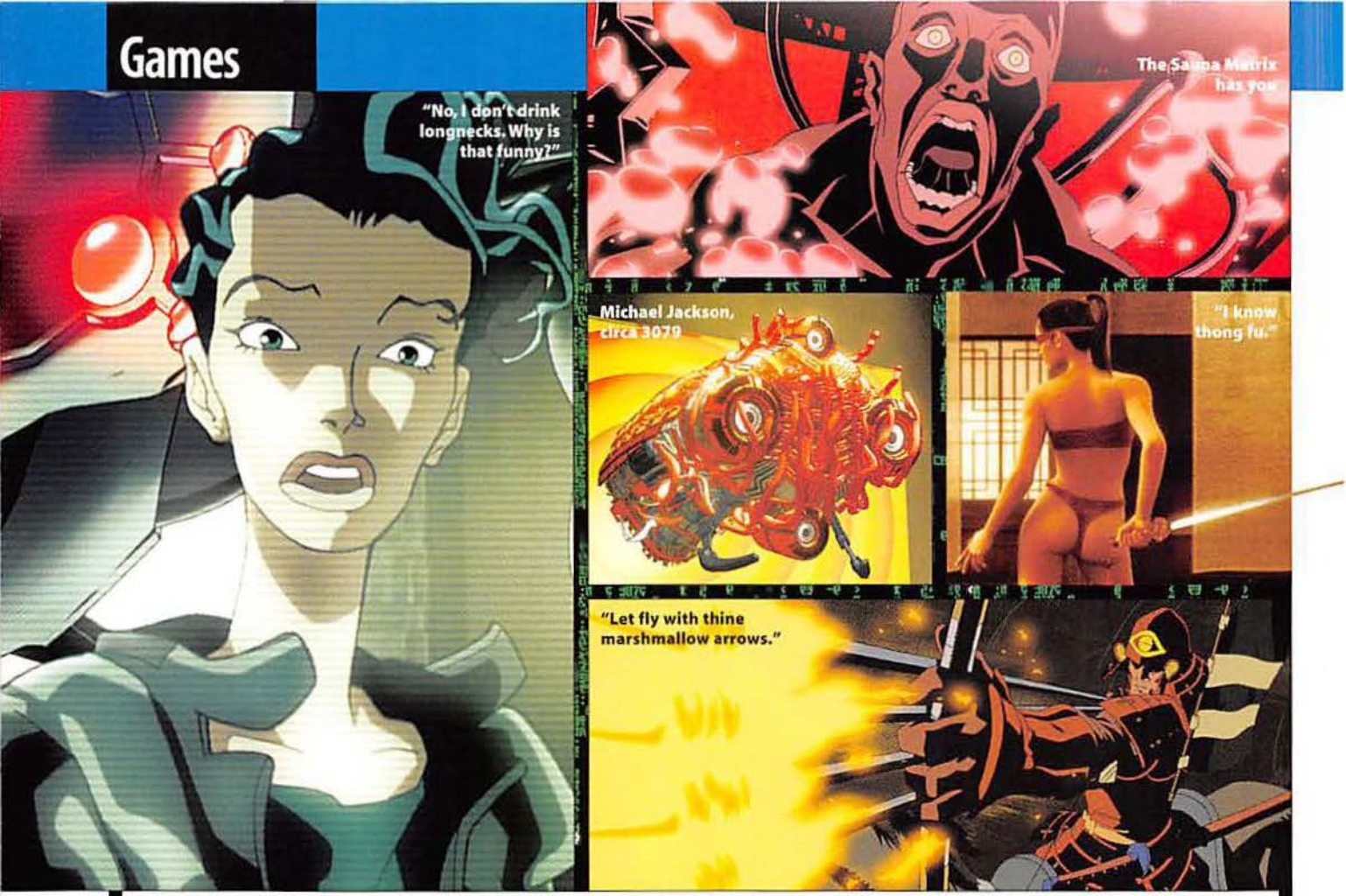
"No, I don't drink longnecks. Why is that funny?"
The Sauna Matrix has you
Michael Jackson, circa 3079
"I know thong fu."
"Let fly with thine marshmallow arrows."

PILLS 'N' THRILLS

THE MATRIX REBOOTED

A seductive new video game and jam-packed DVD are poised to tear the Matrix universe a brand-new rabbit hole.

After four years of serious blue-pill jonesing, you'd think hard-core Neo-heads would find enough in May's *The Matrix Reloaded* to satisfy them until *The Matrix Revolutions* blows theater doors open this November. Yeah, and Agent Smith might become a grief counselor.

The assault began in May with the release of Infogrames' *Enter the Matrix*, an orgy of kung fu and bullets for PlayStation 2, Xbox, GameCube, and PC. The game is by no means a weak attempt to cash in on a franchise: *Matrix* creators Larry and Andy Wachowski made sure its plot line connected to and expanded on the movies'. "I got this 200-page script with all this action, and I'm thinking, *Are we shooting another movie?*" explains petite dynamo Jada Pinkett Smith, who stars in the movies *and* the game as tougher-than-rawhide pilot Niobe. "The action runs parallel to the movies'. So if you see the movie and there's a door in a hallway, in the game we'll be going through that door." The Wachowskis spent months shooting more than an hour of additional film footage, recording Pinkett Smith and other cast members' voices, and honing movement. The payoff? Gamers not only get tons of extra movie action but also get to run, kick, and shoot in a fully realized *Matrix* universe.

'I got this 200-page script and I thought, *Are we shooting another movie?*'

Part two of the conquest happens this month in the form of *The Animatrix*, a DVD of nine original animated short films, each one expanding on a different aspect of the *Matrix* mythos and each one employing radically different animation techniques. The brothers assembled a dream team of Japanese and American animation masters—the genius nutjobs behind such cult faves as *Akira*, *Wicked City*, and *Final Fantasy: The Spirits Within*. Stories like *The Second Renaissance* (penned by the tireless Wachowskis and directed by Mahiro Maeda) fill in the back story leading up to humankind's takeover by those damn, dirty machines, while *The Final Flight of the Osiris* features the sexiest kung fu battle since Michelle Yeoh and Zhang Ziyi kicked gorgeous tail in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. ("The biggest comments from the Wachowskis were 'sexier' and 'more muzzle flashes'," says director Andy Jones. Funny, our editor says the same thing.) Gushes admitted anime fan Pinkett Smith: "This is a project Larry and Andy have had wrapped around their minds for *11 years!* They know this world inside and out, every tiny aspect of it." And soon, so will all of you. Resistance is futile. And very, very unlikely.—*Alex Porter*

***Ms.* Niobe, if you're nasty**

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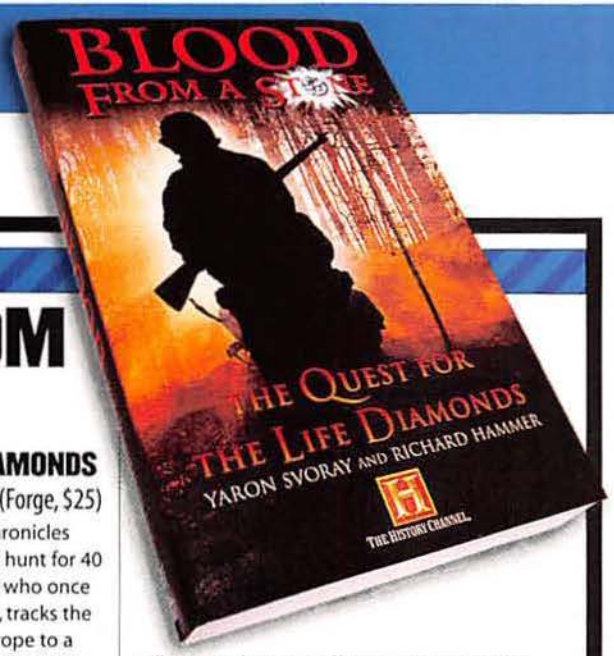


TEXT APPEAL

BLOOD FROM A STONE

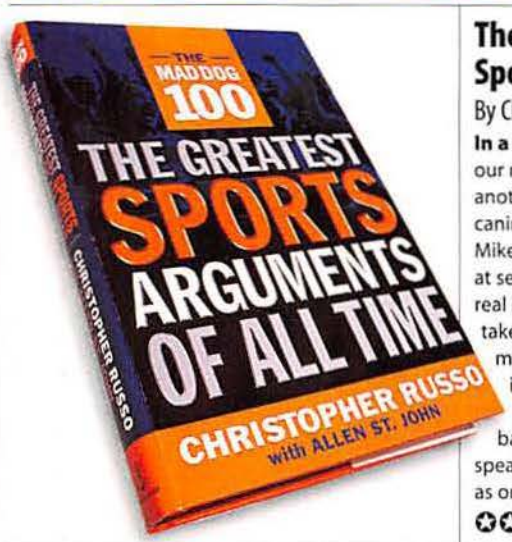
THE QUEST FOR THE LIFE DIAMONDS

By Yaron Svoray and Richard Hammer (Forge, $25)

Former Israeli commando Svoray chronicles (with the help of Hammer) his 11-year hunt for 40 diamonds buried during WWII. Svoray, who once went undercover to expose neo-Nazis, tracks the gems from South Africa to Eastern Europe to a foxhole in Alsace. Stories of the Jews who died, the soldiers of would-be fortune who stashed the rocks "for safekeeping," and the history of diamonds are all interwoven into Svoray's tale of personal obsession. *Blood*'s detailed, no-frills style will engage history buffs but may lose others during its frequent dry patches. Still, it's refreshing to know someone had the fortitude to chip away at this multifaceted mystery.—*Laurina Gibbs*

★★★☆☆

'He'd been stupid, not paying attention to his movements, and now he was frozen on a land mine. His stomach knotted. Sweat poured out.'

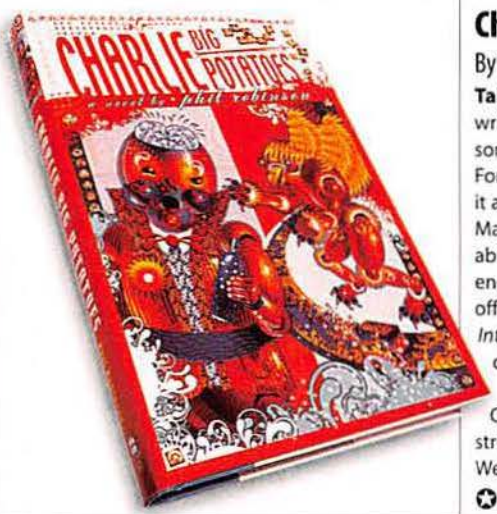


The Mad Dog 100: The Greatest Sports Arguments of All Time

By Chris Russo with Allen St. John (Doubleday, $23)

In a move that'll go a long way toward keeping our next bar outing from degenerating into another shrieking slap fight, Chris Russo—the canine half of New York's sports talk radio tandem Mike and the Mad Dog—takes an ambitious stab at settling sports' thorniest debates: Who's the real iron man, Gehrig or Ripken? Could Louis take Ali? He sometimes speaks in broad, even misguided, terms to cover up his lack of interest and/or knowledge; for the record, his strong suits appear to be baseball, basketball, and, um, women's tennis. Generally speaking, though, Russo does as admirable a job as one rabid individual can.—*Jordan Burchette*

★★★★☆



Charlie Big Potatoes

By Phil Robinson (ReganBooks, $25)

Take it from us: The life of a men's magazine writer is a depressing, soul-crushing hell and not something you want to write a book about. Former *Loaded* deputy editor Phil Robinson gives it a shot anyway, bringing us the story of Charlie Marshall, an alcoholic lad-mag writer content to abuse substances, avoid responsibility, and endure embarrassing blackouts. But what starts off as *Trainspotting-Lite* quickly devolves into *Lad, Interrupted*, as Charlie checks himself into a rehab clinic/loony bin. As you can imagine, the usual cast of lovable nutcases is there, helping Charlie crawl toward redemption. Watching him struggle is about as fun as a 12-step program. We'll stay in denial, thanks.—*Ben Goldstein*

★★☆☆☆

Photographs, Robert Glasgow

Find more reviews at maximonline.com.

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HARRISON FORD

Vin Diesel? Ben Affleck? Andy Dick? Those guys are leading ladies next to the guy who invented the modern action hero—Indiana Jack Han Solo Ryan-Jones.

QUICK PICKS

FAVORITE FOE (ON-SCREEN)
"I'd have to say Gary Oldman [as Russian terrorist Ivan Korshunov] in *Air Force One.*"

STEAK (WE HOPE)
"Rare to medium rare. Crusty on the outside, pink on the inside. Served with sautéed spinach and a baked potato."

HARDEST SELL
"It was hard for people to accept me with a Russian accent in *K-19.* That usually gets the worst fan reaction."

Can you give us the skinny on your new movie, *Hollywood Homicide*? Or just tell us what it's about.
I play a Los Angeles homicide detective who is also a part-time real estate broker. This guy's in over his head moneywise. He's got three ex-wives and two kids in college, house payments, and a house he bought on spec to resell. He's got a crime to solve—the murder of a rap group—and you have a good notion he's going to solve it. The real drama lies in whether or not he's going to sell the house.

Well, being an actor *and* a carpenter must have taught you something about holding down two jobs.
The advantage to my having another job was that I had another source of income. I didn't have to put up with some of the shit that so annoyed me. I could hold out for the kind of acting job I wanted rather than take everything that came along to put a meal on the table. I had something to do other than be the usual needy, open sore that actors are at the beginning of their careers.

Or at the end. Do you ever get pestered by friends to fix their door hinges and stuff?
Yeah, and I tell them I'm quite willing to help them out—for the same price as the movie work. Same deal.

At least you're not *another* crooked contractor. Do you listen to hip-hop?
A little bit. I like Eminem. Blackalicious. I think hip-hop's coming around to something more than just anger and petulance.

Yeah, "Back That Thing Up" does have multiple layers of nuance. Does this make you hipper with your kids?
[laughs] Not really. The thing that's made me hip with my daughter, who's 12, is working with Josh "Hotnett." That's given me a degree of credibility with her I didn't have before.

But *he* never got to play a bellhop like you did in your '60s film debut, *Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round.* Any fond memories from that movie?
I had three lines: "Paging Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones. Paging Mr. Jones." So it wasn't much fun. What's fun is playing with the big toys, not being in the kiddie park. But I invested what I thought was appropriate, and then I was derided for not acting like a movie star. I said, "Give me a fucking break. I'm trying to act like a bellboy. Isn't that what you wanted?"

But things definitely picked up for you. What was the most satisfying thing about making *Star Wars*?
Recess. *[smiles]* No, for where I was in my life, I was grateful to have the job. Still grateful. I had maybe more confidence in the story than most people involved in the project had at the time. I thought it was going to work, and it did work.

Honestly, is George Lucas as big a nerd as we think he is?
George is certainly a nerd. But he has elevated nerddom. Is Bill Gates a nerd? Is Steve Jobs a nerd? Absolutely. Are they among the most successful and effective people in their fields? Yeah.

So this other nerd we know told us there's a fourth Indiana Jones film in the works. What...
What can I tell you about it? Nothing. Don't *want* to tell you anything. We have a really good idea, and we're about halfway through the script. Nobody knows how it ends yet.

What's the most fun part of making those movies?
Oh, the running, jumping, and falling down—working out the stunts, participating in the choreography of the action.

But that physical stuff has to have taken a toll on you.
I have no ACL in my left knee, I've had an ACL transplant in my right knee, and I've been in and out of various surgeries. In my last movie, I tore a hamstring. I have herniated discs to the point of having an operation. I've limped through most of my fucking movies. But it's still a good way to make a living.

Will the next Indy movie up the ante in terms of eyeball eating and bug frolicking, since it's all so common on reality TV shows now?
I think we exhausted our dependence on eyeballs and monkey brains in the second movie. We've moved on to more interesting things.

Is there a practical use for a whip?
Depends on your girlfriend.

You spend part of your days on a spread in Wyoming. When is an animal a beautiful creature, and when is it a furry pain in the ass?
The elk do treat the landscaping around the house as kind of an after-hours salad bar, and that can piss you off. But, after all, you're the one who set up this ridiculous feeding station in their territory. You're always aware of the fact that you're living in their camp, rather than the other way around.

So you're subletting! As a champion of environmental causes, what's the most radical idea you've heard for saving the planet?
Voting Republican. *[smiles]*

Do you drive one of those hybrid cars?
No, I've actually test-driven them, and... I'm gonna wait maybe one more generation for them to get a little more refined.

We hear you studied philosophy in college. Describe Harrisonism.
Pragmatic. Self-reliant. Empathetic realism.

Empa-huh? What the hell is that?
I have no fucking idea. You asked me to make up some bullshit, so I made up some bullshit.

Gruff, but lovable. Is there any one truth you've learned about women after all these years?
Always apologize. The sooner the better. You might as well just say, "Good morning, I'm sorry." It works a treat.

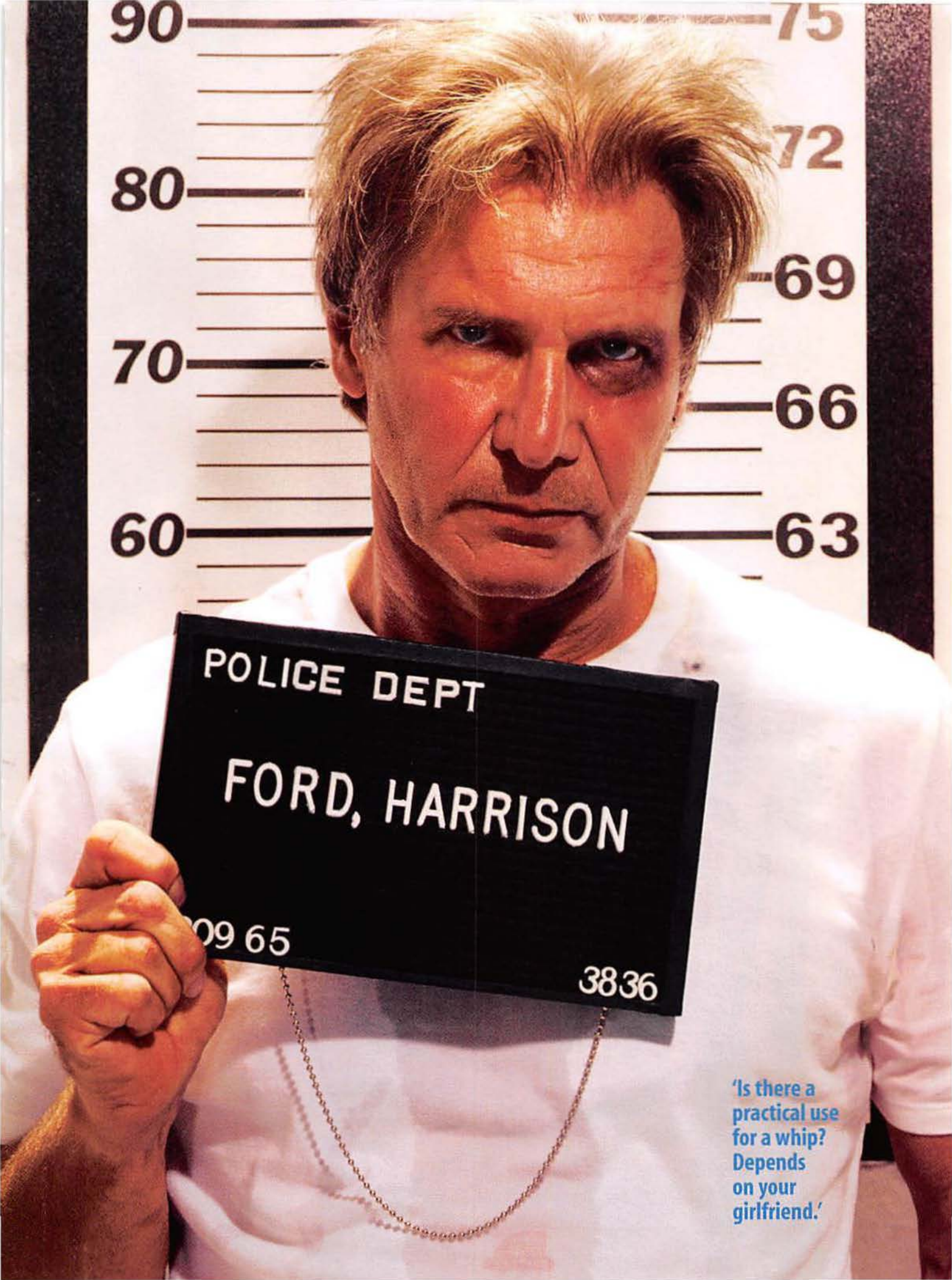
Duly noted. If we asked you to go to your girlfriend, Calista Flockhart, with an offer to pose for *Maxim*, how would you put it to her?
[long pause] I would say, "They've offered you $200 million."

Jeez! Um...We're probably going to have to clear that with someone. We'll get back to you.

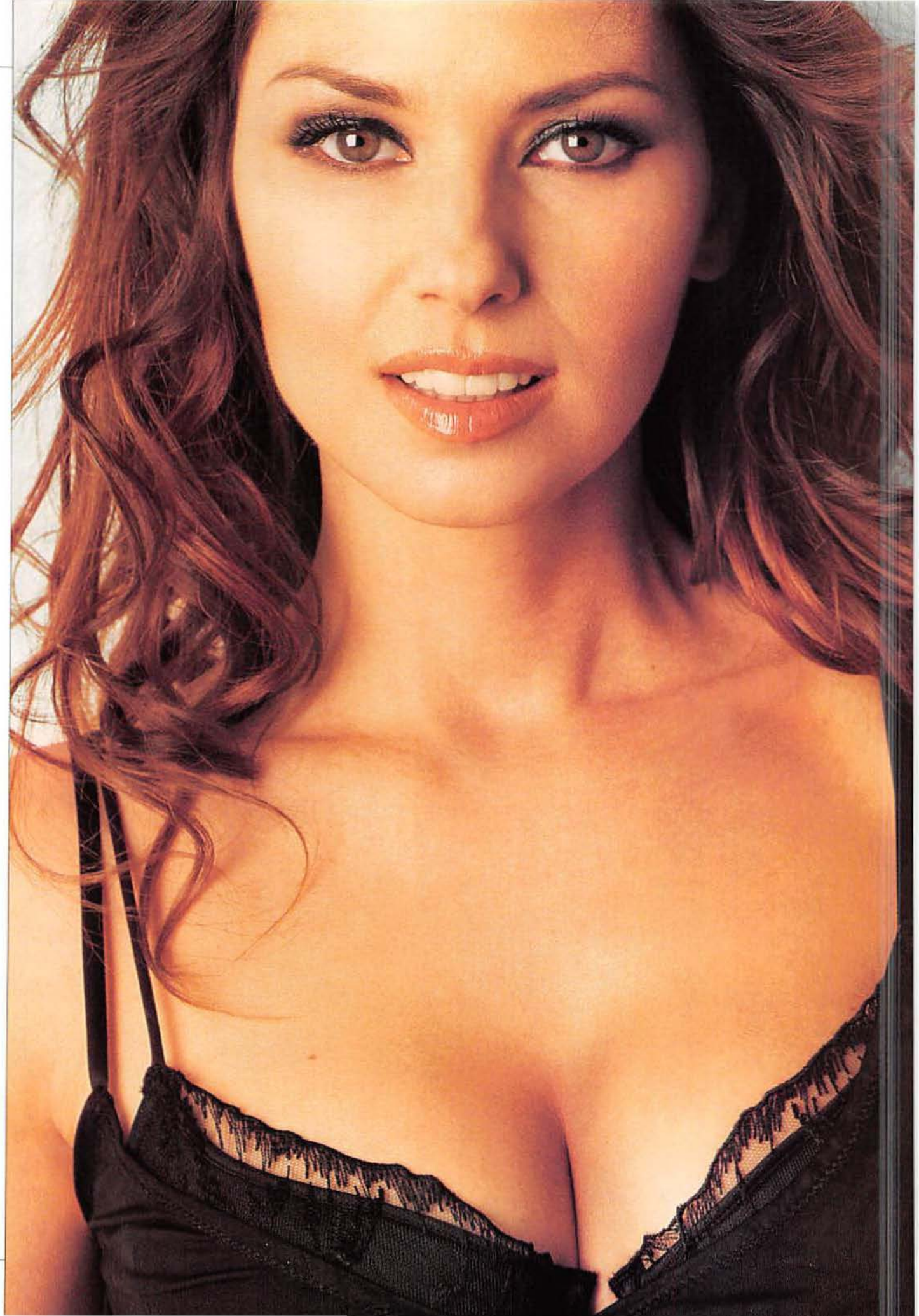
Interview by Robert Abele. *Hollywood Homicide* flashes its badge in theaters June 13.

Styling, Rita Ragos; grooming, Diana Schmidtke for celestinetheagency.com; props, Mark Helf

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY



'Is there a practical use for a whip? Depends on your girlfriend.'



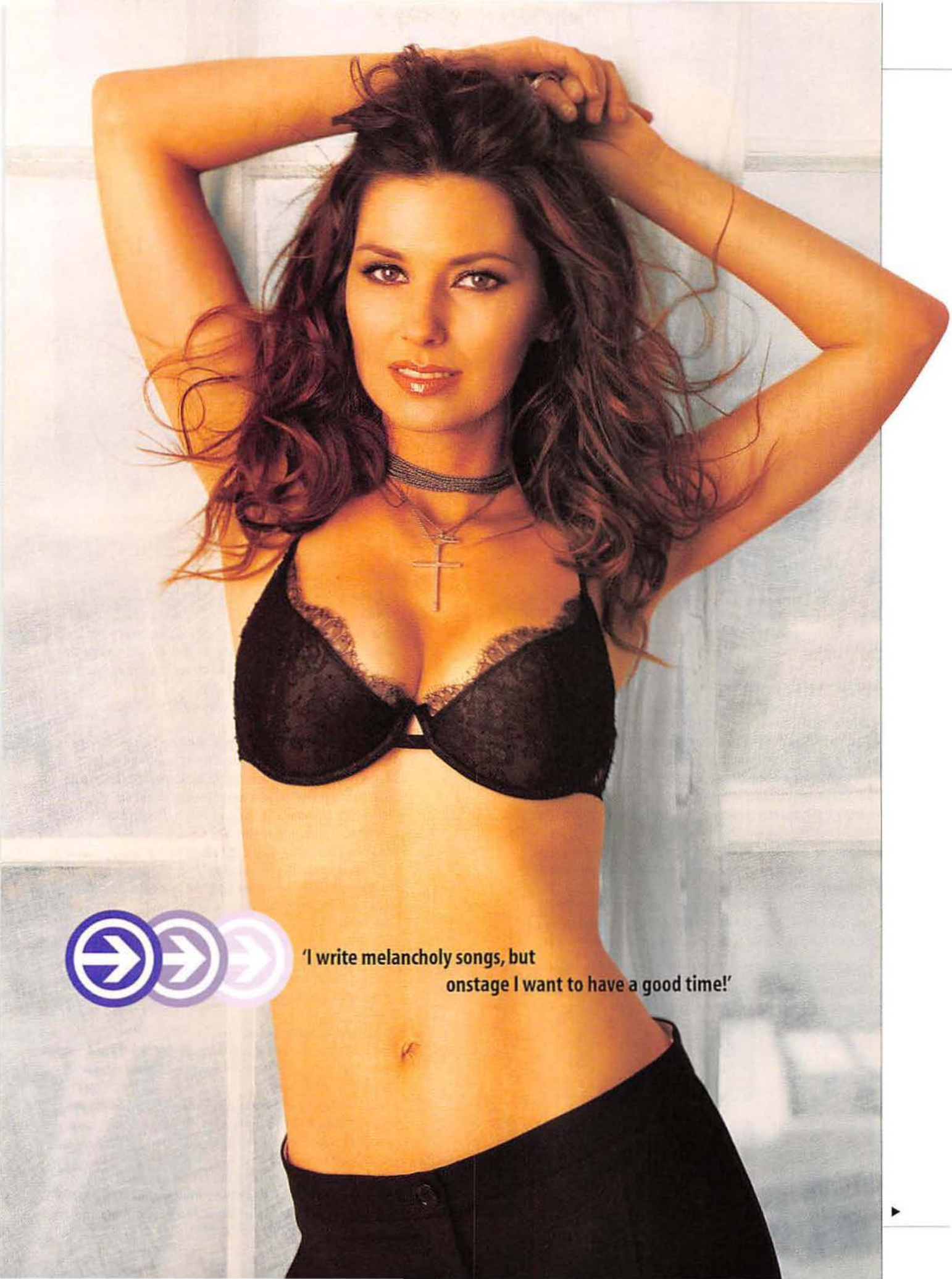
She comes from Canada, loves hard rock *and* Abba, and wants to make a buddy movie with Jackie Chan! Face it: Shania Twain ain't your daddy's country star.

Runaway Twain

Country music has a long, proud history of achingly beautiful female voices: Connie Francis, Tanya Tucker, Loretta Lynn, John Denver...the list goes on and on. But those beautiful voices come in all kinds of containers, from coal miners' daughters to mother-daughter tag teams to freakishly busty theme-park owners. Every once in a blue moon, however, the songbird voice emerges from a true drop-dead gorgeous beauty. Which brings us to the reigning queen of country, Shania Twain. Raised on equal parts Willie Nelson and Supertramp, and flown south from the Great White North, this jaw-droppingly sexy songbird is sharing all her gifts with the world...and she's totally committed to having fun. We like that kind of dedication. ▶

BY ERIC ALT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



'I write melancholy songs, but onstage I want to have a good time!'

Nobody else seems to be able to do it, so would you let us put a label on your music?

No. I don't know why there's even a *need* to categorize things. I grew up in a town that had one radio station, which meant that station had to please everybody. So, of course, you're going to hear Led Zeppelin and Dolly Parton in the same hour. *[laughs]* And that was kinda cool.

So, how did you decide to go country when you started out?

When I got my recording contract, people were saying, "You know, you need to make a decision." Because the songs on my demo were jumping all over the place. And at that time there was a huge boom in country music, and they were looking for artists. Country's natural for me, so I was like, "Yeah, that's comfortable."

Singing in dive bars when you were barely old enough to get into a PG-13 movie must've helped you with your stage confidence. Any horror stories?

A lot of bar fights. I remember one time, I guess I was probably in my early teens, I was helping the band tear down the equipment in a bar. I did a lot of that; I'd help roll out equipment, I'd help with lights. So it was about three in the morning and this guy and his brother stayed and waited for the cleaning lights to come on. Once they did, they started scouring the floor. And I was like, "What are you looking for?" And they said, "We're looking for his tooth!" *[laughs]*

What was the most popular song with the Canadian fur-trapping and oil-rig set?

A really highly requested song was "Working for the Weekend." Remember that? Loverboy. Of course, it was a Canadian group.

Ah, Loverboy! The band that taught us that headbands should never be worn. *Ever.* So who were you rocking out to?

Oh, I had tons of musical idols. Of course, Dolly Parton and Willie Nelson. They're two of my biggest country idols. Stevie Wonder. Gladys Knight. Etta James. I loved Abba, I loved ELO! I loved the Bee Gees. Fleetwood Mac. . . Supertramp. . . It goes on and on.

You're easy to shop for! Is there a style of music you can't stand?

No, not really. There's always a group or an artist who does a particular type of music well. So I can't say there's any one category that I don't like at all. Even heavy metal. I know a lot of people don't like metal, but I do. I just think we had a different thing going on in Canada.

Speaking of "different," Canadians seem to like this hockey thingy. What about you?

Oh, yeah.

Do you have a favorite team?

When I was growing up, it was always a struggle between the Leafs and the Habs [Montreal Canadiens]. But it doesn't even matter to me who's playing; I just love a good game.

It's all Canadian to us. So what the hell is "icing"? Besides, you know, what we slather on Fudgie the Whale.

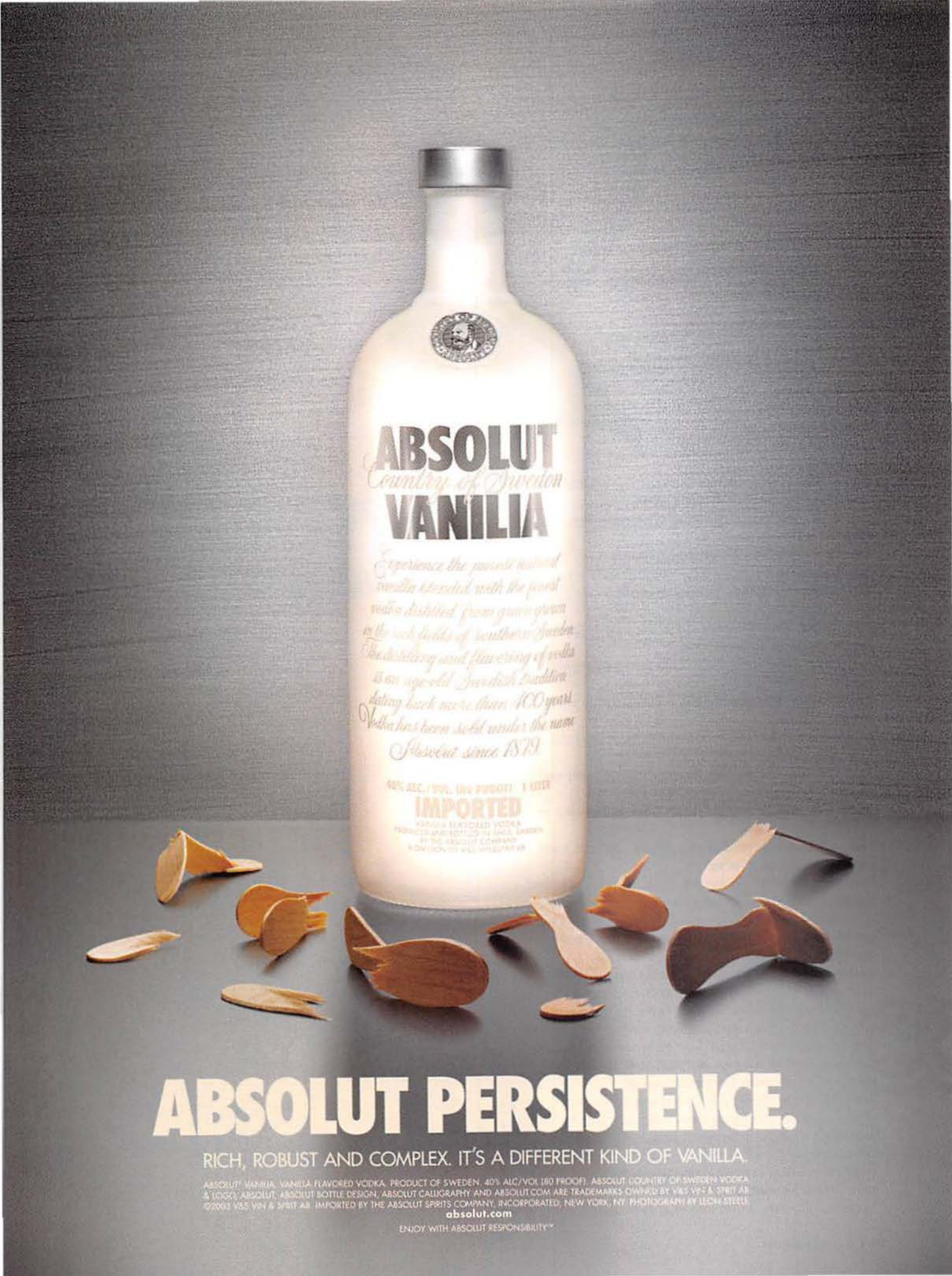
It's when the puck—watch me not get it right, now—crosses the blue line on the opposite side of the ice without a player on that team being there on the other side to receive it. Yeah, I think that's right.

Sounds right to us. What was it like performing during the half-time show at last year's Super Bowl? And is Sting as big a putz

IMAGE CONSCIOUS

With Shania's discography, it's tempting to judge a CD by its cover. Check out these hot tracks.

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Oscar Blandi Salon; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for luxe mgmt, L.A.; set design, Michael Sturgeon.



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as we've been saying all these years?
It was nerve-wracking...but cool. It was a cool vibe. I met Gwen Stefani, whom I'd never met before. She's so happy-go-lucky and sweet. And Sting's cool. He's a pretty real guy.

Did you get a chance to interact with any of the players?
I didn't, no. That was serious, man. All the players were in, like, serious mode. *[laughs]*

Congrats on being named Sexiest Vegetarian Alive by PETA!
I was?

Yep. We're not sure how you beat out Moby. What made you become a vegetarian? A bad steak?
A lot of things, actually. The main reason is health. We don't know what's in our meat anymore. And if I meet someone who has cancer, they tell me the first thing their doctor makes them give up is meat. I'm like, "Whoa, that tells us something, huh?"

But you used to be a carnivore, thanks to the fact that your stepfather was a full-blooded Ojibwa Indian.
Yeah. We ate a lot of wild meat growing up. Beaver, moose, bear...

Mmm...bear.
We spent a lot time on the reservation, so the culture was always around us. I worked with my dad in the bush, which was very much a native occupation. A lot of the natives do those jobs because they're savvy in the bush.

***Must...avoid...juvenile...joke...*So it was easy to give up beaver? Oh, man, there we go again...**
Like I said, being vegetarian is mostly a health thing. And Mutt's been a vegetarian for 30 years, and he looks great for his age.

Ah, yes, your husband, famed producer Mutt Lange. Do you call him Mutt around the house?
I do refer to him as Mutt, because that's who he is. *[laughs]* But I address him as Love, because Mutt just doesn't seem right.

Kinda kills the mood, huh? How did he get that name, anyway? Does he have fleas?
It's a childhood nickname that just stuck with him. Maybe he was an ugly kid, I dunno.

Your music videos are mind-numbingly sexy...but also really funny! That's a tough act to pull off.
The music I write reflects my personality. It's genuine. That is *my* sense of humor, *my* perspective. I also choose to record things that have a twist or some kind of cheekiness, because it keeps the energy level up for live performance. I write melancholy songs, but I don't record them—I want to have a good time!

Do those leopard-print jumpsuits reflect the real you as well?
It's not like I get into some "sexy mode" or something. I'm goofy about it. At my concerts, little kids come dressed like that. You have four- or five-year-olds dressed in leopard-print outfits that their moms had made for them. It's not about sex. It's just, "Let's have fun with clothes."

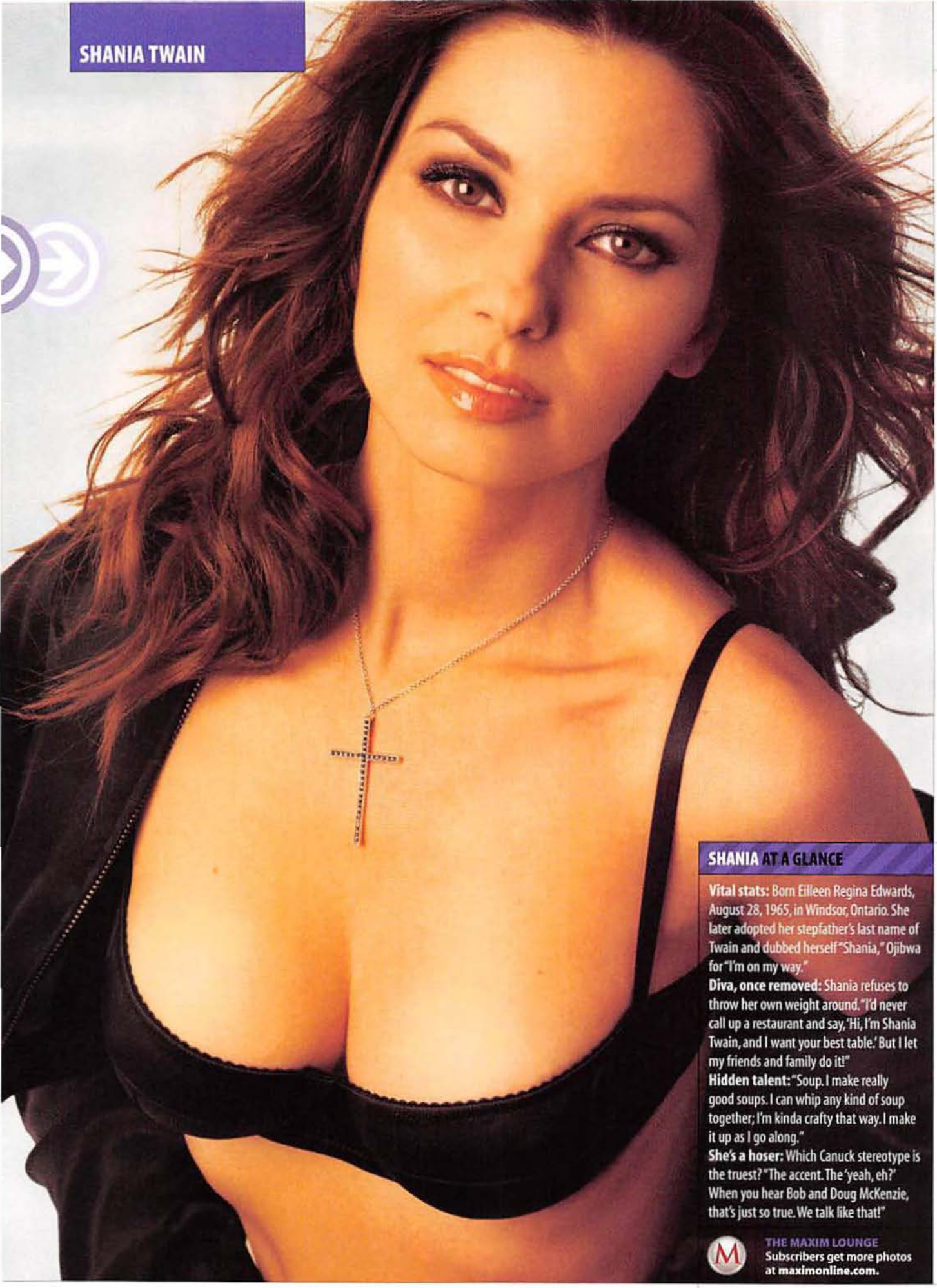
Our moms used to make us wear that stuff, too. It's not something we talk about. Ever consider acting?
I would do it for the sake of trying it, but it's never been a dream of mine. I could see myself doing a movie with Jackie Chan or something. It would have to be comical, because I don't mind making a fool out of myself.

Finally, do you want to smack anyone who describes you as "a little bit country, a little bit rock'n'roll"?
No. I mean...it's a cliché, but, you know what? It's kinda true.

'Growing up, I ate a lot of wild meat. Beaver, moose, bear...'

Clothing: p.108, Tank by Ric Owens at Henri Bendel; bra available at Le Corset, N.Y.C. pp.110–111, Bra by Andre Sarda, available at Bodyfetish; pants by Stella McCartney, available at Jeffrey, N.Y.C.; choker by David Yurman; cross by M+J Savitt. p.112, Camisole available at Bodyfetish; pants by Comme des Garçons. p.114, 116, Jacket and bra by D&G; pants by Plein Sud; thong available at La Petite Coquette.

1) it's what you think about
one more reason to get it on.



SHANIA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born Eilleen Regina Edwards, August 28, 1965, in Windsor, Ontario. She later adopted her stepfather's last name of Twain and dubbed herself "Shania," Ojibwa for "I'm on my way."

Diva, once removed: Shania refuses to throw her own weight around. "I'd never call up a restaurant and say, 'Hi, I'm Shania Twain, and I want your best table.' But I let my friends and family do it!"

Hidden talent: "Soup. I make really good soups. I can whip any kind of soup together; I'm kinda crafty that way. I make it up as I go along."

She's a hoser: Which Canuck stereotype is the truest? "The accent. The 'yeah, eh?' When you hear Bob and Doug McKenzie, that's just so true. We talk like that!"

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
Subscribers get more photos at maximonline.com.

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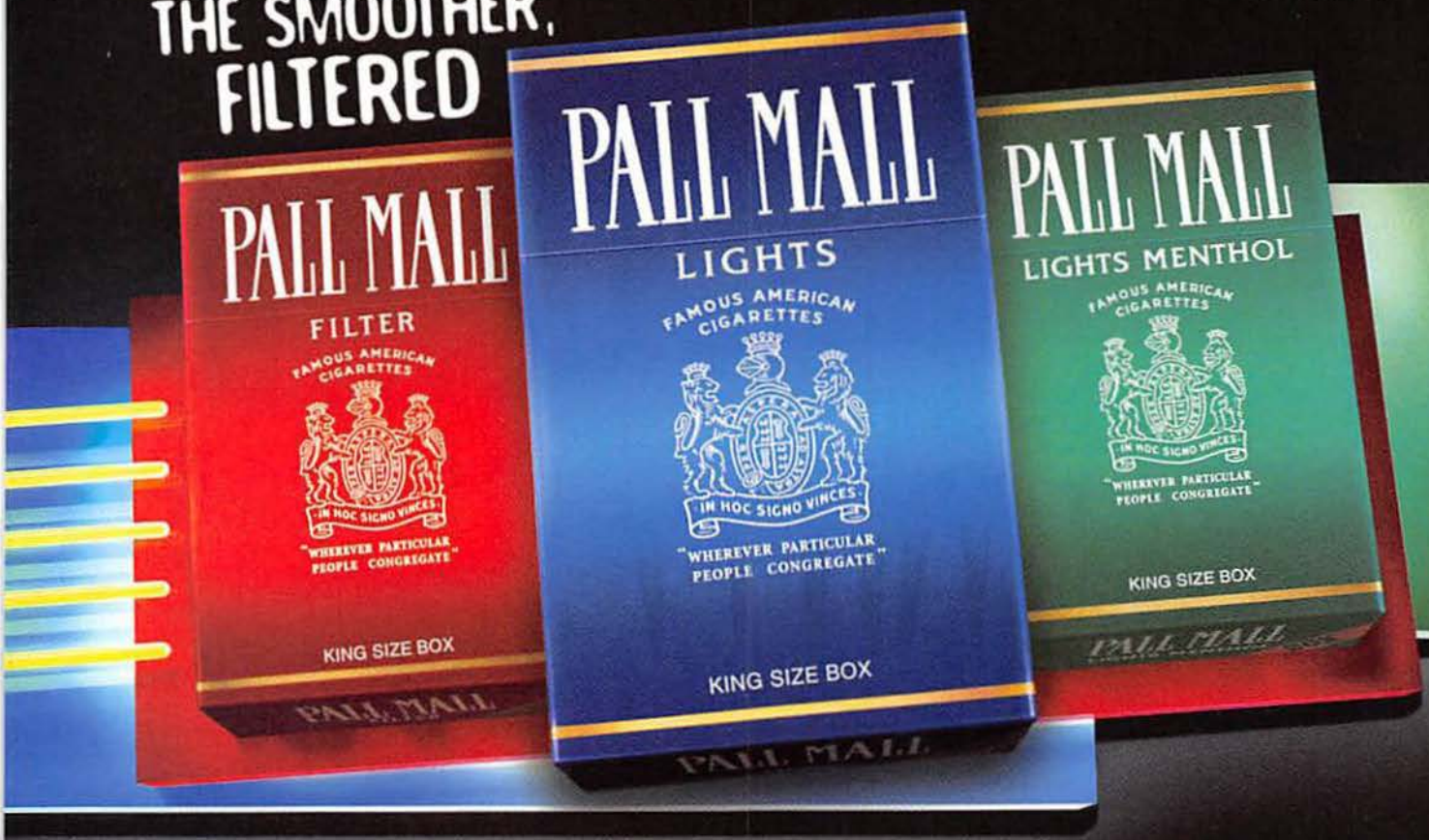
THE SMOOTHER, FILTERED



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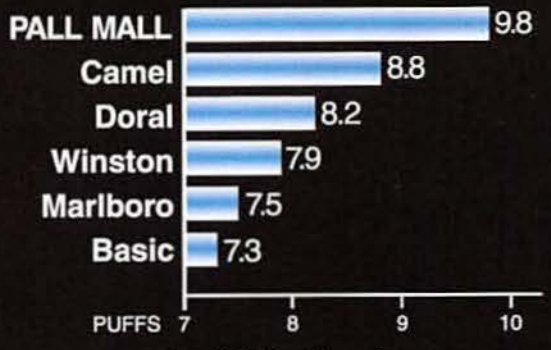

Avg. Puffs Per Cigarette
Source: B&W Analytical Test Results (FTC Method)
Comparison of PALL MALL, Marlboro, Winston, Camel, Doral and Basic King Size Filter Box

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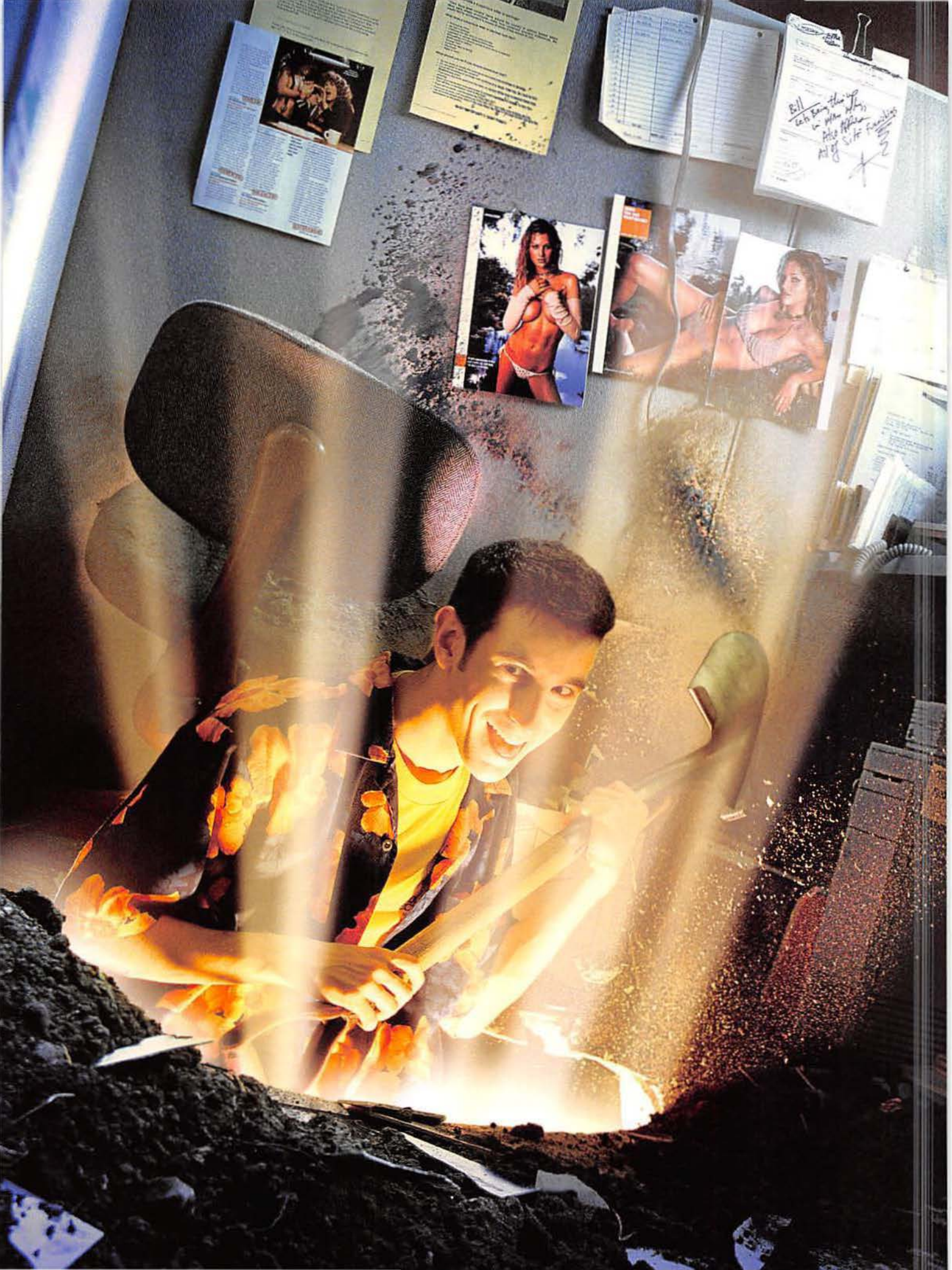
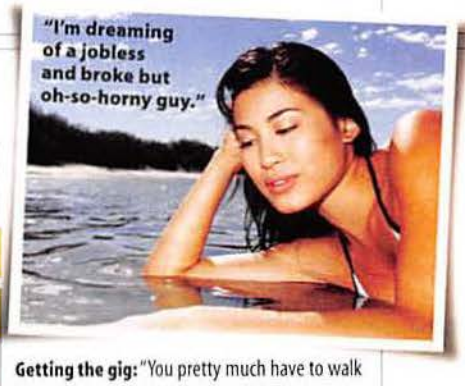


THE GREAT ESCAPE!

Sweating the economy? Moon the boss and pack your bags—five party-hearty careers are waiting for you overseas. None require much experience, and you don't have to come back until it's safe to walk on Wall Street and your ex is primed for a booty call. So, whatcha waitin' for?

DIVE FOR DOLLARS IN SOUTHEAST ASIA!

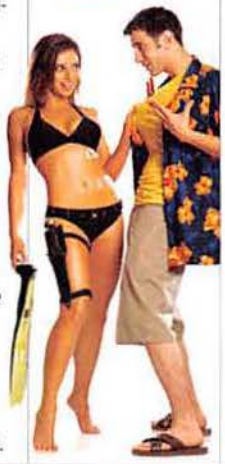
More than one kind of treasure awaits you on them thar distant sandy shores.



Job description: As a subnautical interspecies relations director, your primary duty is to keep a random collection of overboozed tourists breathing while they photograph the same fish they'll likely eat later that night. That, and act cool.

Final destination: Choices range from carnival-like sex resorts (Pattaya, Thailand) to remote jungle islands (Tioman, Malaysia) to lazy expat hangouts (Big Lalaguna Beach, Philippines). You'll work six days a week, but your wardrobe will consist of shorts and T-shirts, and you'll spend free time drinking and arm-wrestling grunts who never came back from Nam.

Romance: You're gonna be as tan, cool, and fit as you'll ever be in this world. If you can't snag every other vacationing mermaid, you could be gay. "I actually liked the local women," says Dan Bradman, 35, who taught for two years throughout the region. "They're sexy, easygoing, and know how to treat a man." Kinda like girls from Alabama *before* they get knocked up.



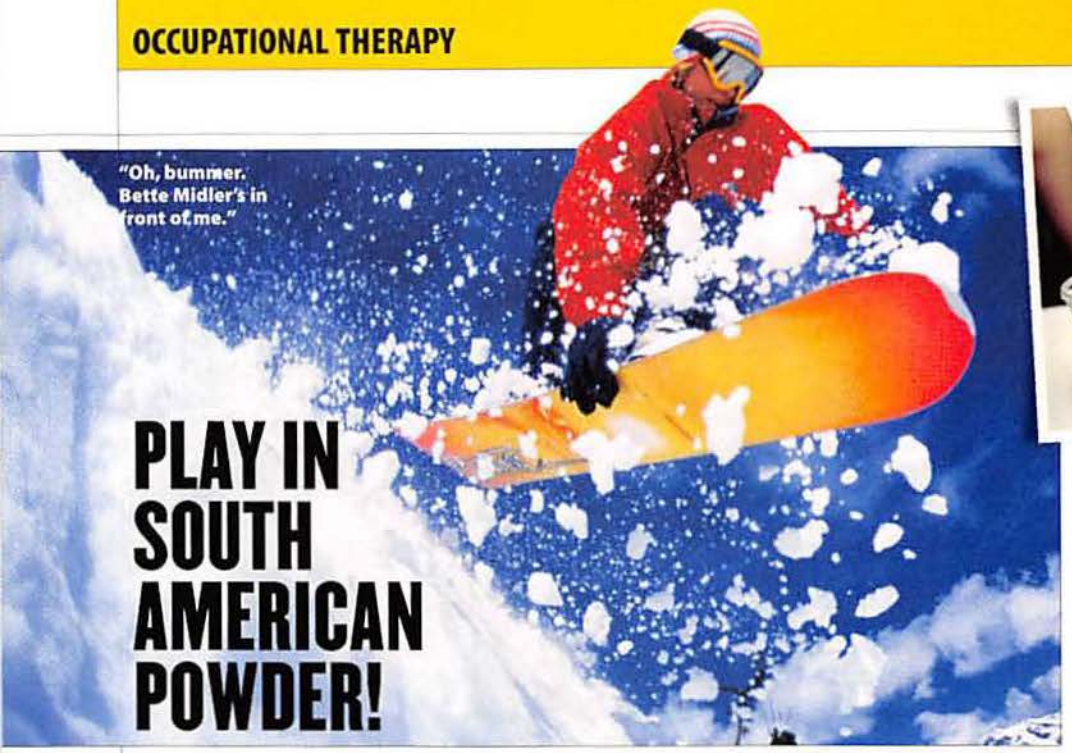
Getting the gig: "You pretty much have to walk into a shop and get to know people," says Dan. So check out a couple of dive shops wherever you end up and take the basic Scuba Open Water Diver course (about $250), if you aren't already certified. Then it's a matter of working out a deal with the owner. Ideally, you'll score advanced lessons and room and board in exchange for labor. Once you're an instructor, you'll start collecting a meager under-the-table salary that'll be more than enough to cover your bar tabs and $100-a-month rent.

Contacts: If you want to get licensed before heading far east, contact PADI (Professional Association of Diving Instructors; padi.com; 800-729-7234) to find your nearest dive center. They certify more than 70 percent of new divers in the United States and 55 percent worldwide. Their Web site also lists all their far-flung dive franchises to help you plot your course.

Souvenir: A shark tooth necklace that'll help you explain away all those nasty caning scars.

▶

BY CHUCK THOMPSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER

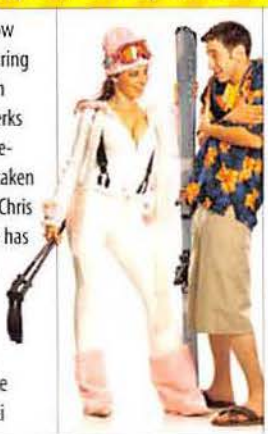


PLAY IN SOUTH AMERICAN POWDER!

Just think: After a fun day's work, you can write your ex-boss' name in the snow.

Job description: Teaching international snow bunnies how to keep their legs together (during the day—ahar, har) while carving S-turns in uncut Chilean ski candy is only one of the perks of being a high-elevation greenstick-fracture-reduction consultant. "Students want to be taken places they'd never go by themselves," says Chris Fellows, a Lake Tahoe–based instructor who has taught overseas. He's talking about glaciers and mountain peaks, but the double entendres are highly appreciated.

Final destination: There are about 20 ski resorts in South America, almost all in Chile and Argentina. The bases of the Andean ski mountains start at about 8,000 feet, and the snow and terrain are spectacular. Harder to deal with are the usual inconveniences of the developing world—some resorts don't have TVs, and it's *impossible* to find good ham-and-pineapple pizza—but a population of gorgeous exotic women should keep you distracted.



Romance: "I work in Portillo, Chile, which is legendary, and not just for the incredible skiing," says Michael, 34, who teaches below the equator every June through October. "The whole ambience is perfect for meeting people. You have amazing natural beauty, an isolated resort, all kinds of great Chilean wines, and that whole Latin flair: It all adds up to a really good time. Room keys get exchanged. It's as close as you can get to the '60s being alive and well." We'd like to enter Michael's statement here as evidence: Better start taking this article seriously.

Getting the gig: Certification from the International Ski Instructors Association is a must, but getting your ski-stud diploma is a cinch. No hour requirements are placed on training, and skill requirements are no more demanding than "consistently linking turns with sustained rhythm" and "maintaining a balanced stance throughout a series of turns." Then all you've got to do is pick a resort you like, go there on a tourist visa, and approach the ski school director. "It's kind of a leap of faith," says Chris. "You just have to go and look." Basic Spanish is a bonus, but not always required. Salaries range from $800 to $1,800 a month, and room and board is usually part of the deal. Instructors have been known to come back after a season with $6,000 to $7,000 in their pockets.

Contacts: You can get an International Ski Instructors credential after completion of a program offered by the Professional Ski Instructors of America (psia.org; 303-987-9390). The Canadian Ski Instructors Alliance (snowpro.com; 800-811-6428) can also get you certified. And check out resortjobs.com for ski resort openings.

Souvenir: A barrel of Chilean wine to temper your impending violent cocaine withdrawal.

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

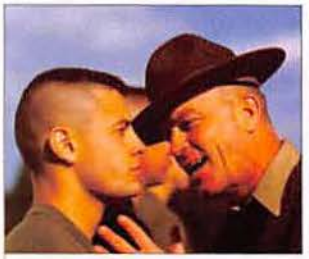
Need to drum up some cash to fund your escape? Here are three no-brainers.

GO FISHING!

Up in Alaska, commercial deck hands can net $5,000 a month. Expect a 16-hour workday and the occasional 50-foot "deck sweeper" wave. If this sounds fun, call the Seafood Employment Hotline at 907-269-4770, ext. 7 or check out labor.state.ak.us/esd alaska_jobs/seafood.htm. Arrrh!

HUG A TREE!

Canada needs trees and hard-working suckers to plant them. For companies like Coast Range Contracting (coastrange.ca), the season starts in early May and runs through August. Six days a week you'll work 10 hours planting 1,500-plus seedlings, snag $200 each day, and pass out. Peace!



AIM HIGH!

Ever serve in the military? Want to pass on your deadly knowledge to others? Military Professional Resources Inc. (mpri.com) will help you earn upwards of $20,000 a month training the freedom-loving armies of the Third World. Bonus: free life insurance policies! Hoo-ah!

Wardrobe styling, Shelli Moore; set design, Kim Pretti ▶

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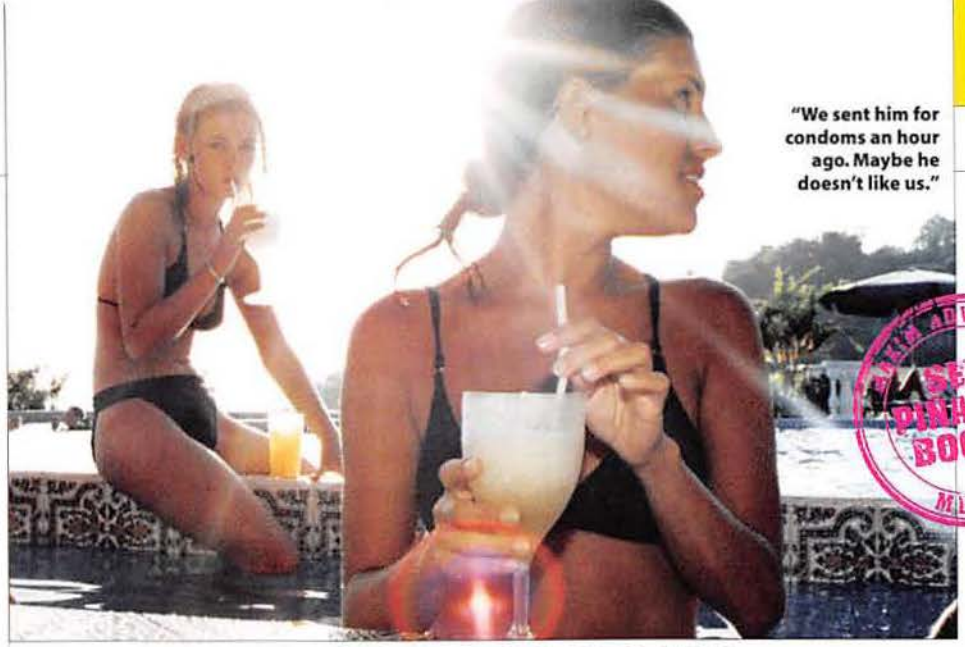

"We sent him for condoms an hour ago. Maybe he doesn't like us."

SERVE 'EM UP IN CANCUN!

Help young party girls in bikinis get drunk...or file TPS reports all day. You decide.

Job description: Yearning to make a difference in the world? As a resort alcohol technician, you'll dispense cool relief in an assortment of combinations and colorful glassware to sunburned passersby, many of whom will just happen to have enormous ta-tas.

Final destination: More than any place in North America, Cancun is as close as it gets to a nonstop party. Approximately three million Americans travel there each year, including as many as 120,000 sex-seeking liquor sinks during Spring Break. No matter when they show up, most visitors go to this inexpensive paradise to get laid or drunk or both, or—*hic*—all three.

Romance: Drop a few Spanish phrases, slip 'em a few freebies, and every visiting party gal from Dallas to Maine coming off a recent breakup will slide off her stool and into your bed. "I'm getting a lot more action working down here than in the States," says Nick, 28, a Cancun bar jockey. "While on vacation, women think it's safe and hip to hook up with a bartender." And these guys wonder why we get pissed off when it takes them 10 minutes to crack us a fuckin' beer.

Getting the gig: "Sometimes you can luck into a situation ahead of time," says June Farrell of Marriott International, which manages three Cancun resorts. "But positions are usually filled locally." That means showing up and showing off is your best bet. A wide knowledge of alcohol and drink recipes is the main requirement, but employers also look for a professional attitude. "It's the resort industry, so it's important that you present yourself in a way that somebody would want to put a uniform and name tag on you," says Farrell. Besides an STD, you could also bring home $20,000 to $50,000, depending on the resort and tips.

Contacts: The United States Bartenders Guild (usbg.org; 714-542-2105) or schools such as Raleigh's Bartending School (cocktailmixer.com; 919-676-0774) can teach you the finer points of the banana daiquiri, but they won't find you a job overseas. Help comes from the National Bartenders Association (bartender.org; 404-386-3326), an online community for bartenders that's working on worldwide job-placement listings.

Souvenirs: A piñata packed with whatever you've got the guts to pack it with.

"Holy fuckin' shit—a camera!"

GIRLFRIEND EXIT STRATEGY

Leave this prefab Dear Jane letter on her dresser, and don't let the door hit your ass on the way out.

Don't worry, we'll console her

Honey Bunny:

There's no way to sugar coat this: I've got the wandering bug and until I get it out of my system, I can't be the guy you're looking for. It's not about you, it's about me; in fact, you're an amazing girl, and you deserve a more dependable, together boyfriend than I can be right now. Sorry about this awful note...guess I just wanted to avoid the hearty, full-extension, chorus-line kick in the balls I probably deserve. If it's any consolation, yes, I know I'm a total scumbag—go ahead and tell your girlfriends I fuck like one of Jerry's kids. Just watch your fingers when you're cutting me out of our photos, okay?

Love ya,

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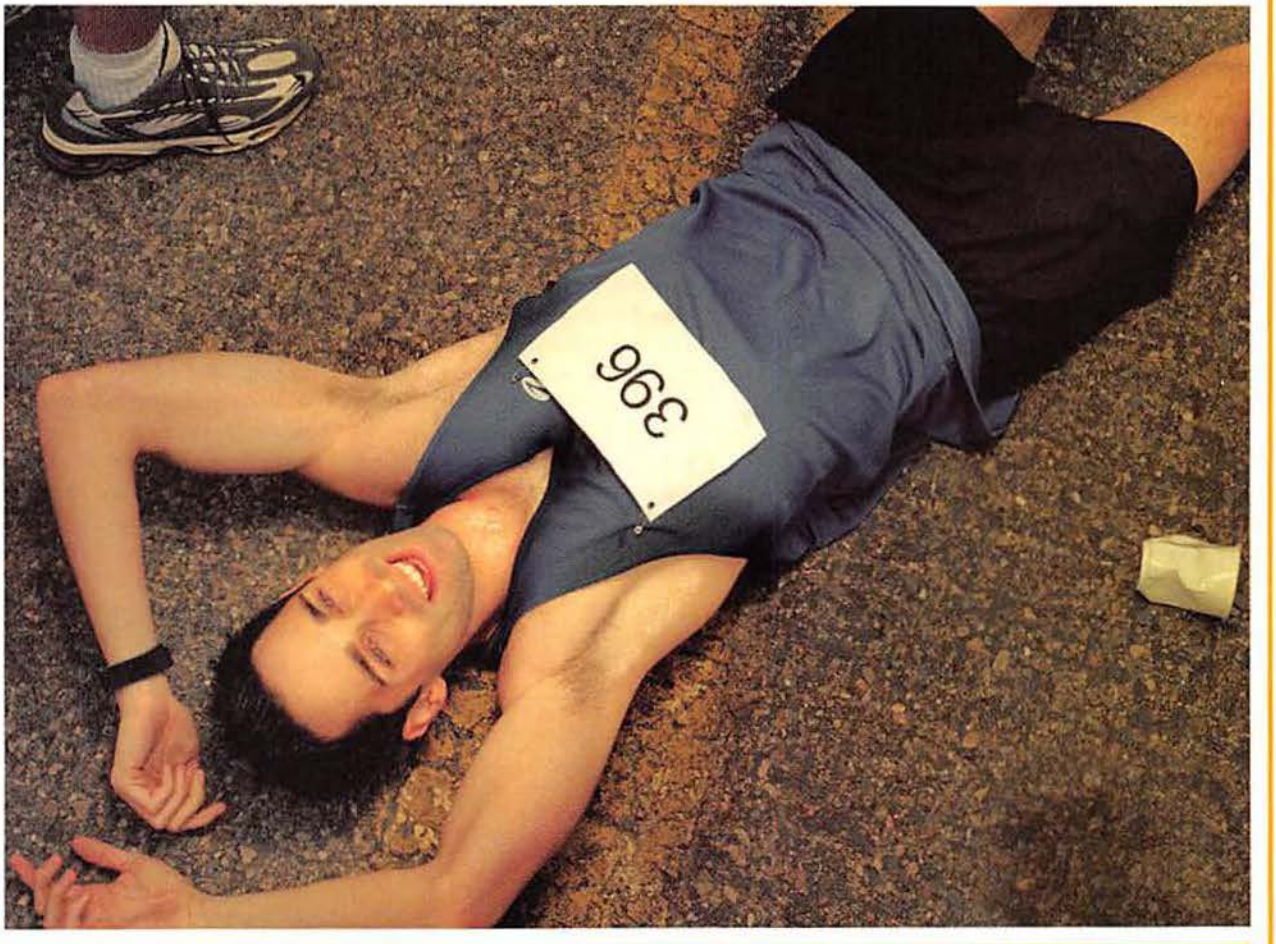
It's a good thing this is your free time,
because they couldn't pay you to do this.



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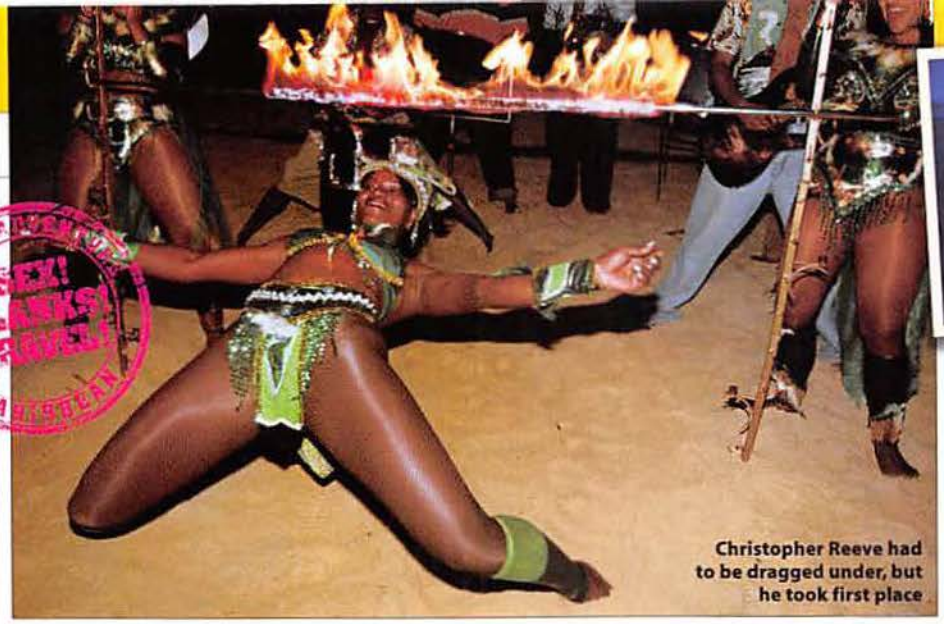


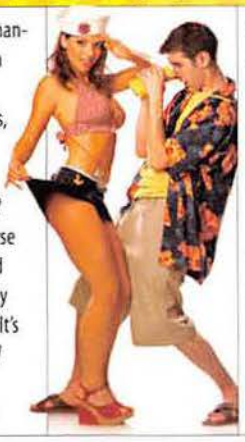
Christopher Reeve had to be dragged under, but he took first place

"It's not moving—we need one more cruise ship."

"I secretly hate you, mon."

SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS, MATEY!

Enjoy all the adventure afforded by the U.S. Navy—plus sex and coconut shrimp!



Job description: Life as a mobile-platform manager (i.e., cruise ship guy) is like college dorm life. You live, eat, and sleep on the ship, and work seven days a week. "It's great," says Chris, 31, who was based in San Juan, Puerto Rico for three years. "But you really need to be outgoing to enjoy it." You can fake that, right?

Final destination: Luxury cruise ships traverse the world, but the best ships, passengers, and ports of call are in the Caribbean. You'll mostly be seeing the tourist end of things—"Look! It's a crappy T-shirt shack!"—which is good *and* bad. You won't be hanging out on your new Rasta buddy's hemp farm for a week, but on visits ashore you'll do plenty of Red Stripes and reggae in the local hangouts.

Romance: "Everybody talks about high-seas romance, but it's just debauchery," says one ex-Gopher, who met his Chilean wife on a love boat. However, if you're caught going balls-deep on a divorcée from Dallas, you'll be forced to walk the plank—which is exactly what makes it thrilling. Safer and almost too easy is bonking coworkers, who often turn to sex out of boredom. *Yes!*

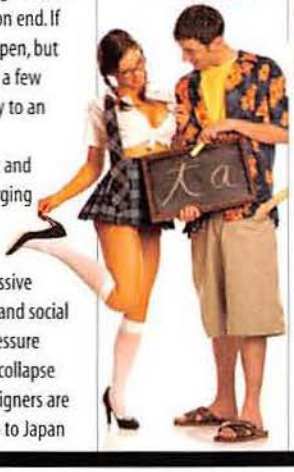
Getting the gig: There's a lot of swabbing to do on a cruise ship, most of which requires little more than being 21 years old. Such positions as waiter, gift shop cashier, and video jockey will appeal to your inner lackey, while computer specialist, chef, casino dealer, and many others require the dreaded "experience." Salaries range between $1,000 and $1,700 per month, and contracts normally run six months.

Contacts: Calling cruise lines directly puts you at risk of talking to people who couldn't give a shit about you. Better to go through a recruiting agency. Cruise Services International (cruisedreamjob.com; 905-430-0361) places workers on more than 20 ships in the Caribbean and Alaska.

Souvenir: Sea legs, nancy.

TEACH ENGLISH TO JAPANESE EAGER BEAVERS!

Help build international relations, and date women who never complain!



Job description: The hardest thing about being an international adviser for the Anglo-impaired is remaining cheerful while conducting the exact same inane conversation for months on end. If you can repeat the sentence "This is a pen, but these are pens" in front of a mirror for a few hours, then you're already on your way to an exciting new career.

Final destination: Asia is the biggest and best market, and though China is charging hard, Japan is still the high-paying grail for ESL (English as a second language) employment. With its obsessive attention to pointless detail, karaoke, and social order, the Land of the Rising Blood Pressure drives thousands of expats to mental collapse each year. But in a country where foreigners are basically illiterate upon arrival, few go to Japan expecting a rounded life. You're there for sumo, geishas, and vending-machine beer.

Detroit, circa 2030

Romance: The total absence of menacing Christian values makes ending dates in your tiny apartment relatively easy. "One month I slept with a teacher, a manager, and a student, *and* had a one-night stand," says Paul Bradley, 33, who taught in Osaka for six years. "And Western women who live there typically don't go out with Japanese guys, so they're begging for it." Only terminal fuckups don't get laid here.

Getting the gig: A bachelor's degree and all-American looks are pretty much all that's required. Top English schools in Japan recruit in North America, pay about $25,000 to $30,000 a year, and will set you up with housing. The government's sort-of-prestigious JET Programme (Japan Exchange and Teaching; jetprogramme.org) pays around $30,000 but recruits only recent college grads. Your employer will sponsor you for a one-year work visa before you arrive in Japan, where Hiroki's sister will meet you in the bus station men's room.

Contacts: For general information, check out eslemployment.com. The schools GEOS (geos-school.com; 416-777-0109), Nova Group (teachinjapan.com; 800-551-6682), and AEON (aeonet.com; 312-251-0900) are all very reputable and conduct interviews year-round throughout the States and Canada.

Souvenirs: Amateur bukkake videos!

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1971

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830

Laurence Fishburne says sip responsibly

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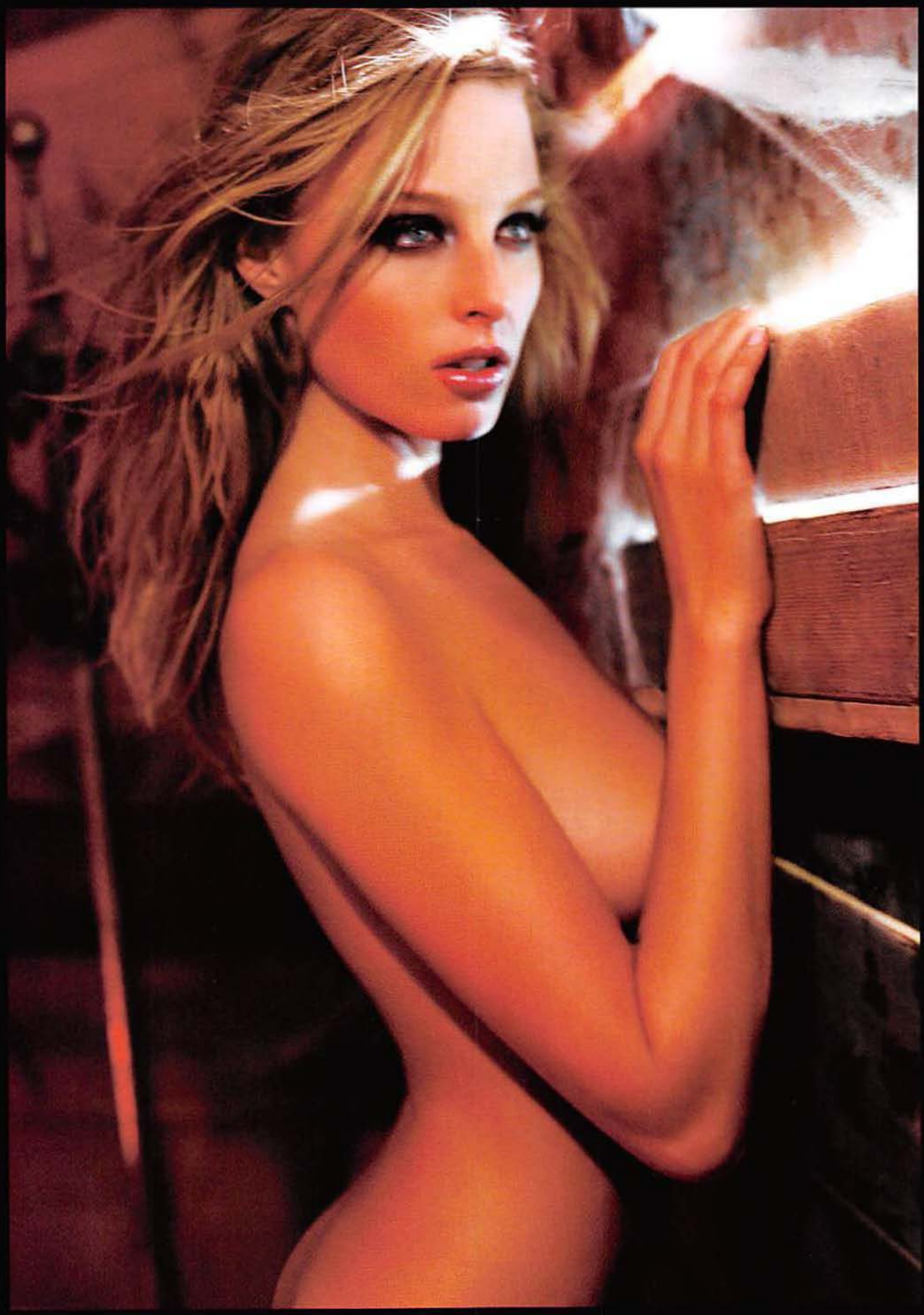
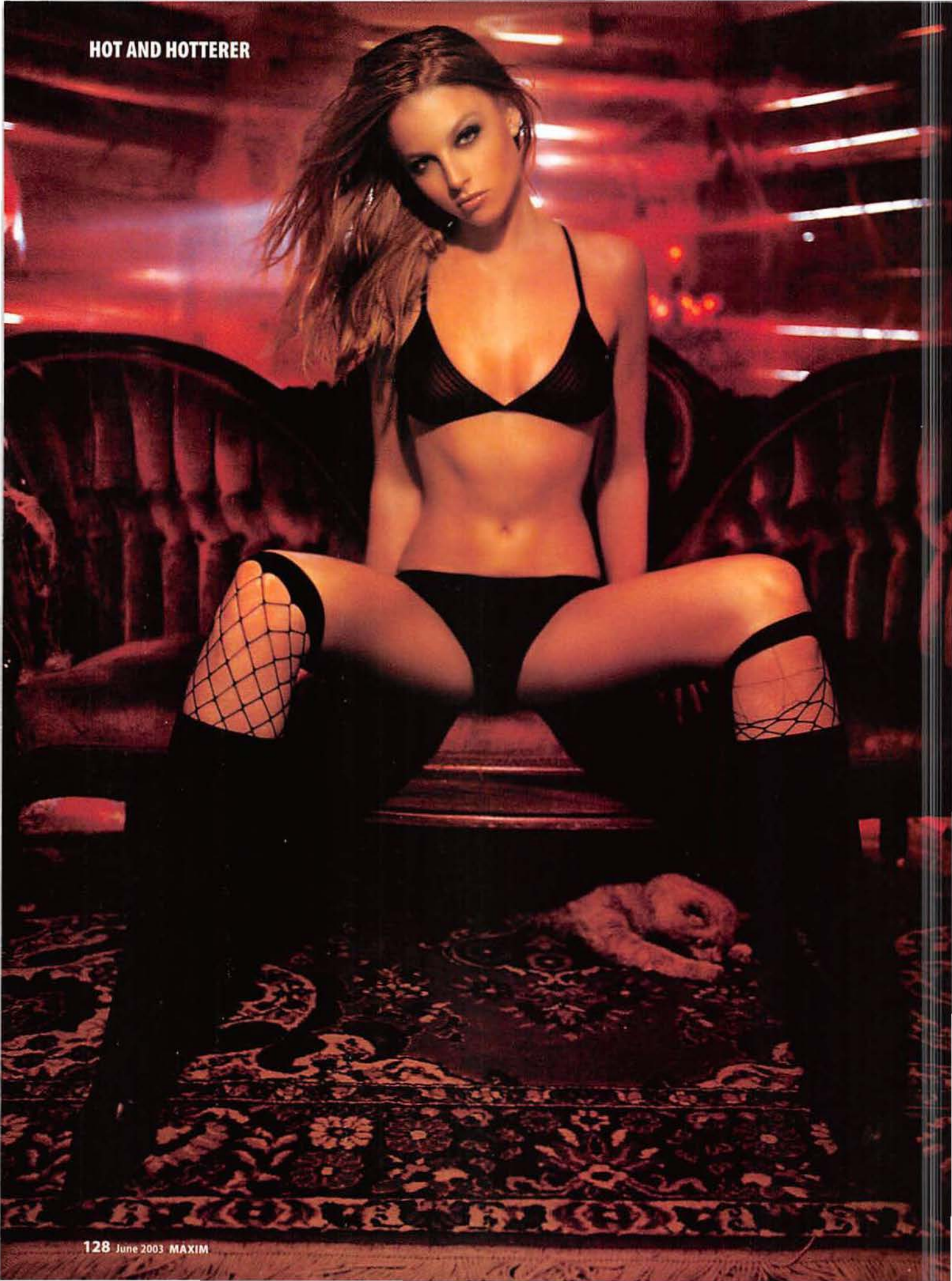
Since exploding onto the scene in *Maxim*'s 2001 swimsuit issue, Rachel Nichols—star of this month's comedy smash *Dumb and Dumberer*—has been busier than a priest in prison. The 23-year-old actress from Augusta, Maine is now a wildly successful international model, a Columbia University grad, and, after this shoot, our new best friend. There's just something about a blonde-haired, blue-eyed bombshell with a sinfully sexy dark side that we can't resist. Must be the college degree.

DEAD SEXY

In a perfect world, Rachel Nichols would be the very last thing you see before the Grim Reaper takes his cut.



BY ALEX STRAUS PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY CAMDEN



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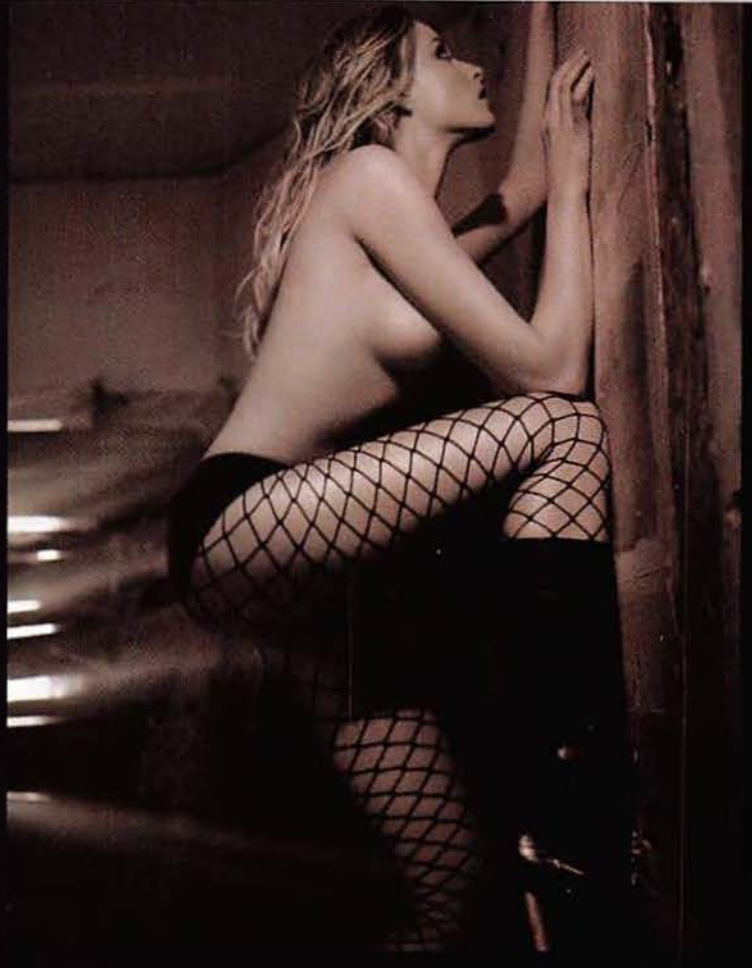

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Stephen Lake for luxe mgmt. LA.; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for luxe mgmt. LA.; props and set design, Pierre Schroeder

How'd a smart girl like you end up in the world's stupidest movie?
Honestly, I got lucky. It was my first movie audition, and the director and I just hit it off. Working on a movie is so cool. There's food everywhere you look, and they still give you a per diem—literally, an envelope of cash every week for food, which I just put in my pocket and took home. Am I allowed to say that? I guess I should've asked someone the rules before I came to this interview.

Busted! Aside from the easy money, stepping from an Ivy League campus onto the set of *Dumb and Dumberer* must've been tough. What's your favorite way to kill brain cells?
Well, sniffing glue never works...

Oh...c'mon, it always works for us! What is it, then...?
Whip-its. Definitely whip-its. Back in Maine we'd hit the supermarket and buy every can of whipped cream they had.

Is that how all the cool kids got their fix?
Who knows? I definitely wasn't one of the cool kids in high school. I was a dork. I was this shy, skinny, flat-chested girl with long arms.

When did that all change?
It didn't. I'm still a big dork, but now I'm just more comfortable with it.

Right, but that's not what we meant. Exactly when did you, you know, mature?
Oh, these? *[looking down through the neck of her shirt]* Sometime during my freshman year of college. One day I looked down and I had breasts. I was like, "Wow! How did that happen?" I was so excited I had to call my mom.

Luckily, we never had to make that kind of call. Did anyone else notice?
I guess they did, because I very quickly got signed by a modeling agency, and everything snowballed. I was this innocent, doe-eyed girl from Maine, and the next thing I knew I was moving to Paris for a year.

Do Frenchmen there really smell as bad as they do here?
Well, there's always the cliché of the dirty little French photographer who wants to take pictures of you, but I made some friends. The most important thing for me was to learn the important phrases like "I have a boyfriend."

So, what kind of guy gets a nerdy supermodel's panties in a bunch?
It sounds so cheesy, I know. But the way a man smells is really important. It must be something about the pheromones. People think I'm nuts. But there's something very primal, very animalistic about it.

Speaking of orgies, you played an orgy-loving waitress on *Sex and the City*. Are you a method actress?
No, I've never been a waitress. *[laughs]* My character agrees to have a threesome with Samantha (Kim Cattrall) and her boyfriend as a birthday gift to him. As soon as he gets into bed, I rip off my shirt and go right for his lips, but then Samantha goes crazy and kicks me out. Kim was really great. She said, "Do you want me to attack you or push you?" And I was like, "Give it to me. Beat me up." On the first take she hit me so hard I rolled off the bed and completely off-camera. After so many takes, I'd hit the floor about 50 times.

'One day I looked down and I had breasts. I said, "Wow! How'd that happen?"'

Sounds rough. Was your brush with reality TV, as a host of MTV's *Revenge of the Rejects*, equally punishing?
No, that was a lot of fun. They made a show out of the worst audition tapes from all their reality shows, like *Wanna Be a VJ* and *The Real World*. There was one guy who was like, "I want to be on *The Real World* so bad I'm gonna show you my sister's nipple ring. Tammy, show 'em your boob." And another guy decided to run through the street with whipped cream on his...you know what.

Sounds like an *American Idol*. If you could invent a reality show, what would it be?
Oh, I've got an idea that would be way better than *The Anna Nicole Show*. Someone should just tape dumb models talking to each other. You'd be amazed what you hear.

But posing for *Maxim* is smart, right?
Hell, yeah! This is the best men's magazine in the world. You're in a tiny bikini; everything's in the right place. Sometimes I look down and think, *Damn, I look good!*

You too? Tell us, would you rather be smart and ugly or pretty and dumb?
I could never agree to be dumb, and with plastic surgery and liposuction you can always make yourself pretty. But there's no such thing as a brain transplant.

Damn! So much for college!

'In high school I was this shy, skinny, flat-chested girl. I was a dork.'

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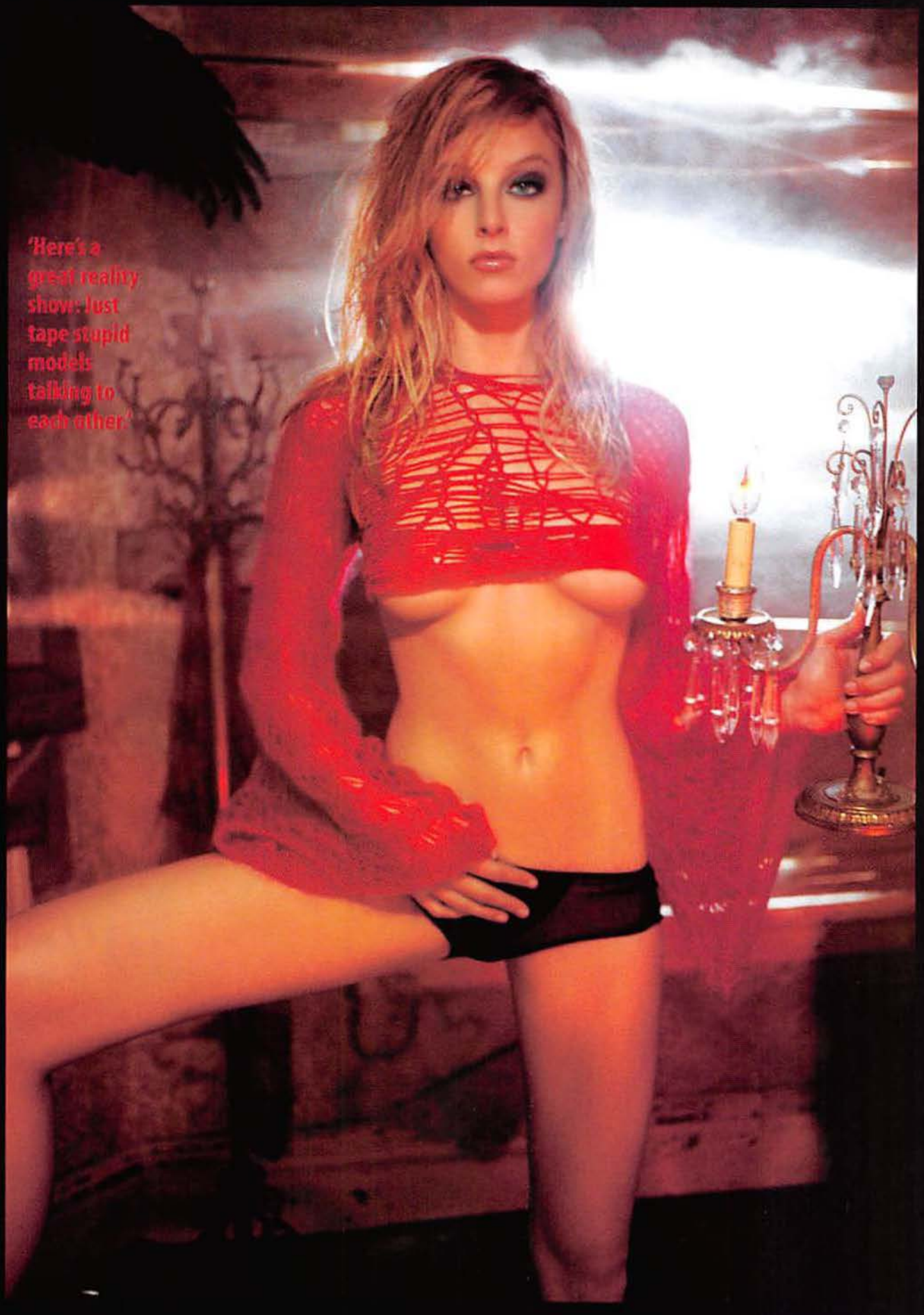
'Here's a great reality show: Just tape stupid models talking to each other.'

VALVE

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FRENCH CORRECTION

Look, Ma!
No guts!

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD MILLER

NEXT STOP: FRANCE!

It's been nearly 60 years since France was last invaded. Le clock is ticking...

We pretended not to notice their anti-American rabble-rousing. We didn't interfere when they committed one cultural atrocity after another. We turned the other cheek as they built up weapons of mass destruction.

Iraq? The Taliban? North Korea? *Non, monsieur: C'est* France, of course! The country that hones her nukes by blowing up Pacific islands. The nation that stuffs our ports with rancid cheese but rallies to keep American movies out of her precious cinema. The U.N. Security Council afterthought that's carried on a torrid, oily affair with Iraq for over a decade.

Who unties France from the tree and helps her find her panties every time the Germans are done with her? America, that's who. Our reward? A nonstop stream of lip-sneering, cigarette-waving, mime-walking-a-dog snobbery. Time to return le favor.

LES ADS CLASSIFIQUE

Because if there's one concept the French definitely understand, it's Help Wanted!

FOR SALE

Vive les Antiques! Berthier Modèle 07/15 WWII rifle. Great cond., dropped only once. Tiny scratches near trigger from Grandpapa's rapidly shaking fingernail. (028823 1001)

You want Jews? C'mon down to Vivienne's Vichy Basement! Why spend all day rooting through trunks and attics when we know

FOR SALE

Jerry Lewis tickets! 1,567th row, right behind a massive pillar—just 100,000 francs each. Oops, zorry... zey just sold.

PERSONALS

Married madame seeks married man. YOU GIVE ME interminable conversation and a taste of forbidden love; I GIVE YOU frantic phone booth quickies, wrinkly little cigarettes, the clap. Call me (0455.4 1443)

SM skunk seeks **SF black cat** accidentally painted to look like skunk. We will make beautiful music together, cheri... Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm. (045584 1217)

REAL ESTATE

'Orrible theme park filled with disgusting American tourists and Eurotrash. Tomorrowland. Please take this mortifyingly successful enterpri-

Charming pied à terre, on street so goddamn narrow sides of car must be buttered to get through (079367 2201)

JOB OPPORTUNITES

Wanted! Arabic speakers for travel to Middle East to help distribute toys to poor children. Toys in question are medium range, high yield, and make pretty smoke—but zat's our little zecret! (079367 2201

SIDEWALK CARICATURI PAINTERS! Need a few extra francs? Help with our study of job-related depression and suicide. Call today at: (014536 0511)

JOBS NEEDE

Soap maker, 10 yrs exp, trained by foreigners. Please underpa me! (092955 7384)

C'EST LA GUERRE

When it comes to war, France gets rolled more often than a Parisian prostitute with a visible mustache. By Sid Stafford

"I will need some more yellow..."

GALLIC WARS, 58–51 B.C. (L)

Julius Caesar was the first in a long line of foreigners to wipe his sandals on the face of France. Local chiefs welcomed him, hoping he'd protect them from—why, looky here!—Germany. Instead, Caesar made them his bitches.

100 YEARS WAR, 1337–1453 (W)

France, being progressively wiped out by technically weaker British forces, dramatically improved the caliber of her army by signing up one schizophrenic teenage girl (Joan of Arc). We can't make this stuff up, folks.

ITALIAN WARS, 1494–1559 (L)

France mixed it up with various Italian city-states, hoping for a piece of the big pizza pie. Instead she got a Mafia-style beating, becoming one of the few countries to lose multiple engagements to... ahem... Italy.

"What? No frog legs?"

30 YEARS WAR, 1618–1648 (T)

France was not initially a participant in this Holy Roman Empire smackdown but managed to get invaded anyway because... well, why not? We score it a tie since the other participants eventually just started ignoring her.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS, 1689–1763 (T)

France's ploy to trick Native Americans into conquering Canada and everything east of the Ohio River failed when said braves woke up and smelled the cheese. Two "ties" in a row induced delusions of military grandeur.

Wardrobe styling, Kim Pretti; frog dissection styling, Giorgio Pretti

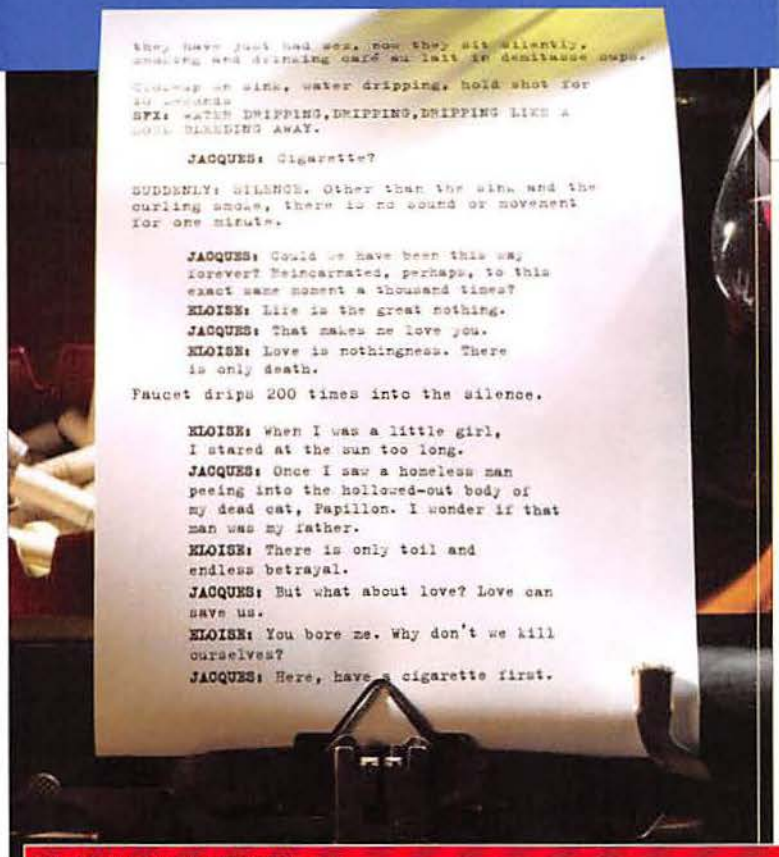
HEAD-TO-TÊTE

U.S. VS. THEM

Is France's pride justified? Let's see.

FROG FACTS

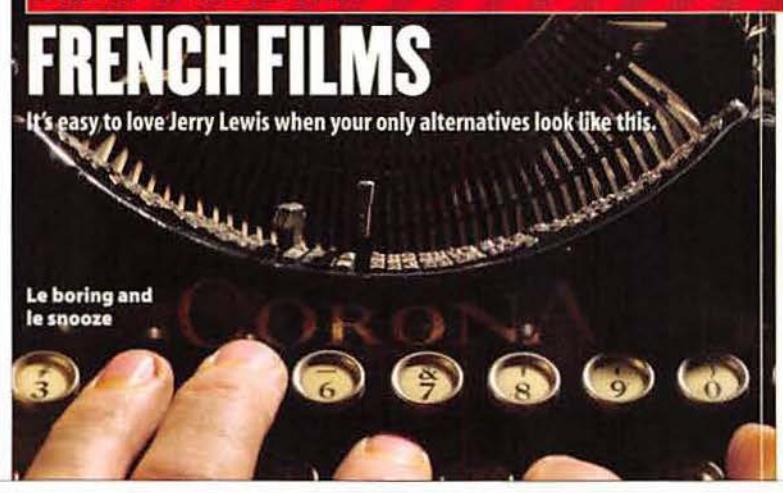
- Forty percent of Frenchmen and 25 percent of Frenchwomen do not change their underwear every day. Tied together, all those soiled briefs would make a stinkin' chain 3,700 miles long... from Paris to Baghdad and back!
- Technically, it's not France; it's the Fifth Republic of France. When the French decide their constitution stinks, they just give up and slap together a new country. Germany reportedly still wants in on this action.
- When you need to be rescued, what language you gonna speak? *Mayday,* the term used by distressed sailors and aviators, comes from the French term *m'aidez,* which expresses France's national motto: *Help me.*


they have just had sex. now they sit silently, smoking and drinking café au lait in demitasse cups.
SFX: WATER DRIPPING, DRIPPING, DRIPPING LIKE A WOUND BLEEDING AWAY.
JACQUES: Cigarette?
SUDDENLY: SILENCE. Other than the sink and the curling smoke, there is no sound or movement for one minute.
JACQUES: Could it have been this way forever? Reincarnated, perhaps, to this exact same moment a thousand times?
KLOISE: Life is the great nothing.
JACQUES: That makes me love you.
KLOISE: Love is nothingness. There is only death.
Faucet drips 200 times into the silence.
KLOISE: When I was a little girl, I stared at the sun too long.
JACQUES: Once I saw a homeless man peeing into the hollowed-out body of my dead cat, Papillon. I wonder if that man was my father.
KLOISE: There is only toil and endless betrayal.
JACQUES: But what about love? Love can save us.
KLOISE: You bore me. Why don't we kill ourselves?
JACQUES: Here, have a cigarette first.

CINEMA VERITIRESOME

FRENCH FILMS

It's easy to love Jerry Lewis when your only alternatives look like this.



Le boring and le snooze

CONTINUED...

The Age of Enlightenment provided France's military with all-new surrendering tactics and technology.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION, 1775–1783 (W)

In a move that will sound eerily familiar to future Americans, France skipped in at the last minute to claim a share of the victory. The first rule of French warfare: The less we fight, the more likely it is we'll actually win.

FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1789 (W)

Real victory at last! Of course, this was at least in part because their opponent was also French. And fat...and asleep... and good at dancing...and prone to wearing wigs and vast amounts of clown makeup.

THE NAPOLEONIC WARS, 1803–1815 (L)

Napoleon (great General...alas, Corsican, not French) marched army into a Russian winter in spring uniforms.

"My mag's just as good as *Maxim*..."

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, 1870–1871 (L)

Pissed off by a royal wedding in Spain, France declared war on Germany. In one of history's recurring roles, Germany laid siege to Paris. One general defending the collapsing city actually fled in a hot-air balloon.

WORLD WAR I, 1914–1918 (T)

On the verge of loss, France was saved—get used to this—by the U.S. Madame learned what it's like to bed a winner who doesn't call her Fräulein. Sadly, GI condoms stalled improvement in the French bloodline.

"Bite me, Pierre! Oops!"

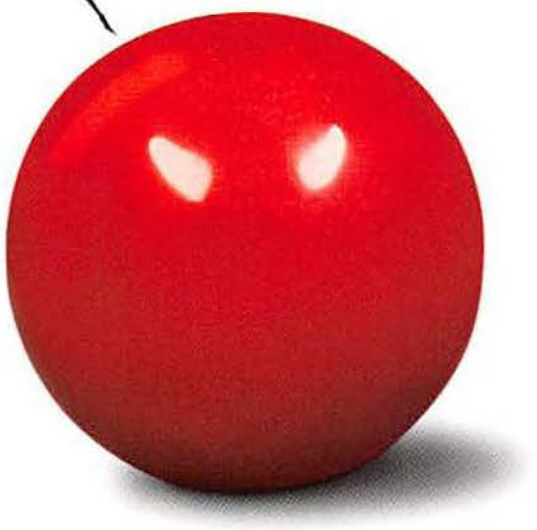
WORLD WAR II, 1939–1945 (L)

The conquered Frogs were just sitting down to bratwurst *mit der Führer* when they were liberated by the U.S. and Britain. They shaved the heads of Nazi collaborators until the world's razor supply was depleted.

WAR IN INDOCHINA, 1946–1954 (L)

French colonialist forces in Southeast Asia pleaded sickness, took to bed with the Dien Bien flu. The frogs inspired Charlie to such intense hatred of foreigners, even the U.S. found itself mired in *la merde.*

I'm an angry gumball!*



When you don't have Extra's long lasting flavor, you're bound to be a little angry.

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*Any likeness on the part of the angry gumball to other angry individuals, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

MADE IN FRANCE?

Not everything French sucks. How 'bout:

THE 3 MUSKETEERS BAR

The duplicitous nature of a scrumptious treat that looks like doody—what's more French? *Alors*... the trail sadly leads straight to our own Mars, Inc. in McLean, Virginia.

FRENCH KISSING

Of course zey invented this one—they're pros at battling with only their tongues, right? Um... actually, our Kama Sutra tells us the Hindus had perfected the technique by the fourth century. Another reason India should replace France on the UN Security Council.

FRENCH'S MUSTARD

It's yellow, it runs, and it stains the pants... could anything be more French? *Mais non, monsieur*—inventor George French, of good ol' Rochester, New York, simply had the misfortune of being born with a lousy name. Let's call it Mickey Mousetard.

THE FRENCH MAID

At last, a truly French invention! Impractical can-can outfits, feather dusters... those inconsiderate sickos could at least buy them vacuums.

Now zere's a nice au pair

CONTINUED...

The next war belongs to us...

ALGERIAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, 1954–1962 (L)

Now even poverty-stricken African colonial upstarts could smell patsy... The first rule of modern Muslim warfare was born: We can always beat the French.

WAR ON TERROR, 2001–IN PROGRESS

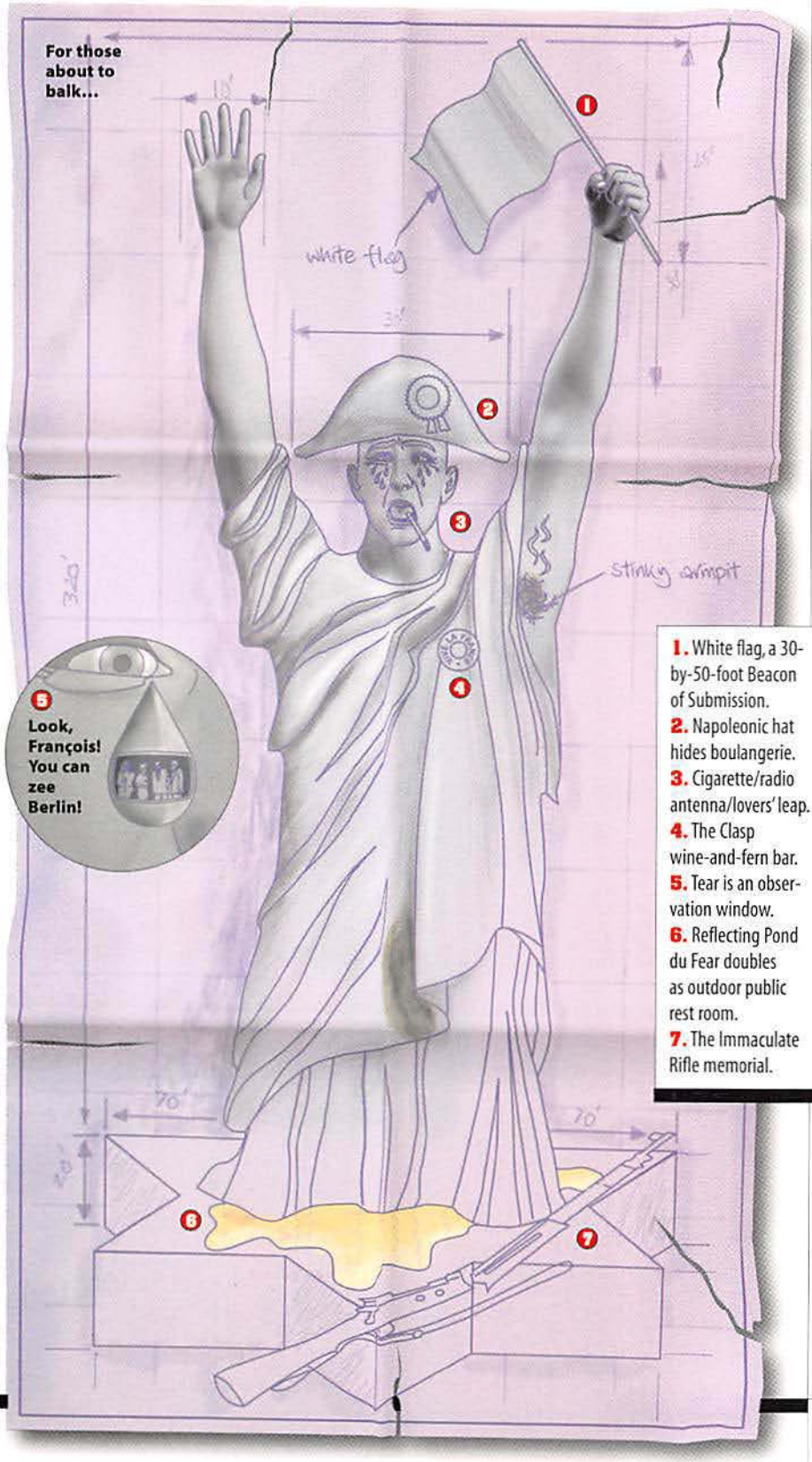
France, trying to get a jump on the inevitable, has surrendered to Germany and fundamentalist Islam; a plan to surrender to Monaco was foiled when the prince escaped in a cab.

"Thanks, Jacques. Beret fits nice!"

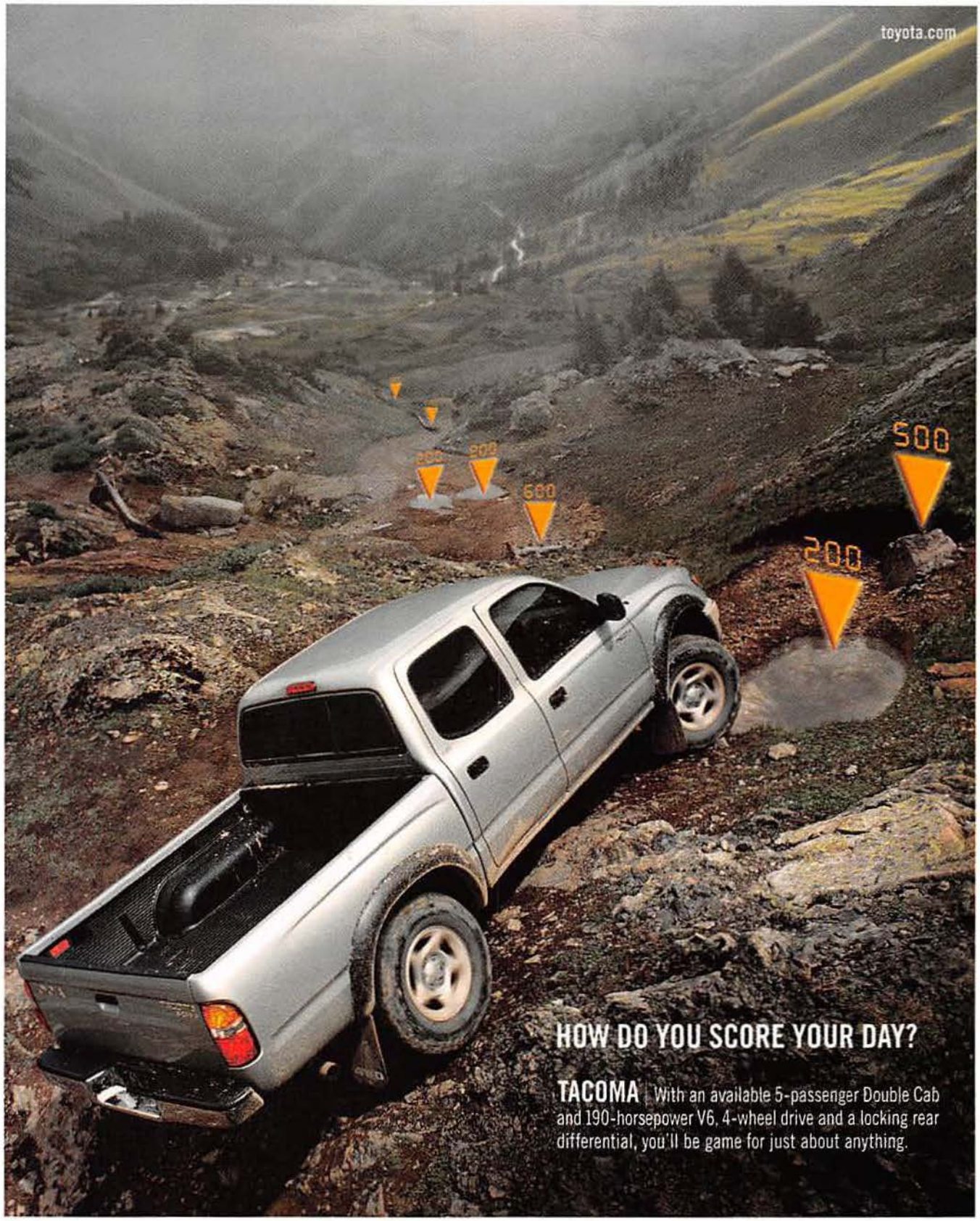
FRANC YOU VERY MUCH

THE STATUE OF LIBERATE ME

We recently uncovered the original bleuprint for the Statue of Liberty. *Zut alors!*



1. White flag, a 30-by-50-foot Beacon of Submission.
2. Napoleonic hat hides boulangerie.
3. Cigarette/radio antenna/lovers' leap.
4. The Clasp wine-and-fern bar.
5. Tear is an observation window.
6. Reflecting Pond du Fear doubles as outdoor public rest room.
7. The Immaculate Rifle memorial.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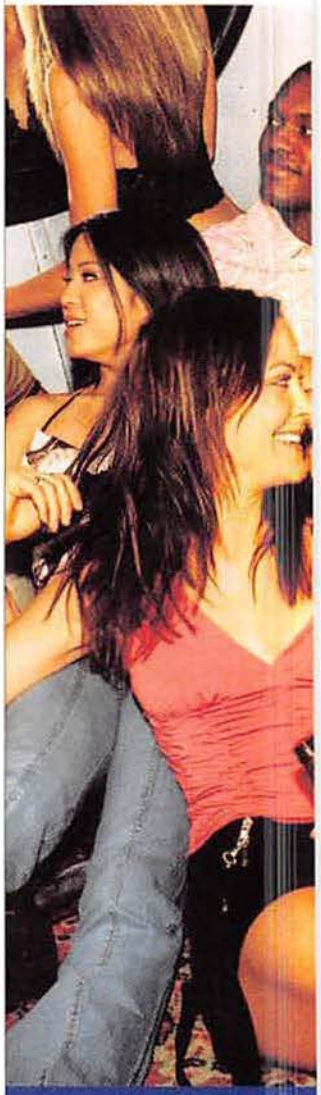
HOLLYWOOD, CA

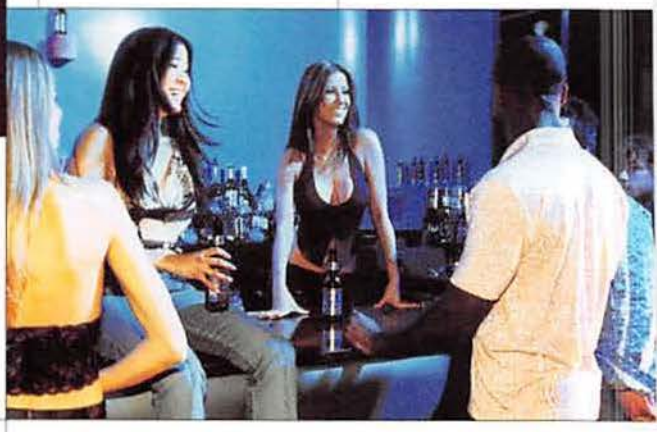
LIFE BEHIND BARS

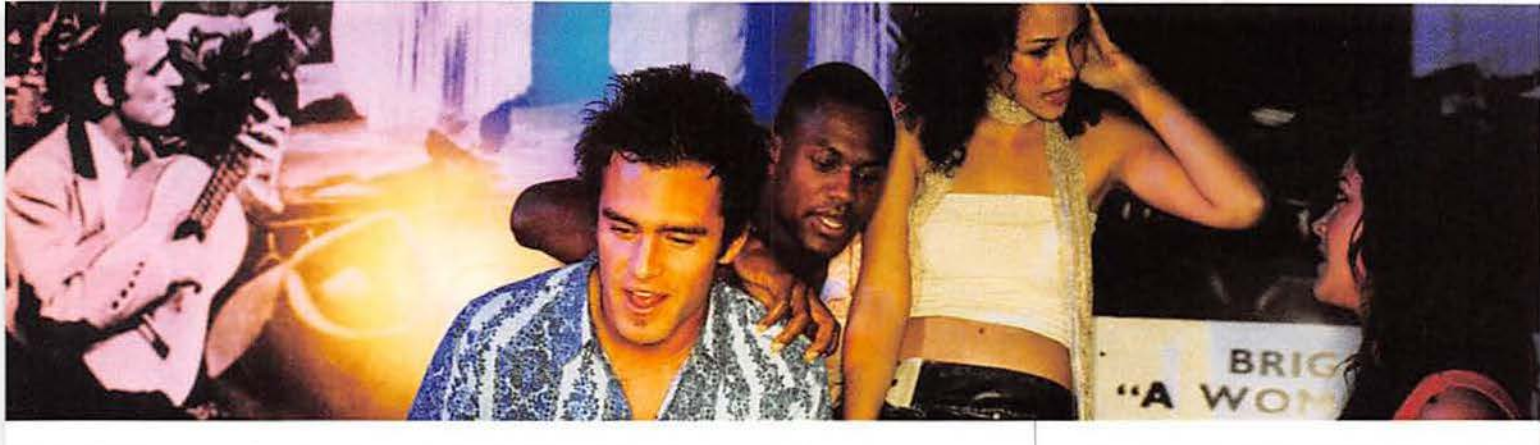
Bud Light brings you a look into the Hollywood club scene through the eyes of one of LA's finest bartenders.

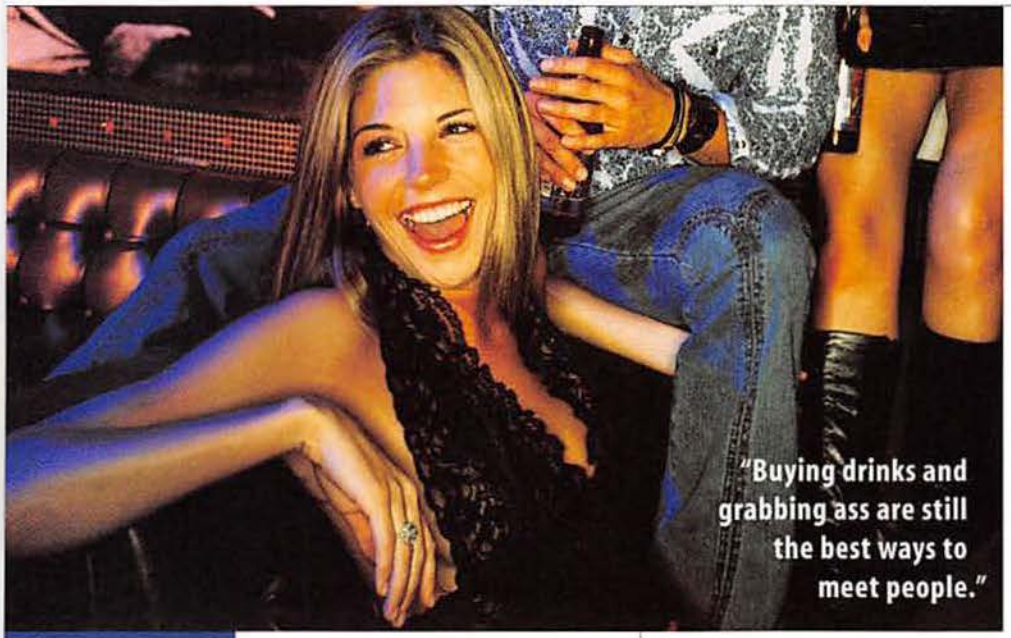
After several years working behind several bars you'd think Courtney would've seen it all. But at some point each weekend, LA clubbers manage to amaze even her. "People are far less inhibited here than in other clubs. It's just fun being a bartender and watching it all go down." And her stories about what's going down will make you wonder why they call this the City of Angels. "It's LA, so people roll in here with a ton of attitude. But as the night goes on, their true personalities come out. Then it's just everybody hooking up everywhere. In the corners, the back halls, the VIP rooms." Celebrities included. "Yeah, we get

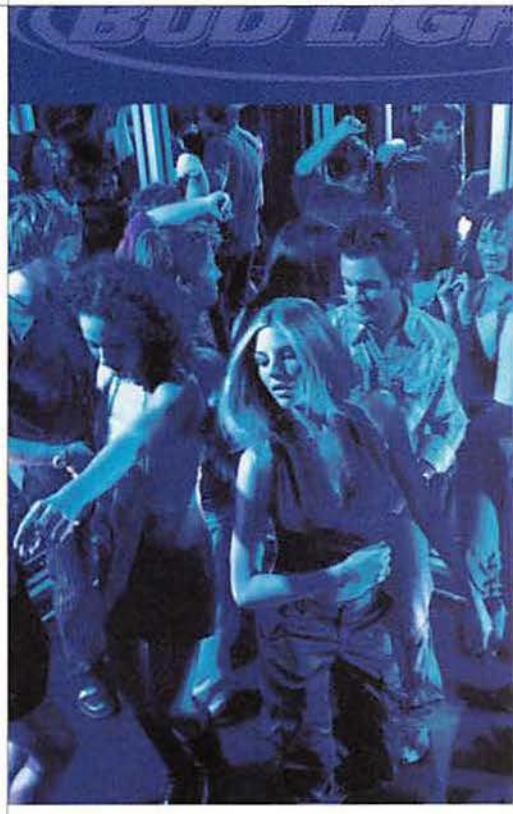
"More people seem to get off knowing they're being watched."





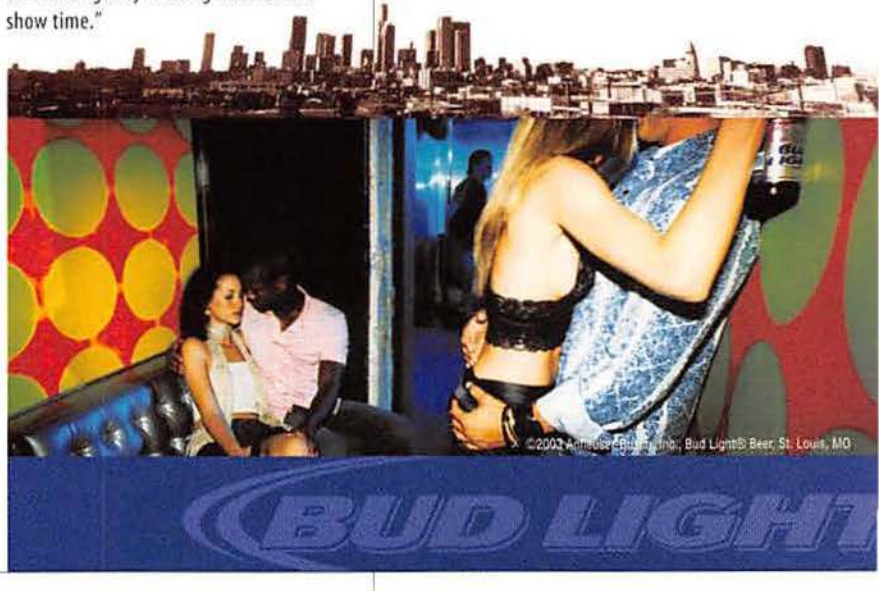






everybody from athletes to actors to rock stars. They take the VIP rooms just to say they have them. Then they come out to the main bar looking for girls they want to invite back. Most of them won't even use the VIP entrance to the club. They'll go to the line at the front just to be seen." LA or not, the classic approaches to the pickup are still in effect. "For guys and girls both, buying drinks and grabbing ass are still the best ways to meet people." In a city where the focus is on being seen, Courtney works in the one bar where it's far more interesting to watch. Not-so-hidden security cameras let everyone keep up with everyone else's progress. "Occasionally someone will cover a camera for privacy. But more people seem to get off knowing they're being watched. It's show time."

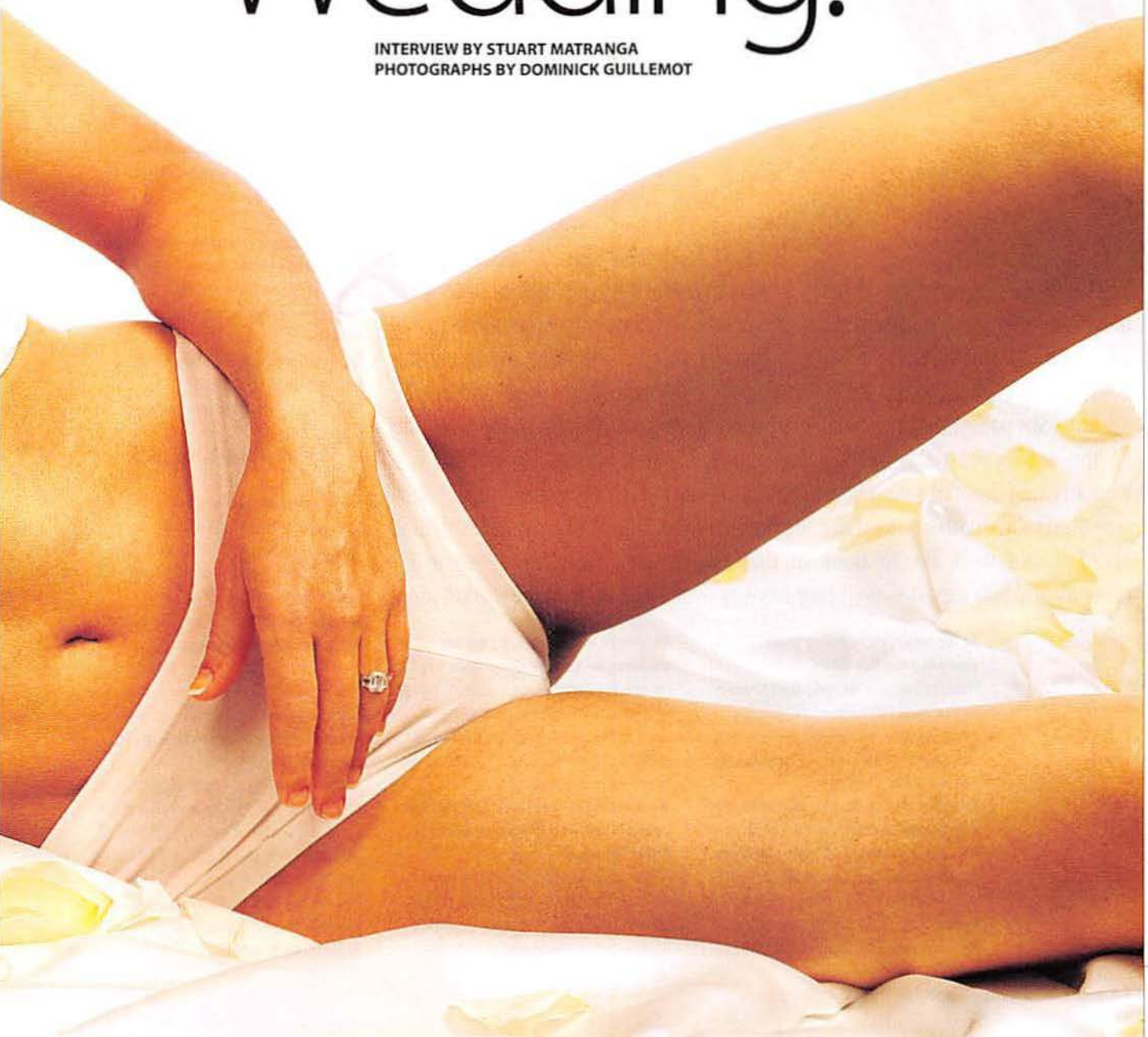
Next time you're clubbing in Hollywood keep an eye out for Courtney. She and everyone else are probably keeping an eye out for you.



White Hot Wedding!

Television gave the nation's favorite bachelorette fame, fortune, drooling admirers—and an instant husband. Does there *always* have to be a catch?

INTERVIEW BY STUART MATRANGA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT



Trista Rehn knows how to draw a crowd. Whether it's a bunch of autograph hounds on the street or just plain hounds on one of America's most-watched reality TV shows, everybody wants a taste of Trista. If you were ducking bunker-buster bombs in Baghdad and missed it, Trista is the chick who came in second on *The Bachelor.* She parlayed that invaluable experience into a starring role as the brass ring on the world's most successful reality sequel, *The Bachelorette.* Clearly, this is a woman who's elevated dating from an art form to an industry. The only wrinkle? She's supposed to marry this dude (Colorado fireman Ryan Sutter). She says she's thrilled about it, but we'd like to think of that notion as a sweet, wholesome PR cover-up and fully expect—well, pray, anyway—she'll be back on the market soon.

'It's not an arranged marriage. It's more like speed dating!'

So we hear you're going to be dumping the fire dude.
From the Internet? We had a fight Saturday night. C'mon! We're a normal couple. We argue. We were in a club, and everyone was looking at us. We made up 10 minutes later and had the best night ever.

Word's out that Oprah's gonna throw you a good old-fashioned wedding—on TV! Is she going all out? You know, a polka band and Carvel all around?
We haven't gotten that far, but ABC is willing to do it. I could have my dream wedding. And we can make a little money on top of it.

Ah, you're a romantic. By dream wedding do you mean an open bar?
I'm meeting with a designer about a concept for a dress that will cost a lot of money. That's just the start. People are offering us appliances. *Good Housekeeping* wants to buy us a whole new kitchen.

We'll spring for coasters. Can you see yourself starring in a show called *The Bitter Divorcée*?
I've heard rumors that I've sold my honeymoon rights to Playboy TV, my divorce rights to Court TV, and my baby rights to Lifetime. What do people think I am?

Hmm...media-savvy? What's your biggest turnoff?
Bad breath. That's a deal-breaker. Bad hygiene in general. Rudeness.

Wow! You don't have to get personal. Does selecting your future husband for a national TV audience indicate that you might be a bit of a cynic?
No. I've always known there was somebody out there for me, waiting just for me.

You mean a stalker—or that charming and handsome Ryan guy?
Yes, Ryan. I think there was someone looking out for us. It's like the movie *Serendipity.* It's all about if you're meant to be together, and you believe that, you will find each other.

OK, that's a *little* heartwarming. Hey, has anybody ever been stupid enough to cheat on you?
Yes. I read an e-mail an old boyfriend got about this orgy. It was during a weekend when I was supposed to be out of town. I confronted him, and he denied it.

That was an unforgivable act.
That's what I told him.

No, we mean reading his e-mail. That shit's private. What happened?
I told him his life was over, and I ended it.

You killed him?
No, I left him.

What do you think of all this hoo-ha over reality shows when there's so much strife in the world?
Like my mom says, I'd rather see kissing than killing on television.

So, aside from the kissing, what happened on that show?
No one knows what happened when we closed the doors.

But now we're asking. You know, *politely.*
The show wasn't about sex. It was about relationships. Intimacy is part of it, but intimacy doesn't mean having sex. It means kissing, it means holding hands, it means being alone when the cameras are not around.

Sounds wholesome...um, we mean for an arranged marriage.
It is *not* an arranged marriage. They bring the people to you, and it's up to you to make the relationship work. It's more like speed dating.

Are we looking forward to a speed wedding as well?
Ryan and I want to get married, and we will as soon as we can. I really love to watch the shows and see how it unfolded like a fairy tale, although Ryan doesn't like to look at his fiancée kissing other men.

Can we get him to close his eyes for a minute? No? OK, good luck on your impending nuptials.

▶

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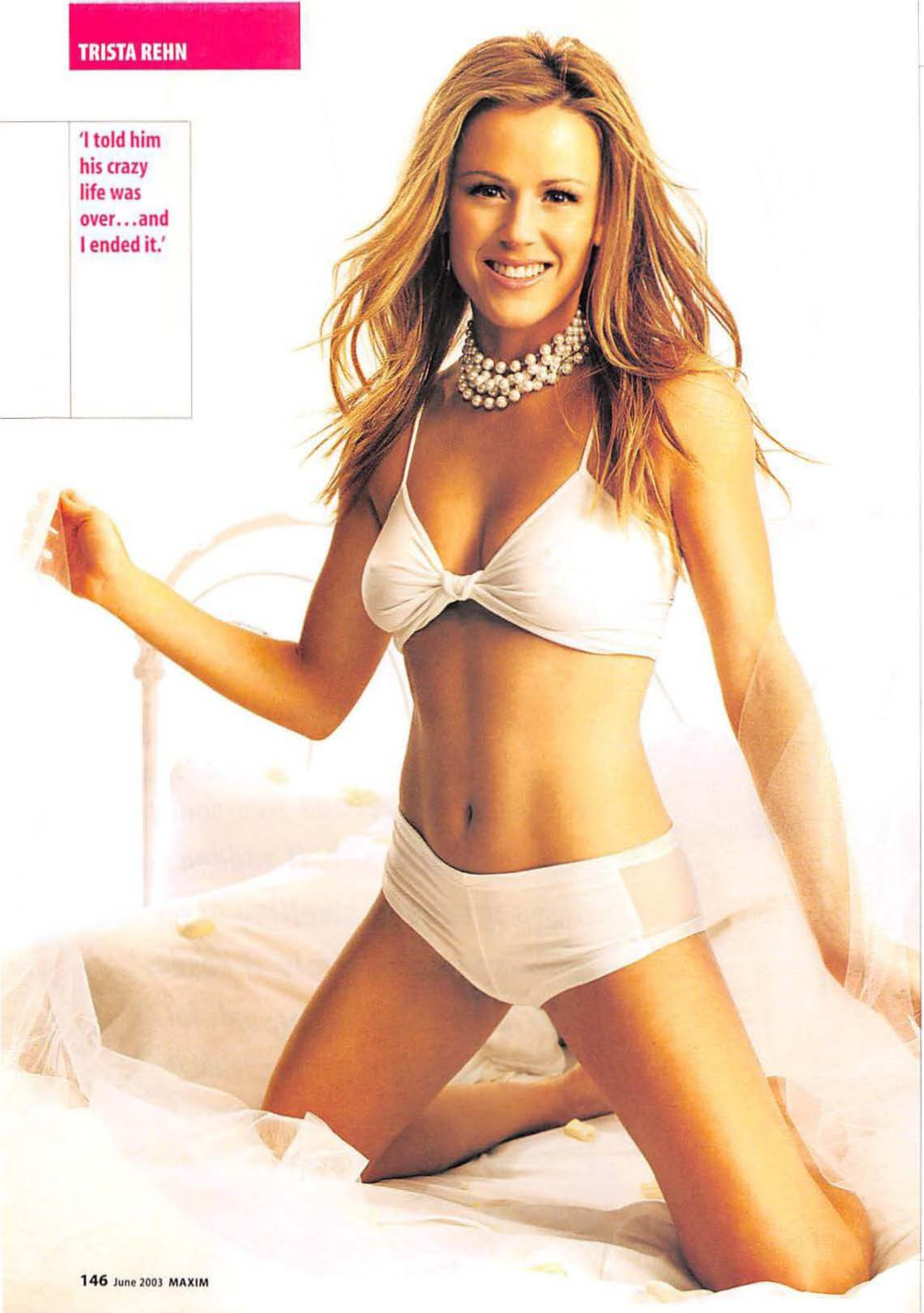

Styling, Rita Rago; hair, Bernhard Tamme for NuBest Co., N.Y.C./cloutieragency.com; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for luxe mgmt., L.A.; set design, Jeff Andrews for TFP Design, L.A. Pearls by Jennifer Kaufman; camisole by the Gap; panties by Cosabella; slip, vintage; shirt by Tuxedo Hugo Boss.

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TRISTA REHN

TRISTA AT A GLANCE

Vital stats: Born October 28, 1972 in Indianapolis. Fun fact: Even though "Indiana" means "land of the Indians," there are fewer than 16,000 Native Americans living there. (Although, come to think of it, 16,000 Indians in one place is a friggin' lot, isn't it? Call the cavalry!)

Vengeance *isn't* hers: On her bitter loss to Amanda Marsh on *The Bachelor:* "Oh, God. I don't focus on that anymore. Everyone thought I did *The Bachelorette* for revenge, but that's not me."

On getting a word in edgewise while co-hosting *The View*: "They're great! I love all that estrogen. But it was hard for me to say my piece."

Why she's a lover, not a critic: Her favorite cheerleading movie? "*The Replacements.* I love it. It's so funny. The dancers were hilarious."

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BY STEVEN KOTLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLAY PATRICK McBRIDE

DANGEROUS MINDS

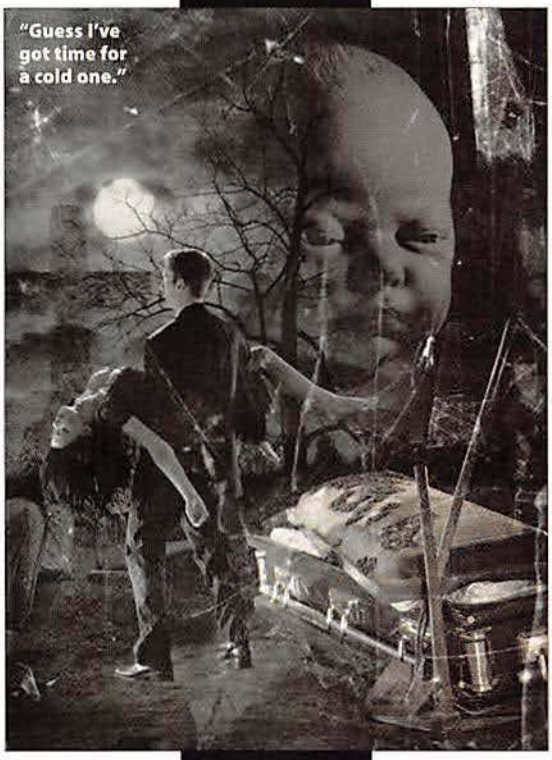
The brain is an unthinkably complex computational machine... and when it throws a spark plug, the results are terrifying. Look inside these bizarre mental disorders...if you dare.

There are terrorists at the airport. More people relate to Joe Millionaire than Joe Montana. Baretta's in the big house. And your Prozac 'script is running out. Seems like the world's gone crazy. Well, here are eight more things to worry about. The following severe mental disorders don't just drive you nuts; they make your every moment a living nightmare. These brain-shredding diseases make you want to—or have to—claw out your own eyes or hump things in body bags. Some of them are caused by accidents and some by genetics. (Thanks, Dad!) And some are strictly psychological, if that makes any difference. And they're all ready, willing, and able to lay siege to what passes for your brain—just try and stop them. Find yourself in one of these brain traps and your tiny penis syndrome is suddenly going to seem almost insignificant. ▶

CHOP-AHOLISM

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: APOTEMNOPHILIA

For most of his life, Bob*, 67, had been dreaming of this special day. He'd been meticulous in his research of amputation. When he grabbed his shotgun and walked out into the woods behind his house, he knew exactly what he was doing. The tourniquet went around his thigh—the perfect spot to apply the right amount of pressure. When he pressed that double barrel against his own knee, his aim was true. He wasn't interested in just blowing off his patella; he wanted a mangled mess that *had* to be lopped off. When he got the angle just right, he squeezed the trigger. After telling doctors he had been crow hunting and "accidentally" discharged his shotgun, all Bob's attention to detail paid off. "I wanted to make sure that the doctors didn't have a choice but to amputate." And amputate the doctors did—everything below midthigh on his right leg.



What's wrong with this guy, other than his fascination with crow hunting? Bob suffers from apotemnophilia, a condition that compels one to want to lop off one's own healthy limbs. "The condition can develop as early as age four or five but doesn't become a compulsion until the teenage years," says Richard Bruno, Ph.D., a psychophysiologist and apotem-etc. expert. "In every case I've studied, apotemnophiliacs have cold or critical parents who ignore or mistreat their children. So it appears to be a learned behavior. As they get older, they still desire to be loved, and that desire manifests as a need for amputation." (Tip: Don't start with the head.)

Your chances of escaping this one are pretty good. There are only an estimated 200 apotemnophiliacs in the world. Sufferers like Bob who just cut out the problem claim they do find relief in their actions. "I had been tormented by the obsession since I was 11 years old," he says. "I had been going to a therapist every week since I was 19, and I even did two years in a mental institution. The obsession was so overpowering it prevented me from doing many things. But now I have my life back." Doctors, as you might imagine, do not encourage such radical treatment, preferring intensive psychotherapy to root out the childhood anxiety.

DEAD SEXY

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: NECROPHILIA

Ed liked women as much as the next guy, especially if the next guy was Dracula—Eddie liked them dead. So he dug 'em up in cemeteries, preferring the recently dead but occasionally settling for them in more decomposed states. He took his conquests home: sometimes whole, sometimes in pieces. He hung rotting skulls on his bedposts, turned skin into lampshades, and even made himself a stylin' human skin suit. Sounds like a movie, huh? Well, this horror did go Hollywood. The scary romantic in question is Ed Gein, who inspired the characters of Norman Bates in *Psycho* and Buffalo Bill in *The Silence of the Lambs*. Gein had necrophilia, which is not just the desire to have sex with dead people, but a strong sexual obsession with death itself. In Gein's case the attraction got the best of him. His desire for fresher dates sent him on a killing spree that eventually got him caught in 1957 and committed till his death in 1984. Extreme necrophiliacs like Gein and Jeffrey Dahmer usually end up in prison, where they're dead meat. Thankfully, most necrophiliacs aren't as inventive. According to a study by forensic psychiatrists Jonathan Rosman, M.D., and Phillip Resnick, M.D., most of these people are "regular" necros, who use already-dead corpses. Which is comforting. . . right?

Gein hung rotting skulls and turned human skin into a suit.

The origin of this extreme fetishism is still a mystery, but some behaviorists believe that it's a conditioned response to rejection. People who have trouble forming meaningful relationships with other people who are actually still alive seek friendships with the dead, who are unable to, well, kill the relationship.

Judging by some of the livelier necro chat rooms and a statement by Karen, a mortician and alleged necrophiliac (published in *Apocalypse Culture*), most sufferers think there's nothing to cure. "For a while I found myself thinking, *This isn't normal. Why can't I be like others?*" Karen told a reporter years after being arrested for driving away with a body in a hearse. "Finally, I accepted myself and realized that's just me." Let's hope it's not *you*.

Unless you've always had the overwhelming urge to be an undertaker, you're probably safe from necro's clutches. More than half the necrophiliacs in the above study worked in a morgue or in some other area in the funeral industry. "Necrophilia's more prevalent than most people imagine," adds Karen. "Funeral homes just don't report it."

IDLE HAND

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: ALIEN HAND SYNDROME

Todd Lewis, Ph.D., is a neuropsychologist and brain injury rehabilitation specialist. He's seen his share of "unique" patients while working at the Magee Rehabilitation Hospital in Philadelphia, but one woman took the cake, hands-down. During an interview with Lewis, her left hand suddenly shot off the armrest of her chair and dropped straight ▶

Crazy Train photographs, Corbis (2); Bettmann/Corbis; Lester V. Bergman/Corbis

THE CRAZY TRAIN

CONTINUED ▶

1200s Priests in Europe treated loonies with beatings and force-feedings of blood and sheep dung (a.k.a. "dignity suppressants") to exorcise evil spirits. Silver lining: Sheep dung contains mostly HDL, "good" cholesterol.

1790s–1813 American Benjamin Rush whirled clinically depressed patients around at high speeds, then submerged them in water. It's a treatment! It's a theme-park ride! It's fun! It's all three, except for fun!

1870s–1900s Quackpot John Harvey Kellogg prescribed daily yogurt enemas to patients at his Battle Creek, Michigan sanitarium. Chew on that next time you munch cornflakes—this flake also invented the cereal.

1916–1924 Henry Cotton of Trenton State Hospital in New Jersey yanked his inmates' teeth and other offending body parts, believing that germs from tooth rot caused insanity—and the heartbreak of gingivitis.

*Some names have been changed.

Dahmer's
Delicatessen!

down. The arm just hung limp at her side, but she ignored it. When he asked her if she needed help putting her hand back on the chair, she snapped, "It's not my hand." A few minutes later, the hand leapt up, grabbed her glasses off her face, and threw them to the ground. She calmly picked them up with her other hand. Then it happened again. "Quit it!" she finally said to her hand. A second later, a patient came by in a wheelchair. The woman's left arm reached out, grabbed the chair, and wouldn't let go. "I can't help it," she cried. "It's not my arm. I can't make it stop." Pulling off glasses is just the rogue hand's way of saying hi—it gets worse. "The hand could choke the patient or try to scratch out eyes, and keep groping and grabbing—often doing inappropriate things," says Lewis.

Being physically unable to let go of the state trooper's nuts: bad. And diagnosing alien hand isn't easy, either. "Doctors who see it for the first time usually think it's got to be psychological, but it's actually neurological," says Lewis. The condition is rare and usually turns up after a stroke, though it can also result from trauma to the brain, which controls limb function. A brain-to-hand message such as "Let's pick up this pencil" gets translated into "Please stab me in the eye until I pass out."

While there's no known cure, alien hand does tend to disappear after a few weeks or months. Usually, as the stroke trauma fades, so does the syndrome. No real stats exist on your odds, but Lewis has seen it show up in one of every 100 stroke patients—pretty strong odds for those who find that simple drooling and paralysis just aren't enough. According to the National Stroke Association, your chance of getting a stroke in your lifetime: one in 10; double that if you smoke.

Nice to have a handy man around

'It's not my hand!' the patient cried as she ripped off her own glasses.

SHIMMY SHIMMY SHAKES

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: RESTLESS LEG SYNDROME

Lew was like anybody else until he was about 40, when he woke up with a terrible sensation that gripped his legs. "It was like they had a life of their own," he says. "It's not a spasm, and it's not exactly pain. Some people say it feels like worms crawling around in their muscles or like having Coca-Cola in their veins. To me it felt like my muscles were straining against each other, trying to tear free of the bones."

It became impossible to sleep. Lying in bed meant eight hours of torture. His nightly rest dwindled to four hours, then to three hours, and so on. "I was jumping up all the time, having to pace around. Constant motion was the only thing that brought relief. I looked terrible; I felt worse." The unnerving feeling increases during long periods of inactivity. Forget movies or long drives—no more ballet night with the guys. Forget sleep. When you finally collapse from sheer exhaustion, your legs continue to twitch and jerk constantly—even if you lose consciousness.

Experts theorize that damage to certain nerve tracks in the brain or spine could cause the crawly sensation, but they can't explain how the nerves get damaged in the first place. "There are certain preexisting conditions that are linked to RLS," says Charles Adler, M.D., professor of neurology at the Mayo Clinic. "Diabetes, kidney failure and dialysis, iron deficiencies, and pregnancy are the major ones."

Though that last one's not an issue for you, should you be worried? Maybe...RLS is far-reaching enough to hit even moving targets. Up to eight percent of the world's population suffers from RLS, with onset usually occurring in middle age. We do know it can be hereditary. If one of your parents has it, you have a 50 percent chance of inheriting it. (Thanks again, Dad...seriously.)

If you do come down with RLS, there's some good news. While the FDA hasn't approved drugs for treating RLS, doctors have had success with meds that increase the amount of dopamine, a neurotransmitter. This class of drugs is FDA-approved for treatment of Parkinson's disease—which also causes uncontrollable shakes but is unrelated to RLS. "The drugs work," says Lew, "but if I forget to take a pill, the sensation is twice as bad as before, because my brain is used to the medicine." Hey...it's just like beer!

GOING BATTY

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: PORPHYRIA

Ah, poor George. Suddenly, he had an excruciating stomachache. Pretty soon he couldn't crap at all. Then his pee began to look like red wine, and his throat hurt too much to talk. Insomnia came next. His mind raced faster than a cheetah testing Lamborghinis on ecstasy. Then he started to suffer delusions. Next thing you knew, George was running wild at work, ripping off his clothes and running naked through the office halls. George—or King George III of England (r.1760–1811), as he was known to commoners—is now suspected of having had a rare blood disorder called porphyria. He got off easy: A more extreme version of the disease is sometimes dubbed "the vampire disease" because your skin becomes so sensitive to light that you can't go out in the daylight.

An enzyme deficiency increases the amount of a blood chemical called porphyrin (*porphyria* comes from the Greek "porphyria," meaning purple). This excess turns urine a purplish wine color and causes a ▶

Crazy Train photographs (from left): Peter Garfield/Corbis; Bettmann/Corbis (2); Michael Reed/Animals, Animals

THE CRAZY TRAIN

1920s John Talbott and Kenneth Tillotson bound patients in freezing cold blankets till their body temperatures fell 10 to 20 degrees below normal, heralding the therapeutic value of a Slurpee brain freeze.

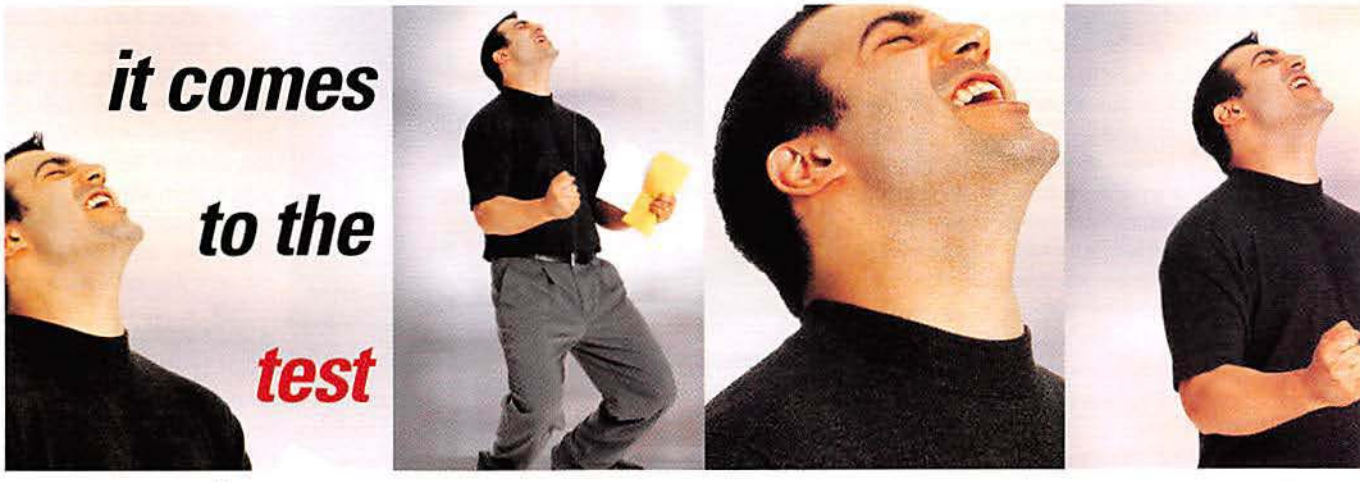
Late 1940s Jamming an ice pick through eye sockets, American Walter Freeman (right) developed a 10-minute procedure to scramble the frontal lobes of the nutty and render 'em docile as puppies. Worked in *Basic Instinct*...

1950s Freud protégé Wilhelm Reich believed schizophrenia and depression resulted from the lack of a decent orgasm and designed an orgone box to collect sexual energy. Today we call it Web porn.

2000s Raw Foodists claim cooked food is killing Americans. By consuming such gaseous delights as raw squash and rice, they've gathered a cult following. Flatulence that results from their eating habits can actually kill people.

The Princeton Review

When it comes to the test real men ask for directions.



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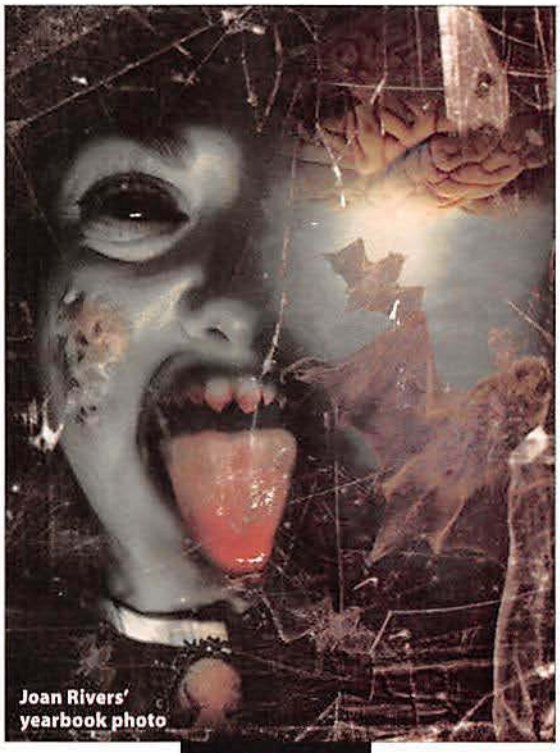
host of truly scary symptoms. The disease is brought on by a combination of genetic and environmental factors, such as an adverse drug reaction or exposure to toxic chemicals (like Agent Orange) that cause blood cells to mutate. The porphyria gene is like a time bomb waiting for its fuse to be ignited, says Claus Pierach, M.D., of Abbott Northwestern Hospital in Minnesota. "Say someone with the porphyria gene comes in complaining of stomach pain. The doctor does an exploratory laparotomy and uses a barbiturate for anesthesia. That's the environmental factor that creates the pathological explosion. The patient develops porphyria and might become paralyzed or die."

In George's case the type of porphyria was hereditary and launched by an unknown environmental factor. George, like many victims, recovered initially but eventually succumbed to a more serious attack, losing control of the American colonies in the process. We must add that while porphyria is rare (one in 50,000), it has been found in some Vietnam vets who were exposed to...yep...Agent Orange.



Joan Rivers' yearbook photo

Porphyria is dubbed the vampire disease because you can't go out in the daylight.

FUN-HOUSE LIVING

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: ALICE IN WONDERLAND SYNDROME

For John* troubles began with a migraine headache, a searing pain behind his eyes that spread through his brain. Then something more bizarre occurred: He felt as though someone had drawn a line down the middle of his body—from head to toe—and the right side appeared to be growing. To John, the right side of his head was enormous; it was twice the size of the left. He wondered how he could put on a baseball cap. Then, suddenly, as he watched, the right side began to shrink. He saw inches vanish from his limbs. His right arm became the size of a doll's arm. His right leg was the length of a midget's. Suddenly, he didn't know how he could walk; he was afraid to move and afraid someone would step on him and squash him like a bug—or at least the little half. But bystanders could not corroborate these size changes.

John has Alice in Wonderland syndrome (AIWS), a condition that causes a radical shift in size perceptions that can be accompanied by a loss of muscle control and a distortion of hearing. It's like living in a fun house, only without the fun part. The sufferer sees himself as gigantic or miniature, and perception can flip back and forth. But AIWS doesn't just affect sight; it affects kinesthetic perception (feeling in your muscles), so closing your eyes won't make things better. These events can last minutes or days and can recur for years.

"AIWS is caused by epilepsy or migraine disease," says Randy Evans, M.D., medical adviser to MAGNUM, the National Migraine Association. "Basically, it's a disturbance in the brain's electrical charge. The body's hardwiring short-circuits, and perception gets screwed up."

The syndrome can be controlled with anti-epilepsy drugs, though most doctors have never heard of AIWS, and most people who get it spend a long time wondering who spiked the punch with angel dust before someone manages to figure it out. Your chances of getting a ticket to Wonderland? In America, there are two million epileptics and 32 million migraine sufferers. Less than one percent of each will come down with AIWS.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: CAPGRAS SYNDROME

Alan, 56, still can't accept his wife for who she is—literally. She looks like his wife, acts like his wife, and, heck, even complains about all the same crap, but no amount of evidence or reasoning will change Alan's mind. According to him, his real wife, "Christine One," was killed in a car accident seven years ago and replaced by a double he calls "Christine Two." And try as he might, he can't seem to muster up any love for this impostor. The mere thought of kissing or touching, let alone having sex with her, repulses him. No, this isn't *Twilight Zone: The Director's Cut*...It's Capgras syndrome.

Also known as delusion of doubles, Capgras is caused by a chemical reaction in the brain, usually triggered by a brain injury or a traumatic experience. In Alan's case it was a car wreck with his wife. Her screams haunted him, and as he went in and out of consciousness, he swears she died. "The link in the brain between identity recognition and the area where emotion is felt is severed," says David Enoch, M.D., coauthor of *Uncommon Psychiatric Syndromes*, who has studied the syndrome for 35 years. "As a result the sufferer sees those he would feel the most love for—usually a spouse, another family member, a friend—as an impostor." And, conveniently, can welsh on bets with impunity.

There's no cure for Capgras, but treatment is available. "Patients can improve with antipsychotic medication and psychotherapy," says Enoch. However, just ditching the impostor doesn't really work. "The delusion could manifest again in any new relationships the Capgras patient might make," says Enoch. These people are not technically crazy, but impostor paranoia can drive sufferers to extreme behavior. One ▶

ACTING CRAZY

Are these movie loonies accurate or just plain delusional?

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS
Disorder: Psychopathy
Realistic or nuts? Real over the top. "This is sociopathy on steroids," says Steven Tublin, Ph.D. "It's a highly stylized, dramatic depiction. Real sociopathy is much less interesting."

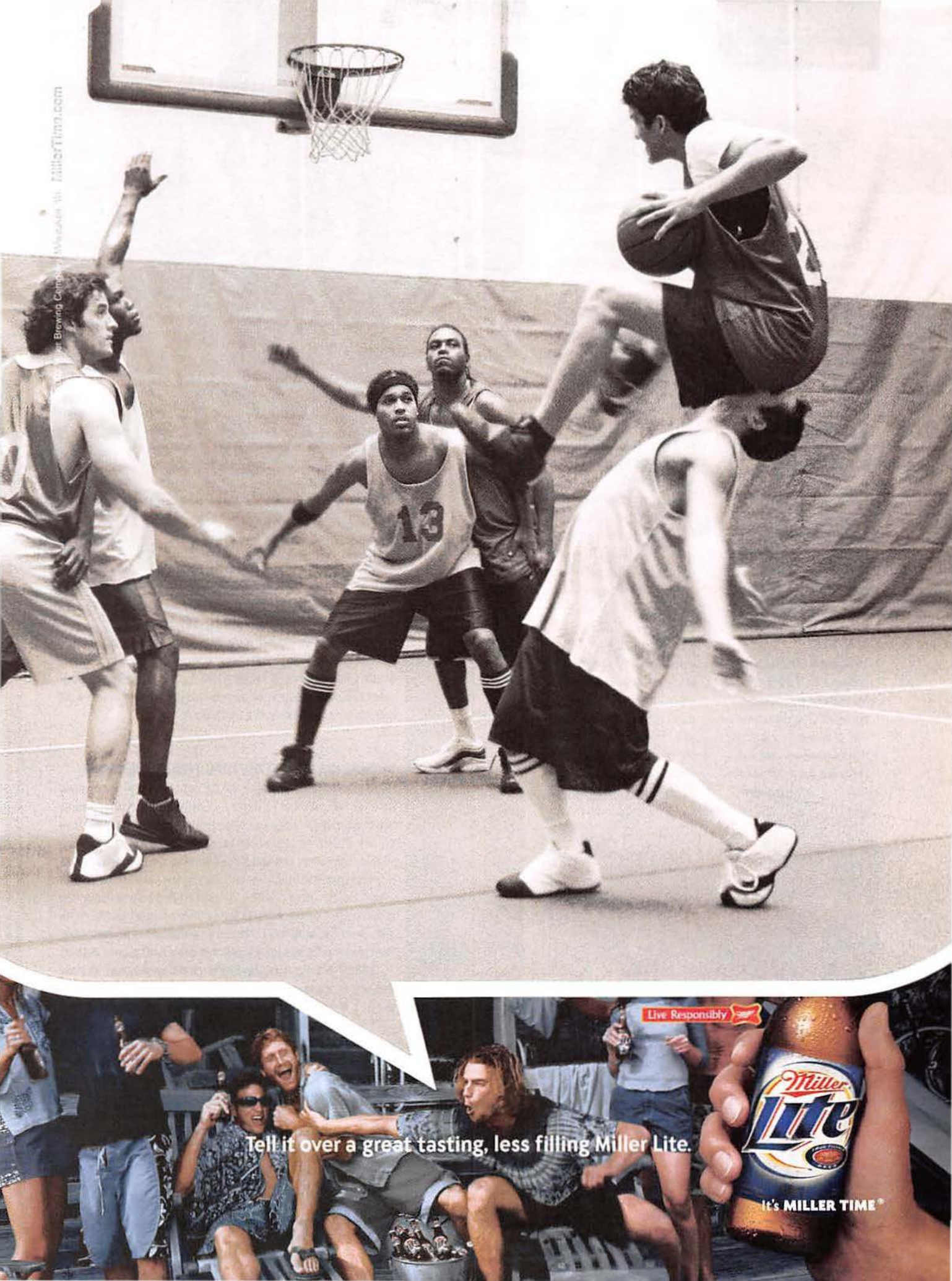
RAIN MAN
Disorder: Autism
Realistic or nuts? Definitely real. Dustin Hoffman portrayed a typical autistic's lack of ability to socialize. His head for numbers is also on the money, says Kent Robertshaw, M.D., who calls Hoffman's depiction "superb."

FATAL ATTRACTION
Disorder: Borderline personality
Realistic or nuts? Fatally accurate—guys, take heed. "It's a great portrait of someone who must have things her way—no matter what," says Robertshaw.

A BEAUTIFUL MIND
Disorder: Schizophrenia
Realistic or nuts? Wack, Tublin says. "The idea that the love of a woman could cure the disease is an exaggeration." C'mon, sex with Jennifer Connelly's *gotta* be therapeutic.

Movie photographs (from left): MPTV; Everett Collection; 21; MPTV

*John and Harry (next page) are composites.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WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

Your get-out-of-jail-free card? Mental illness!

YOU'RE NOT A BIG FAT HOG, YOU HAVE...
Lardophilia
Symptoms: Steadily increasing difficulty in securing one's trousers without an elaborate pulley system and three roadies. In extreme cases, sufferer may begin smelling like a burger to those around him/her.
Treatment: Drink plenty of fluids—preferably beer. Relax, pal. You're fat...and drunk! *Burp*...

YOU'RE NOT A PERVERT, YOU HAVE...
Acute mammomania
Symptoms: Uncontrollable impulse to psychotically lock eyes on any rack that bounces back your radar. Sufferers risk prosecution and drinks in the face.
Treatment: Blindfolds or bodyguards. If these episodes are allowed to continue without treatment, they can often lead to involuntary rapid testicle compression and a sock in the jaw for good measure.

YOU'RE NOT A MISOGYNIST, YOU HAVE...
Yakyakyakophobia
Symptoms: A conditioned response to incessant, mindless "girl talk," this results in fidgeting, blank stares, and absent-minded humming.
Treatment: Headphones with Rancid played at maximum volume; a hitch in the Foreign Legion.

YOU'RE NOT A REMOTE FREAK, YOU HAVE...
Telaversions
Symptoms: Acute loathing of the Lifetime network and Meg Ryan. If unchecked, could result in permanent fear of marital condition and advanced Oprahphobia.
Treatment: If inadvertent exposure to offending programming occurs, schedule emergency *Girls Gone Wild* marathon with at least three qualified members of your poker game. Recommended aftercare includes channel blockers, precisely selective online dating, and TiVo.

"Whoa! What kind of lens is that?"

"Get off, you freak! Do you have a sister?"

One Capgras victim killed his dad, thinking he was an impostor.

Midlands, England man, convinced his dad had been replaced by a robot, slashed open his pop's throat to find the wires. Oops!

Since its discovery by Jean Marie Joseph Capgras, M.D., in 1923, only an estimated 300 people have been identified as suffering from the bizarre syndrome, though it's speculated that many cases go misdiagnosed as plain ol' psychosis. On the other hand, we're pretty sure we got that info from an impostor. Nice try, "doctor."

EYES WIDE OPEN

MEDICAL CLASSIFICATION: FATAL FAMILIAL INSOMNIA

You're stressed. You can't sleep—for the rest of your life! One morning Harry, 48, woke up. And he stayed up. One wide-awake night became two. Two became four. Soon his blood pressure and pulse elevated from the lack of sleep. He began overheating due to the spikes in pressure; even in chilly rooms, he'd find himself dripping sweat. Months passed. His eyes began tearing and wouldn't stop. He was lucky to doze an hour a night. He lost control of his muscles, and walking became impossible, as did coherent speech. A year in and he could no longer breathe on his own. He was on an aspirator, suffering dementia, and finally bedridden. Seventeen months later, Harry's body shut down. And he never woke up.

Doctors have little understanding of normal sleeplessness, let alone anything as severe as fatal familial insomnia (FFI). They do know the disease is in the same dysfunctional family as Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD), the human form of mad cow disease. It's caused by a genetic mutation that affects the thalamus, the portion of the brain that helps to regulate sleep. The one long sleepless night begins around age 50.

Bad news: Right now there's no cure. But scientists are optimistic that drugs or gene therapy might someday provide one. The good news is that without FFI in your family, your odds of coming down with it are roughly one in 33 million. If it does exist in your family, your chances slim down to 50-50. And once you have it? According to Shu Chen, Ph.D., professor of pathology at Case Western Reserve University, in the best case scenario you can watch Dave Attell's *Insomniac* for 21 months, but most victims are blissfully dead within a year. Sweet dreams! M

Additional reporting by Laurina Gibbs, David Critchell, and Laura Silverman

Digital art and retouching, Gene Bressler for Catchlight; set and prop design, Liz Engelhardt; wardrobe styling, Tiffany Pontz; special effects and makeup, Rachel Pagani; hair, Hyunsoo for Artists by Timothy Priano N.Y. Photograph (blonde), Reuters New Media Inc./Corbis.

Thomas Gibson
Katherine Heigl
They know everything about resurrecting a dead man.
Except how to stop him.
evil never dies
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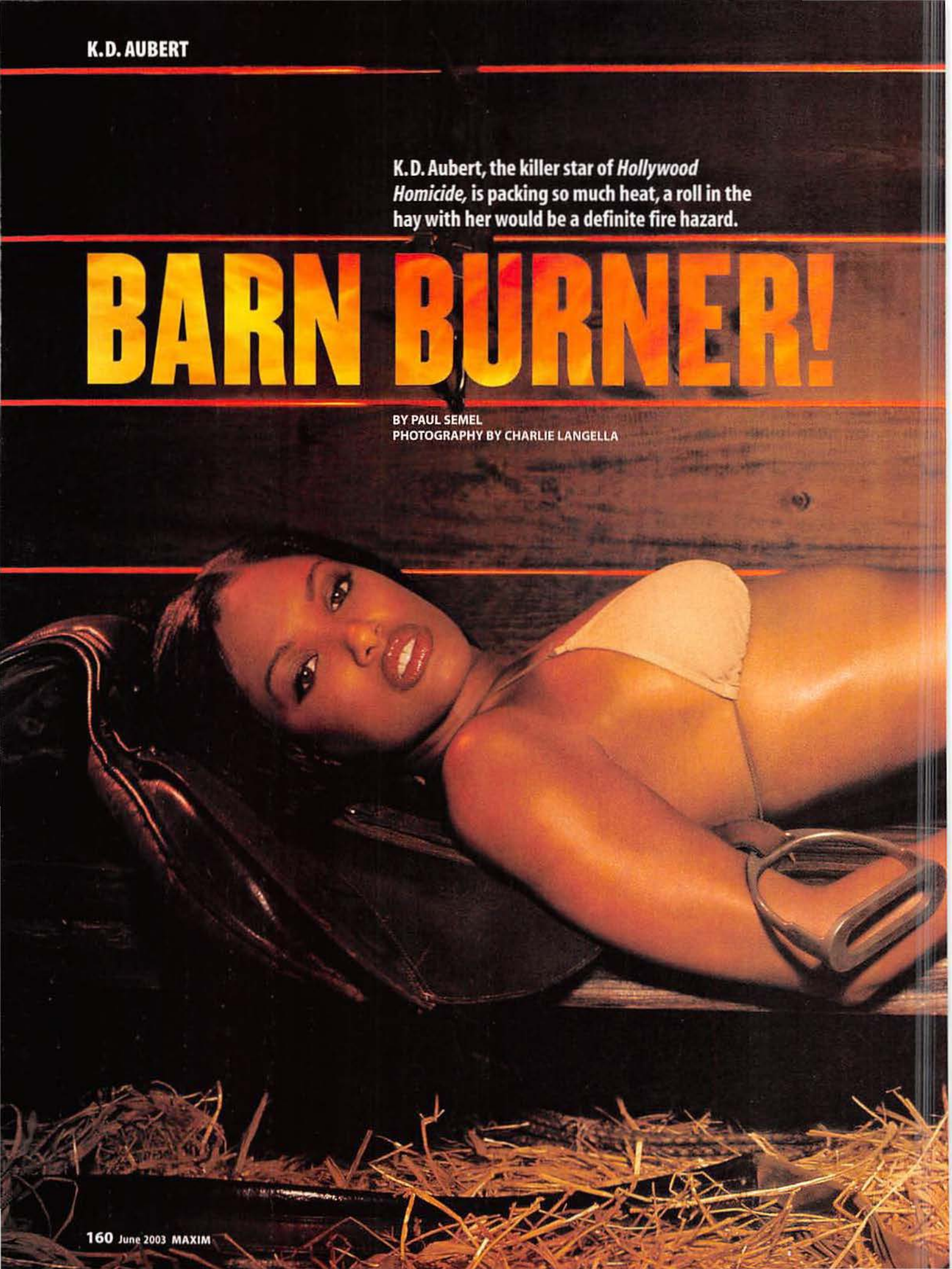
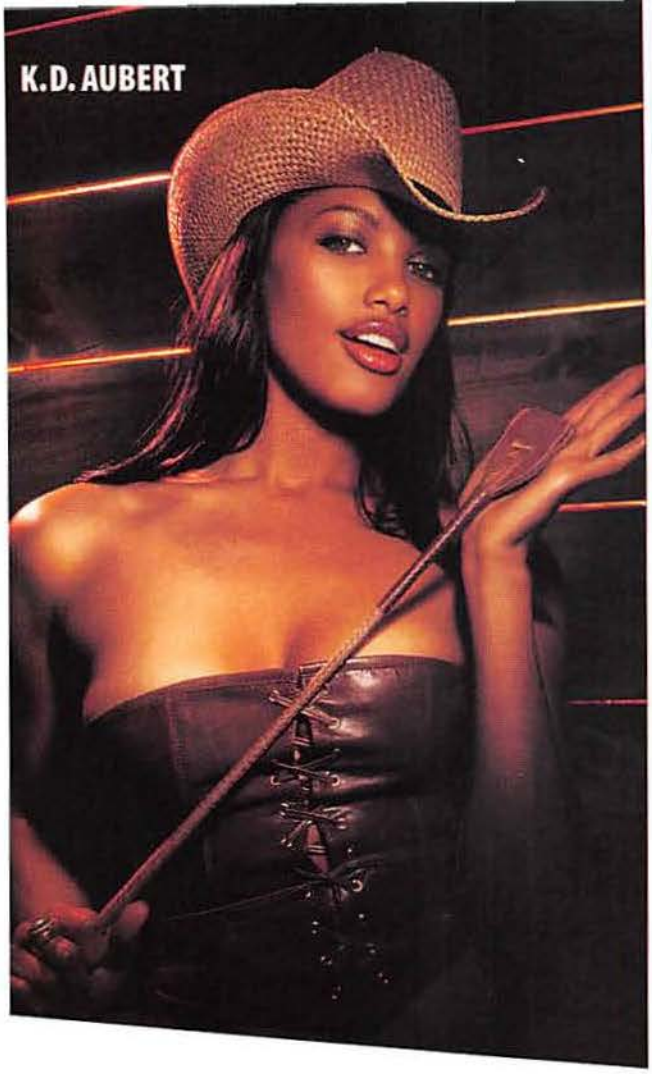
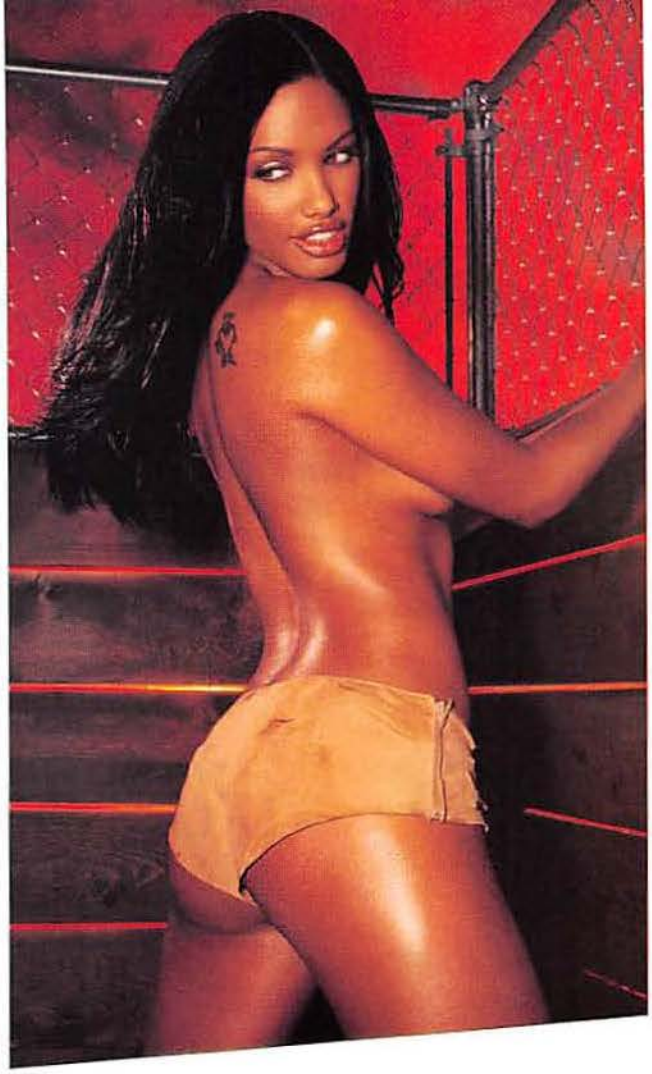
K.D. Aubert, the killer star of *Hollywood Homicide,* is packing so much heat, a roll in the hay with her would be a definite fire hazard.

BARN BURNER!

BY PAUL SEMEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLIE LANGELLA







K.D. Aubert is money! In fact, the sizzling star of this month's action thriller *Hollywood Homicide* has so much currency, guys are willing to put their entire credit history on the line for her. "I was just walking by this guy," she says, "and he was like, 'Baby, I'll give you everything I've got. Take it all!' Then he just started throwing his credit cards on the ground."

That K.D. could inspire such fiscal irresponsibility is no surprise to anyone who's seen her performances on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, as a sinfully sexy Fantana in the Fanta soda commercials, or in the mark-your-calendar moment in the movie *Friday After Next*. What is surprising (maybe not, if you've read any of these interviews before) is that this model turned actress swears she wasn't always, you know, drop-dead gorgeous. "You have to understand," she says, "before this it was no makeup, no fancy hair, and if there *was* makeup, it was bright fuchsia lipstick or something I had no business wearing. It wasn't until three years ago, when this photography student took pictures of me with my hair and makeup all done, that I was like, 'Oh, my God, I can look like that?' " Cha-ching!

'I'm very aggressive. If I see someone I like, I'll have a friend bring him to me.'

Before becoming an actress, you were a star softball player for San Diego State. Are you still a swinger?

I will always love sports. And I love men with a more adventurous life involving sports and other physical things. And I do mean every element of "physical."

But in *Friday After Next* you dated a guy who was shorter than a hobbit. Is there a height requirement for your men in real life?

I love short men. I love tall men, too, but when it comes to serious relationships, I tend to date men who are shorter than me. I have this fascination with the image of a tall woman and a shorter man because it makes the man look more powerful. When you see a tall woman with a shorter man, he's usually a man in a powerful position.

Speaking of powerful men, you're costarring in *Hollywood Homicide* with Josh Hartnett and Harrison Ford. Who was the bigger stud?

It was Harrison, but after a few drinks one night I thought it was Josh. We had a rehearsal at a restaurant, and after we finished we had a couple of drinks. After I had a little liquor, I looked at Josh and realized, *Damn, he is fine.*

That happened to us one night when we were drinking with Jack Osbourne. It's called beer goggles.

No, I just really saw the light. Oh, his girlfriend's going to kill me.

Speaking of flirting, how come more women don't make the first move...at least with us?

I always do. *[laughs]* I'm very aggressive. I know that I probably need to slow my ass down, but when I want something I go after it...hard. If I see someone I like, I'll definitely make eye contact. Or have someone bring him to me. *[laughs]* But I'm more likely to do it from a distance. I like the chase, but I don't chase. If a guy doesn't read my body language, then we probably have nothing in common. I'm not going to break a sweat.

Here's your chance to make this world a better place. What do you wish every guy knew about sex?

Keep it soft. Some men are so eager they don't remember that there's a softness to it all. Oh, and all women should know that Brookstone makes great back massagers. They make being single a lot easier.

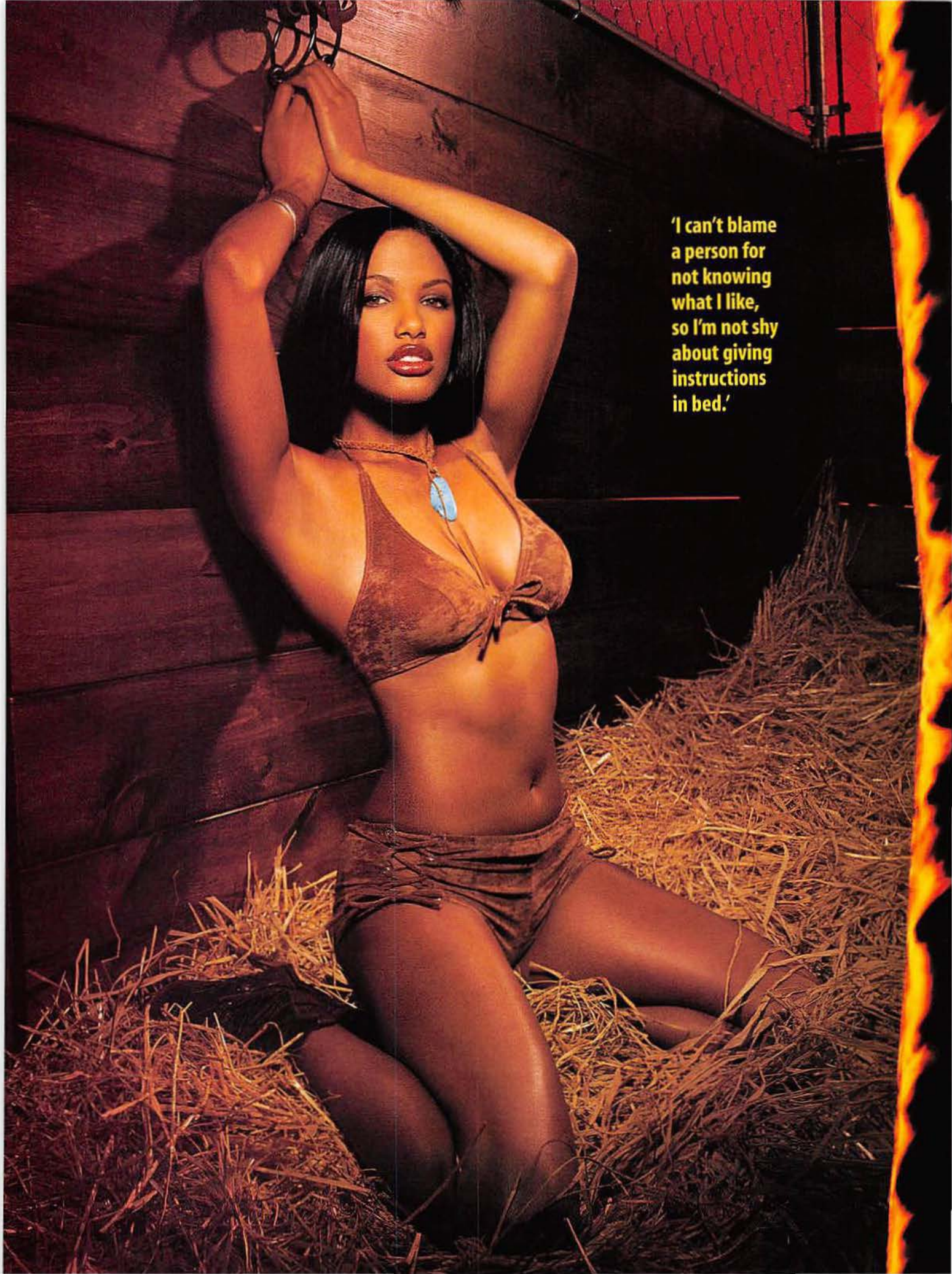
So how would a short, soft guy find a girl like you?

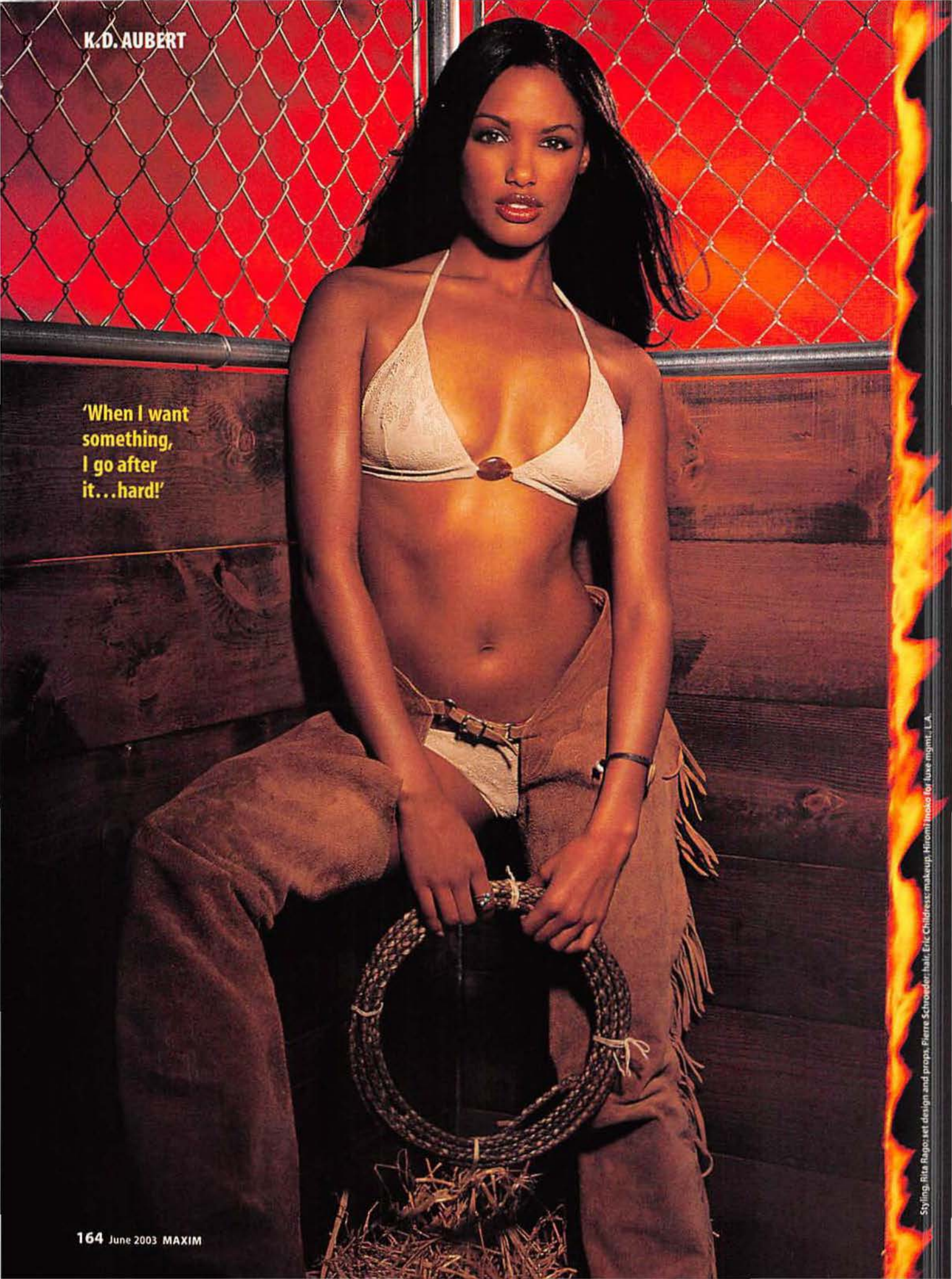
I was born in Louisiana, but I grew up in California. And right now I like to vacation in different parts of Jamaica. I recently went to a nude beach there. I was with a bunch of my girlfriends, and we felt so free that we just took our tops off.

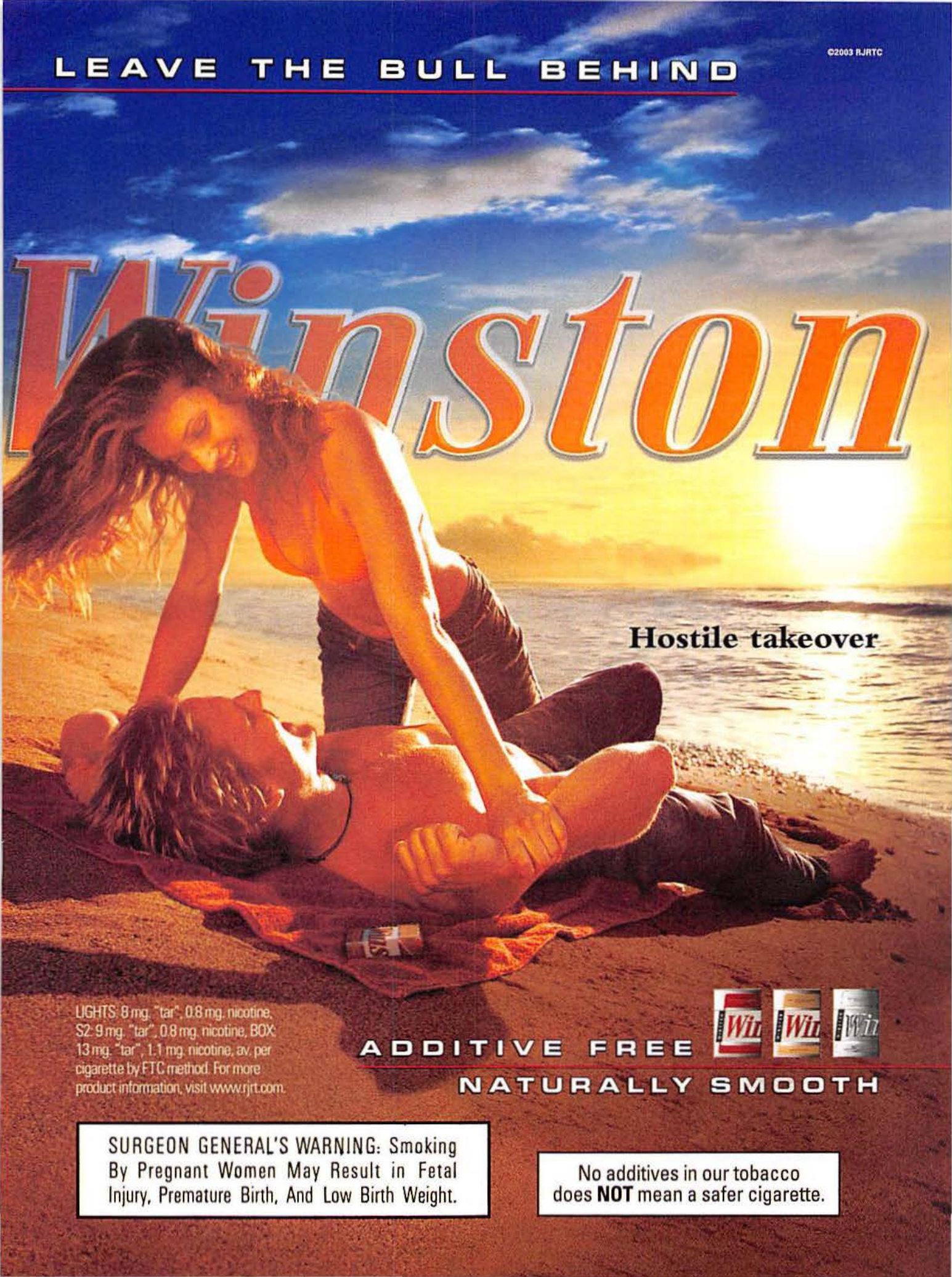
Yet another reason to love Jamaica. But can you give us directions to your personal corner of ecstasy?

I can't blame a person for not knowing what I like, so I'm not shy about giving instructions in bed. I want a man to instruct me, too. If I'm not pleasing him, then that's just downtime. But you should only have to give instructions the first couple of times.

We're very willing to learn. M


'I can't blame a person for not knowing what I like, so I'm not shy about giving instructions in bed.'


K.D. AUBERT
'When I want something, I go after it...hard!'
Styling, Rita Ragos; set design and props, Pierre Schroeder; hair, Eric Childress; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for luxe mgmt., L.A.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Finally, they got the door open...
HALL OF JUSTICE
No disrespect to your polyvinyl-encased, cherished mint-condition Hulk #181, but most of those superheroes we loved in our youth were, in retrospect, lamer than Jimmy Buffett...singing Abba songs... in a Holiday Inn rest room. Bad costumes, useless powers, strange, um, "affiliations"... The world of superpowered do-gooders is a crapshoot, to say the least. But with so many of them invading movies and TV lately, we decided to catalog the very worst...the costumed flops who'd make even Siegfried and Roy point and giggle. Excelsior!
?
BONK

THE 25 LAMEST SUPERHEROES EVER

IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! IT'S...SOME FRUITCAKE IN A MARDI GRAS MASK AND A LEOTARD!

25. SHE-RA

Secret identity: Princess Adora
Origin: He-Man's twin sister.
Power: She has superstrength, a flying pony, and 'roid-rage-fueled PMS.
Why so lame: When bad guys are hunky, she must remember to tape over her supernipples before getting into costume or they'll slice through the fabric, traumatizing children.

24. DAREDEVIL

Secret identity: Matt Murdock
Origin: Blinded by radioactive waste, Murdock swore to fight crime after goons murdered his boxer dad. Is also a lawyer.
Power: He has batlike radar sense that makes up for his lack of seeingness...sort of.
Why so lame: He's. A. Blind. Superhero. What's next? Quadriplegic Stone Deaf Man?

23. CAPTAIN MARVEL

Secret identity: Billy Batson
Origin: A subway-dwelling wizard (yeah, sure, buddy) gave young Billy the ability to turn into an adult superhero.
Power: By saying "Shazam!", Billy can fly and is invulnerable.
Why so lame: Is he a little boy who can become a grown man or vice versa? Either way you slice it, it's icky.

22. THE FLASH

Secret identity: Barry Allen
Origin: Simultaneously struck by lightning and doused with chemicals (What sign was *this* asshole born under?), Barry Allen became the fastest man alive—the Flash!
Power: He can run really fast. Also...no, wait, that's it.
Why so lame: When a curb can defeat you, you're lame.

21. INVISIBLE WOMAN

Secret identity: Sue Storm
Origin: On a rocket designed by her future husband, Reed Richards, Sue took a radiation bath that gave her superpowers. Which is...super!
Power: She can turn invisible and set up force fields.
Why so lame: Now, *Inaudible* Woman is something we could all get behind...

20. MOON KNIGHT

Secret identities: Marc Spector, Steven Grant, Jake Lockley
Origin: Marc Spector gave up the soldier-of-fortune biz and invented several new identities, including Moon Knight.
Power: None.
Why so lame: What kind of "nocturnal avenger" wears all white? Why not just put blinking lights on your head, dork?

19. PUCK

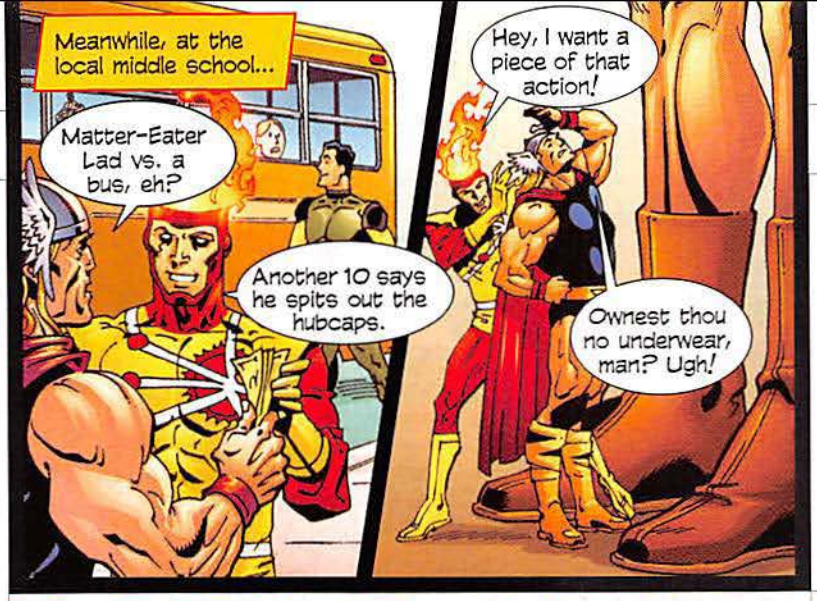
Secret identity: Eugene Judd
Origin: Soldier of fortune (*that's* original) Eugene fell victim to an evil spirit that transformed him into a beefy midget. D'oh!
Power: He's very strong and can somersault ferociously.
Why so lame: He's a midget in a leotard named for a chunk of rubber that gets slapped around by Canadians. Any questions?

18. HOURMAN

Secret identity: Rex Tyler
Origin: Rex developed an addictive miracle drug named Miraclo (duh!), which gives a person momentary superpowers.
Power: Strength, near-invulnerability, and speed...for an hour.
Why so lame: His powers can be nullified by a traffic delay. When taken in the bedroom, he becomes 30-second Man.

MAN-THING

Secret identity: Ted Sallis
Origin: A lab accident in a swamp turned biochemist Sallis into a lumbering heap of vegetation.
Power: Photosynthesis. His touch burns anyone who fears him. Looks pretty in the den, by the window.
Why so lame: He looks like something a vegan vomited up.


Meanwhile, at the local middle school...
Matter-Eater Lad vs. a bus, eh?
Another 10 says he spits out the hubcaps.
Hey, I want a piece of that action!
Ownest thou no underwear, man? Ugh!

WANNA BE A HERO?

Here are 12 simple steps for livin' the life.

KEEP IT BRIEF
There's no need to preface every conversation with a restatement of your obsessive desire to right wrongs due to the death of your parents/mentor/etc. You're a good guy; we get it.

AVOID SHACKLES
Don't be a sucker—just because a woman learns your true identity doesn't mean you have to marry her, man.

KEEP IT CLEAN
It is *not* OK for your prepubescent sidekick to fight crime in his briefs...or to sleep in the same bed as you, for that matter.

KNOW YOUR LIMITS
If you are punched so hard that you're thrown backward more than five city blocks, don't get back up.

CHANGE IT UP
You don't have to wear the costume all the time. It's perfectly acceptable, and even liberating, to fight crime in a breathable sweats set.

SHOW RESPECT
Always remove your utility belt before entering a Japanese home.

KNOW YOUR LIMITS, PART TWO
If your powers can be activated or nullified when someone utters a specific word or phrase, change it once a month or so.

HAVE SOME CLASS
The salad sword goes on the left-hand side of the dinner sword.

KEEP A SECRET
You never know when you'll need to conceal your secret identity, so keep a pair of eyeglasses handy.

AVOID THE WRATH OF THE FASHION POLICE
Never wear a white cowl after Labor Day.

BE SMART
Never green-light any movie about your life until you get in writing that it will not star Ben Affleck. Trust us on this one.

GET YOURSELF SOME GOOD EXPOSURE
If you're a superheroine with impossible body dimensions and mammoth breasts, please contact *Maxim* magazine, 1040 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10018.
—Jordan Burchette

16. BLACK LIGHTNING

Secret identity: Jefferson Pierce
Origin: Jefferson acquired an electricity-generating superbelt to help him fight crime and dispense justice in the ghetto.
Power: Can generate electricity—enough to power a small black-and-white television for up to 20 minutes.
Why so lame: Judging by Black Lightning's credentials (disco tights and funky belt), Bootsy Collins could be a superhero.

15. WONDER WOMAN

Secret identity: Princess Diana (no, not *that* one)
Origin: Chosen by the Amazons to serve as their crime-fighting champion in the world of Man.
Power: Superstrength, a pair of bullet-deflecting bracelets, and a gold lasso that makes people tell the truth. In other words, the girlfriend from hell.
Why so lame: PMS. See this star-spangled stripper in the parking lot, feeling around for her invisible jet? Back off.

14. SHE-HULK

Secret identity: Jennifer Walters
Origin: The Mob tried to rub out Jenny with a shower of bullets...Little did they know her cousin was Bruce "the Hulk" Banner. After an emergency green-blood transfusion, Jennifer became the She-Hulk.
Power: She has superstrength; can pulverize any johnson between her mighty she-labia.
Why so lame: Basically, she's just a hot green chick. *Yawn.*

FIRESTORM

Secret identities: Ronny Raymond and Martin Stein
Origin: An accident fused the minds of student Ronny and professor Martin into one hero: Firestorm.
Power: He can fly and phase through solid objects.
Why so lame: Imagine trying to fight crime as a voice in your head corrects your grammar...

12. THOR

Secret identity: Donald Blake
Origin: The son of the Norse god Odin, Thor was punished for his arrogance and forced to assume the part-time identity of a crippled medical student.
Power: He has superstrength, flight, and a magic hammer; has amazing blond hair with body *and* bounce!
Why so lame: Any superhero who'd be played by Fabio should quit and start hitting the mead.

Drivers wanted.
8
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POWER OUTAGE

They can't know that I'm really—
Don't you have to go, Super... um, Clark?
A woman's scream! Superman is called to action!
C'mon, Hourman. They're getting away!
I'm starting to feel...tingly.
Guess we're sittin' this one out.
Now show me on Ant-Man where he touched you.
I hate myself in a big way.

11. GREEN ARROW

Secret identity: Oliver Queen
Origin: Stuck on a deserted island, Oliver taught himself the hunting skills that he'd later use to fight bad guys.
Power: He has incredible aim—also uses trick arrows that wear cute boxing gloves.
Why so lame: Archery skills were long ago left in the dust by more advanced weapons...like, oh, say, clubs.

10. SUPERMAN

Secret identity: Clark Kent
Origin: Kal-El, an orphan from the planet Krypton, was adopted by farmers the Kents.
Power: He can fly, and he possesses superstrength, invulnerability, X-ray vision, heat vision, freezing breath—and two clanking balls of steel.
Why so lame: He's a cornfed, holier-than-thou Boy Scout with a lame disguise. C'mon!

9. CAPTAIN PLANET

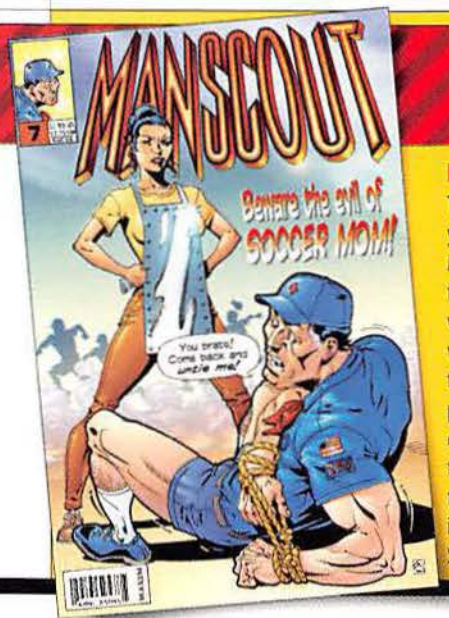
Secret identity: Sting (um, we think)
Origin: Summoned when five multiethnic kids combined the power of their rings, Captain Planet helps thwart ecovillains.
Power: He can fly, and he sports a green mullet; weaknesses include littering, toxic waste. Can never enter New Jersey.
Why so lame: He's Greenpeace's own Superman!

8. APACHE CHIEF

Secret identity: Token Native American
Origin: Apache Chief was given his superabilities by his tribe's medicine man.
Power: By saying a magic word, Apache Chief can grow 50 feet tall—but as his costume's a loincloth, the view ain't pretty.
Why so lame: Seems like more of a Mohegan Sun attraction than a superhero.

7. DR. HENRY PYM

Secret identity: Lessee, there's Yellowjacket, Ant-Man, Goliath...
Origin: After thugs murdered his wife, Pym assumed a number of different superhero identities, all pathetic.
Power: Can become big or little. Has Napoleon and reverse-Napoleon complexes.
Why so lame: One awful identity is bad enough, but Pym has struck out four different times. ▶



FOUR-COLOR FLOPS

Welcome to Maxim Comics—home of the world's most tepid crime fighters!

■ MAN SCOUT
The ultimate 32-year-old Boy Scout! Man Scout stands for American values: helping old women, setting the broken legs of puppies, and creepily massaging the shoulders of fellow Boy Scouts in his Sauna of Solitude.

■ CAPTAIN SUFFICIENT & LOW-SELF-ESTEEM LAD
Faster than a chub-by jogger...more powerful than a midget...can leap a foot or so off the ground...It's Captain Sufficient! And his sidekick ("Go on without me...I'd only screw things up").

■ CRASH DIETRIX
Don't mess with the perpetually cranky Crash Dietrix—or she'll vomit a turbojet stream of scalding hot cabbage soup on you! No villain can withstand a hungry look from her emaciated, Hollywood-chic skeleton body.

■ THE FUNCTIONAL FOUR
THE HUMAN HOT PLATE: Able to keep anything warm!
MISTER YOGA: Can twist into funky positions!
STATICA: Makes balloons stick to *anything*!
THE TURD: Um, he's got, uh, a really nice personality.

■ PERIPHERO
When the toxic refuse from an optometrist's office is accidentally spilled on hapless Larry Looker, he is blessed with incredible peripheral vision! He can see any evil coming his way...unless it's, you know, right behind him.

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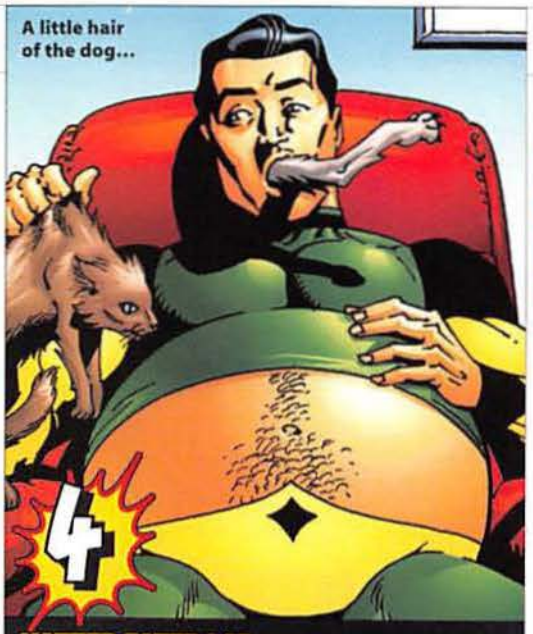
6. BANSHEE

Secret identity: Sean Cassidy
Origin: An Irish member of Interpol, Banshee actually got his start as a bad guy before Professor X sought him out to join the X-Men. Been fighting the good fight, downing Guinness, and pestering 'N Sync with his résumé ever since.
Power: His scream can shatter and destroy things, and he can fly. Banshee does not, however, have the gift of the blarney.
Why so lame: What? You mean *besides* the fact that he's known to villains as Shrieks-Like-a-Girl Man? Couldn't they come up with something better? Shillelagh Man would've been 10 times cooler.

5. DAZZLER

Secret identity: Alison Blaire
Origin: Using her hush-hush abilities, Dazzler became a famous disco singer, but the mirrored ball stopped turning when a boyfriend persuaded her to reveal to the world that she was a despised mutant. Typical.
Power: She can convert sound into brilliant displays of light and color. "Ooh!" "Aah!"
Why so lame: OK, you're a hardened crook, and what's that in the distance? A shining chick in a silver jumpsuit on roller skates zooming to irritate your corneas! Dazzler should have gone down with the disco ship. Fun fact: Is the only hero ever to have been spotted at Studio 54.



MATTER-EATER LAD

Secret identity: Tenzil Kem
Origin: Matter-Eater Lad was born on the toxic planet Bismoll (no word on its companion star Pepto), where the locals evolved superguts that enabled them to eat any substance—even British food. Was allowed to join the Legion of Super-Heroes, who will apparently take just about anybody.
Power: Can consume any matter—animal, vegetable, or mineral. Is a big hit with the ladies.
Why so lame: Let's say Matter-Eater Lad was trapped in a steel-reinforced concrete vault. He could eat his way out of it. But those bowel movements...

3. DOCTOR STRANGE

Secret identity: Stephen Strange
Origin: After a car accident impaired his abilities as a surgeon, Stephen Strange moved to N.Y.C.'s fabulous West Village, hired an Asian manservant, and became a... sorcerer.
Power: He wears the fashionable "Eye of Agamotto" necklace that can do all sorts of plot-convenient things, like open up dimensional gateways. Also has a Swedish-porn-star mustache.
Why so lame: Dr. Strange is Dr. Ka-ray-zee! Looks like he'd be comfortable in a kimono, sipping a martini before asking you to play strip Jenga with the rest of the hepcat swingers.

2. AQUAMAN

Secret identity: Arthur Curry
Origin: Aquaman was born to a mixed marriage: His father was an average Joe, and his mother was the deposed queen of an advanced underwater civilization. Devoted himself to crime fighting to avenge the death of his childhood sea monkeys or some shit. Currently playing comic relief for a number of different supergroups.
Power: He can breathe underwater, swim fast, and, best of all, communicate with fish. Plus, his fingers never, ever get wrinkly.
Why so lame: "I'm trapped in... frigging... tuna net again. Swordfish! Hear and obey! Stop laughing and cut me loose!"

ROBIN

Status: Sidekick
Secret identity: Dick Grayson
Origin: Dick watched helplessly as his circus acrobat parents got whacked by some Gotham City gangsters. (Hey, we just figured out why!) Adopted by Bruce Wayne/Batman and vowing revenge, he became the fearsome, um, *Boy Wonder*. Evil—*snicker*—better beware!
Power: He can swing from ropes, ride shotgun, tidy up the living room, and peek out from behind Batman's cape.
Why so lame: Robin isn't just lame—he's hands-down the most embarrassing, useless, and completely ridiculous superhero ever. No powers, a femmy nickname, a figure-skater costume, and no actual responsibilities of his own. Why he wasn't super-wedgied a long time ago is beyond us. M

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Heineken's Brian Citron, Julie Carbon & Edwin Garcia presented King of New York House music, David Morales, (2nd from left) the Heineken Ampt/ASCAP Recognition Award for his many contributions to the dance music community.

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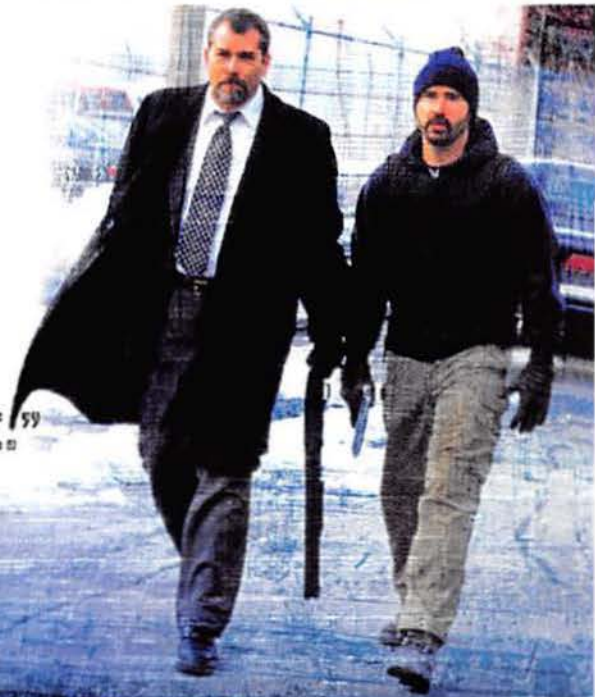
–Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

"THUMBS UP! A HARD-EDGED THRILLER."
–Roger Ebert, EBERT & ROEPER



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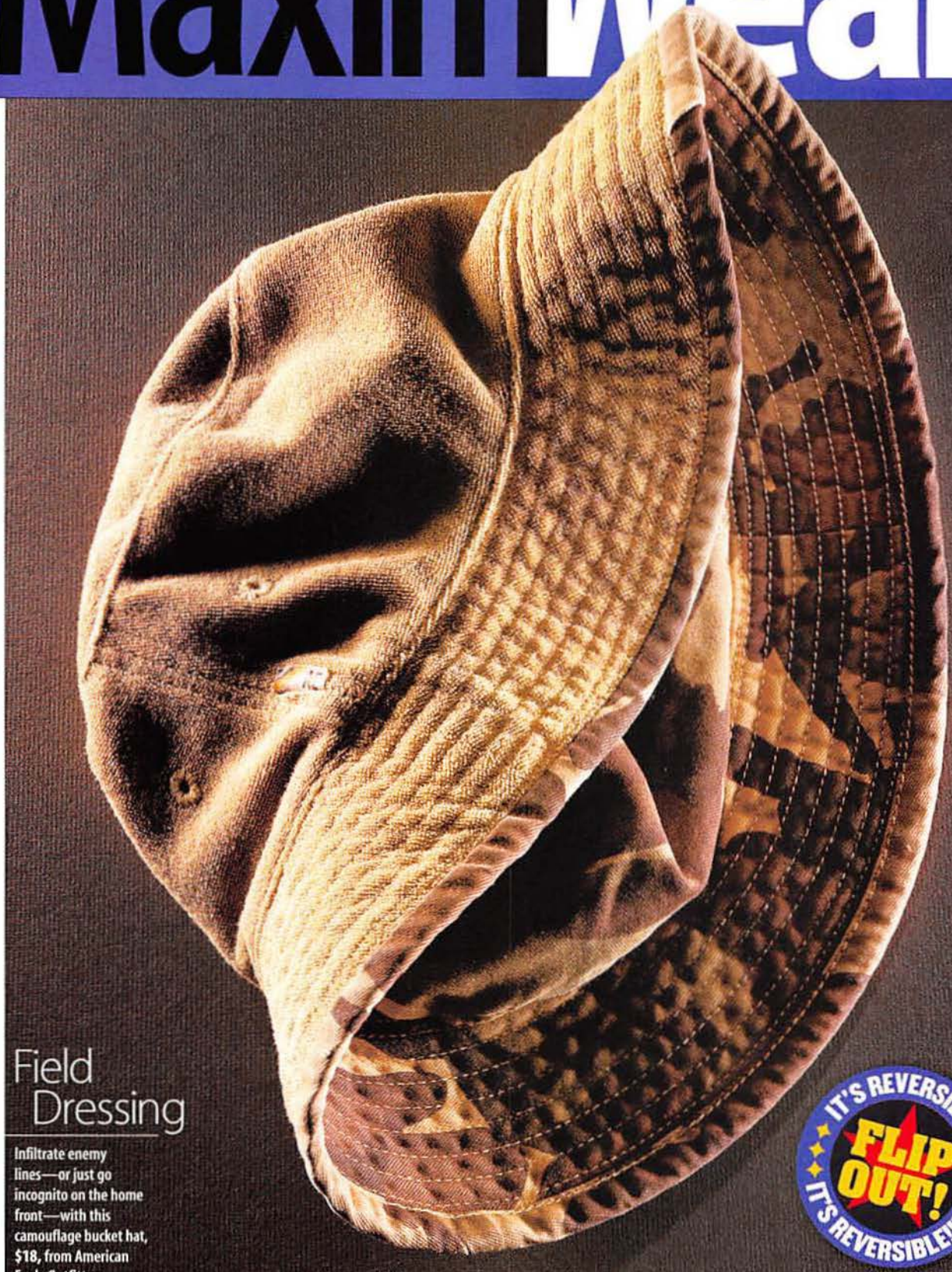


Field Dressing

Infiltrate enemy lines—or just go incognito on the home front—with this camouflage bucket hat, $18, from American Eagle Outfitters.

For buying information, see page 198.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL COX

Male Pattern Boldness

1. Shirt, **$105,** by Charles Tyrwhitt; basket weave plaid silk tie, **$105,** by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; pinstripe trousers (part of suit, **$895),** by BOSS Hugo Boss. **2.** Shirt, **$240,** by Etro; wool trousers (part of suit, **$595),** by Ted Baker Endurance; Hodge American alligator belt, **$455,** by Martin Dingman. **3.** Shirt, **$360,** by Paul Smith; silk tie, **$120,** by Paul Smith Accessories; trousers (part of suit, **$1,195),** by Canali; Grayson calfskin belt, **$125,** by Martin Dingman. **4.** Shirt, **$225,** by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; tie, **$130,** by Ermenegildo Zegna; linen suit, **$1,099,** by Vestimenta. **5.** Carnaby Street shirt, **$225,** and silk seersucker tie, **$105,** both by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; trousers (part of suit, **$1,295),** by Canali; cuff links, **$150,** by Tateossian-London; Dorian calfskin belt, **$95,** by Martin Dingman.

Set and prop, Michael Grunnet

Power Points

Strut your business class with these attention grabbing looks—and strategic accessories—designed to take any 9-to-5 wardrobe to 11.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER DONG STYLING BY KIMBERLY KEILY

Accessories After the Fact

1. Traveler dress shirt, **$54,** by Tommy Hilfiger; tie, **$95,** by BOSS Hugo Boss; Urban Steel watch, **$495,** by Michele Watches. **2.** French cuff dress shirt, **$125,** by Thomas Pink; silk tie, **$120,** by Paul Smith Accessories; sterling silver cuff links, **$175,** by Catherine M. Zadeh; stainless steel watch with ostrich band, **$795,** by Gucci; Tungsten T handheld, **$399,** by Palm. **3.** Dress shirt, **$40,** by Geoffrey Beene; tie, **$115,** by Hickey Freeman; eco-drive watch, **$395,** by Citizen. **4.** Dress shirt, **$43,** by Kenneth Cole; silk tie, **$40,** by Tommy Hilfiger; sapphire crystal watch, **$1,250,** by Oris. **5.** Dress shirt, **$69,** by Club Monaco; Quikster watch, **$225,** by Tissot.

For buying information, see page 198.

These Shoes Were Made for Talkin'

1. Linen trousers (part of suit, **$1,099**), by Vestimenta; Wilshire leather lace-up shoes, **$245,** by Cole Haan; socks, **$10,** by American Essentials. **2.** Linen trousers (part of suit, **$1,295**), by Canali; shoes, **$415,** by Sergio Rossi. **3.** Trousers (part of suit, **$1,195**), by Canali; Townsend leather shoes, **$395,** by Martin Dingman. **4.** Pinstripe trousers (part of suit, **$895**), by BOSS Hugo Boss; Palomino wingtip lace-up boots, **$375,** by Bally. **5.** Trousers (part of suit, **$595**), by Ted Baker Endurance; shoes, **$150,** by Aldo; socks, **$10,** by American Essentials.

5
4

Micro-gabardine cargo shorts, $48, by Guess?

Cotton carpenter shorts, $50, by Chaps Ralph Lauren

Field cargo shorts, $44, by Gap

Hybrid shorts, $50, by Quiksilver

Hiker shorts, $36, by Dockers

Frayed cargo shorts, $37, by American Eagle Outfitters

Compiled by Maria Ruocco. For buying information, see page 198.

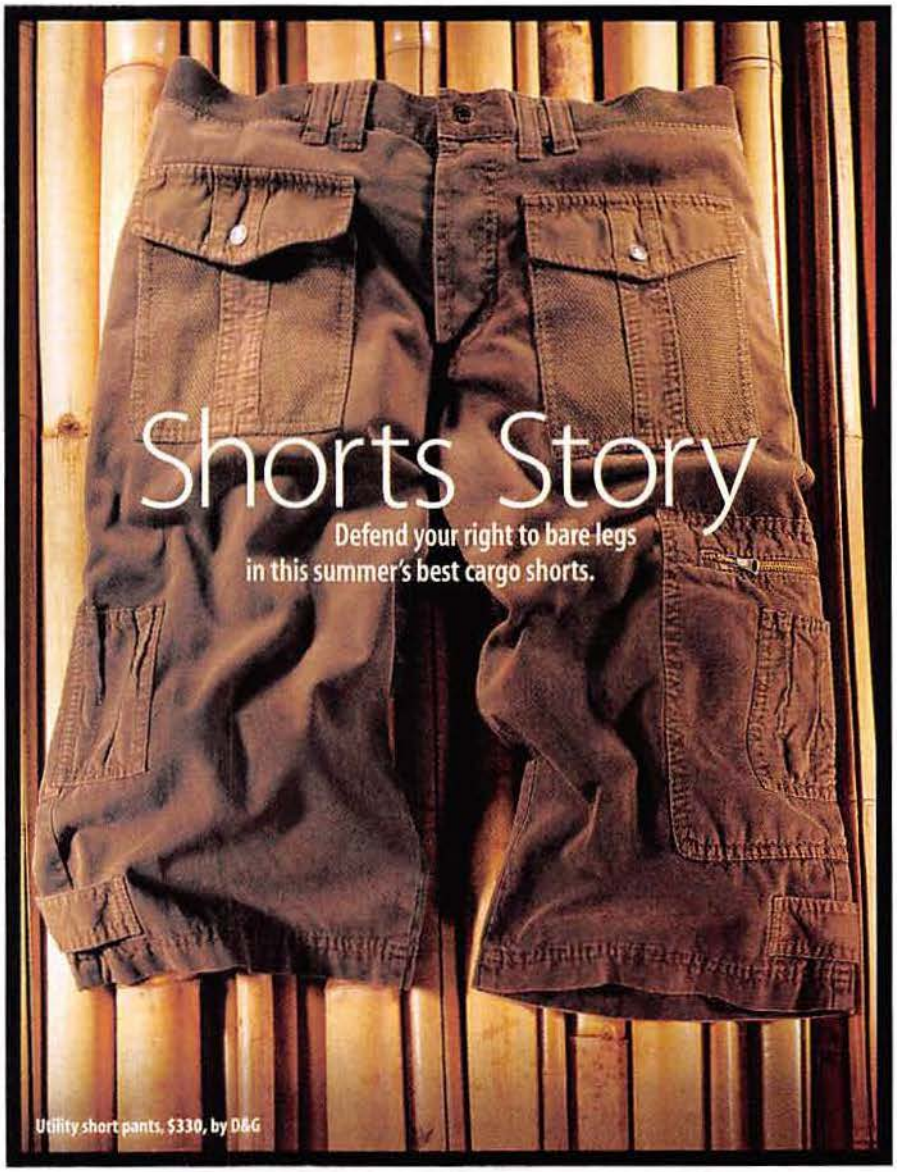
Radio cargo shorts, $52, by globe

Cotton/linen drawstring shorts, $60, by Tommy Hilfiger

Long cargo shorts, $50, by Express

Military cargo shorts, $34, by Fossil

Corduroy cargo shorts, $54, by Paul Frank


Utility short pants, $330, by D&G

Shorts Story

Defend your right to bare legs in this summer's best cargo shorts.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN KLUTCH

Sole Music

Reebok is scratching out a new tune with Jay-Z, a.k.a. Shawn Carter. The S. Carter Collection by Rbk complements Rocawear, Jay-Z's apparel line. At $100 a pair, the shoes can be found at rbk.com.

The Write Stuff

These $25 Cross Ion writing pens may be tiny, but the li'l squibs draw circles 'round the competition. The brightly colored pens are unmisplaceable, and their size makes them pocket-tuckable. Sign for yours at office stores or at cross.com.

Style Guide

Clothes and accessories so cool the other nerds won't recognize you.

SPECIAL: JUST FOR HER

Give Your Gal an Oscar!

Did your girlfriend give a noteworthy performance? Maybe she deserves an Oscar or two... Oscar Blandi, that is. The Pura shampoo and hair balm, retailing for $18 each, can be yours—and hers—at Barneys New York and the Oscar Blandi Salon, N.Y.C.

What Diddy Did

For those of you who like to let your homeys roam free, P. Diddy's thinking of you—he's added boxers to his Sean John line. Available in a bunch of funky patterns, they're $19 a pair at Macy's East, Bloomingdale's, Dr. Jay's, and Dillard's stores.

This Month's **Label**

The Esprit brand wings into the U.S. market with shirts, pants, and dinner-with-the-boss clothes. Macy's East, Macy's West, Marshall Field's, Bon Marché, and Parisian sell fresh Esprit merch every month, so you can clear out all your closet's fragrant grunge gear.

Eye-Eye Captain

Luxury leathermeister Bottega Veneta is now expanding its sophisticated sportswear line with glasses, so you can look smart while, um, you're looking smart. Scope out the $280-a-pair shades at Bottega Veneta stores, or call 877-362-1715.

Flake Patrol

Sometimes dandruff-control shampoos smell more like bug spray than something you'd want to put on your head. For a flake-free scalp that doesn't activate her gag reflex, turn to Head & Shoulders Ultimate Clean Shampoo, $3.99. Drag that mangy head into a drugstore, pronto.

Name Your **Price**

All aboard for the fast track—step into a pair of these aged and distressed engineer-striped jeans, from Express, Guess?, or Diesel.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOGAN

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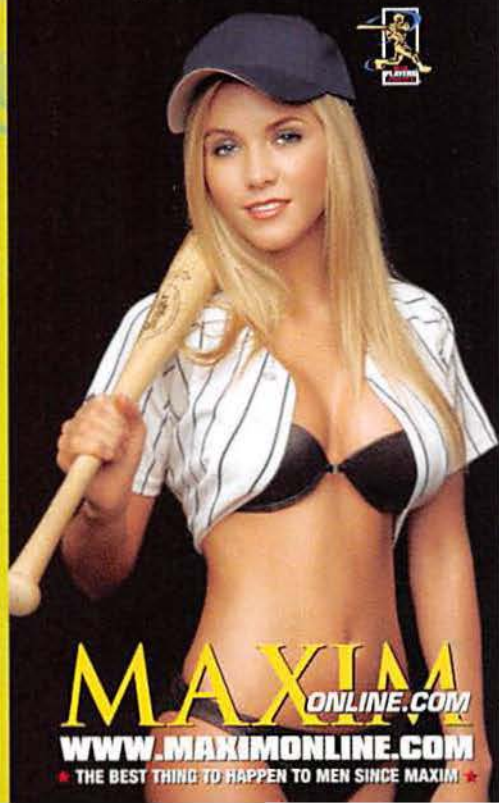

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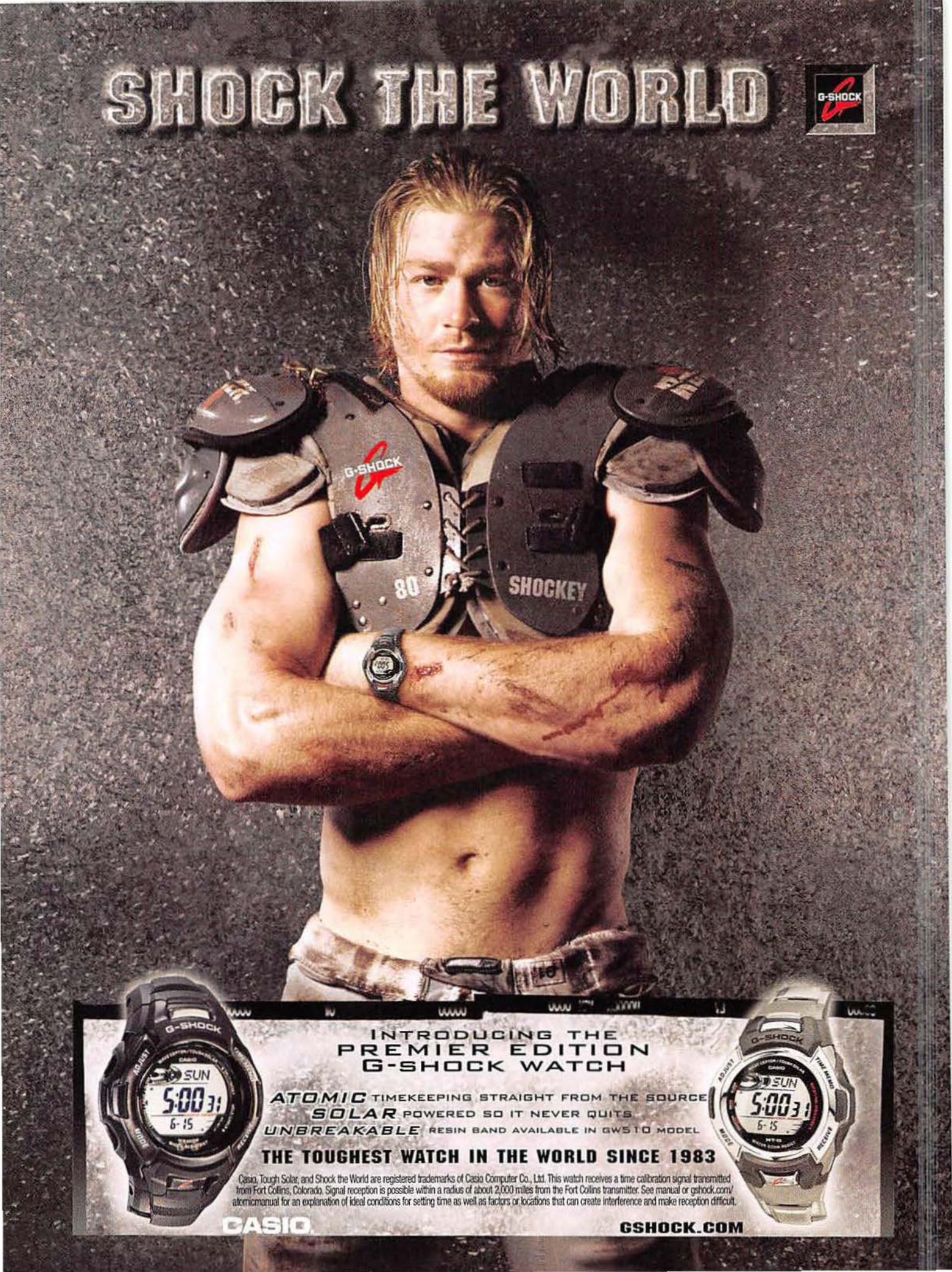
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Contents

Everything you need to keep your life from sucking!

Grab Bag
Dig in. Cripples, mad cows, and more. 100% prion-free! **p.192**

Crunch Time
Belly up. The stunning Kiana Tom serves as our ab rat for a day. **p.194**

Top Gear

"You think that's airtime you're using?"

This cell phone doesn't exist. At least not in *your* reality. (You should have taken the blue pill, putz.) Samsung says it will make only a limited run of these *Matrix* mobiles, the same ones flaunted by Morpheus and company in the new flick. But we've got one for you! (See button, upper left, for details—if you win it, there'll be no more ridiculing Trekkies with replica phasers.) In addition to a calendar, polyphonic ringers, and a color screen, the n270, if it existed, would boast dual-band technology, meaning you could roam just about anywhere with it. But tell us, Mr. Anderson: What good is a phone call when you're unable to speak? *(samsungusa.com/wireless; priceless)*

KUNG FONE!

Looking for a *Matrix* mobile? This is the One.

Photograph, Satoshi; styling, Paula Kowalczyk; grooming, Wendy Brown

GRAB BAG

We never had cool stuff like water guns or digital cameras or cows back at the orphanage. You lucky bastards.

BY JOHN WALSH
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVIES + STARR

1

2

3. WATERBALL SL 175 ($15)

Water gun fights have employed the same tech for millennia, ever since Cro-Magnon man first peed on Neanderthal man's head from the cave upstairs. This new century calls for innovation. Streams of water are so passé—we want water balls! Yes, thanks to the SL 175, you can now pick off Grandma's Hummels with the accuracy only pulsed balls of water can offer. *(wildplanet.com)*

4

5. ELNAPRESS OPAL PRESS ($875)
When's the last time you ironed a shirt? When's the last time you even wore one? Just in case that job at T.G.I. Friday's comes through, be prepared. Dump your dryer-fresh duds on this Swiss-made press, push down the handle, and prepare to be shocked and awed. Using steam heat and up to 100 pounds of pressure, Elnapress scares the wrinkles right out of your skivvies. *(elnapress.com)*

6

7

1. TALKING JIMMY ($30)
Remember Blair's cousin Geri, the crippled stand-up comic on *The Facts of Life*? She was hot. Um, er, that is to say... These days *South Park* has its own "handi-capable" laff master, and now he's available in luxurious stuffed plush. He stands 11 courageous inches tall and comes complete with crutches. Press his hand to hear one of seven different phrases, including his famous zinger about why the pigeon crossed the road. But, seriously... wasn't there something kind of intriguing about that Geri? You know, the way she'd sorta shake her head and... oh, never mind. *(shop.comedycentral.com)*

2. SWOPPER ($499 and up)
It looks like an ejector seat for unruly barflies, but this unique piece of European engineering is the next wave in overpriced office furniture. Your ass is huge and flat, and the muscles in your midsection have atrophied, creating tension up and down your spine; you have conventional chairs to thank for that. Hop on the Swopper for complete freedom of movement, laterally and vertically. As an added bonus, bouncing up and down on this thing is guaranteed to produce a funny feeling in your pants. *(swopperusa.com)*

4. STYLUS 300 DIGITAL ($400)
To capture candid moments of your friends in varying states of joy, wonder, or consciousness (i.e., naked and dead drunk in a Dumpster), you'll need a camera small enough to be hidden away... until just the right moment. Try this ultracompact, weatherproof, puke-resistant 3.2-megapixel digital camera. Slide open its clamshell lens and snap away; use the 12x zoom to close in on your target, and then review your shots on the 1.5-inch color LCD display. When you're through taking pix, upload them to your iMac via a USB cable and accidentally forward the incriminating images to human resources. *(olympusamerica.com)*

6. COW ($500)
Don't listen to that Bart Simpson kid: Have a cow if you want one. Better yet, give a cow to a starving family. Heifer International is a 59-year-old charity that provides livestock and training to subsistence farmers and other indigent folk from as far away as Ghana or as near as West Virginia. Using your donations, the charity teaches disadvantaged families around the world to become self-reliant... without condescending to the poor, toothless souls. Makes a great Father's Day gift for pops who spent a creepy amount of time in the barn. *(heifer.org)*

7. SKATER AID INJURY OIL ($10)
If somebody tried to sell you arnica, a flower proven to soothe aching muscles, how would you react? Now what if somebody offered you the same herbal extract but packaged it in a bottle that played to your self-image as a daredevil athlete? Bitchin'! The guys at Secret Skateboards have combined arnica with a pure olive oil base. With this emollient's rough, manly name, you can keep your indie street cred... even if you can't pull a simple ollie. Poser. *(skateraid.net)*

GUT BUSTERS

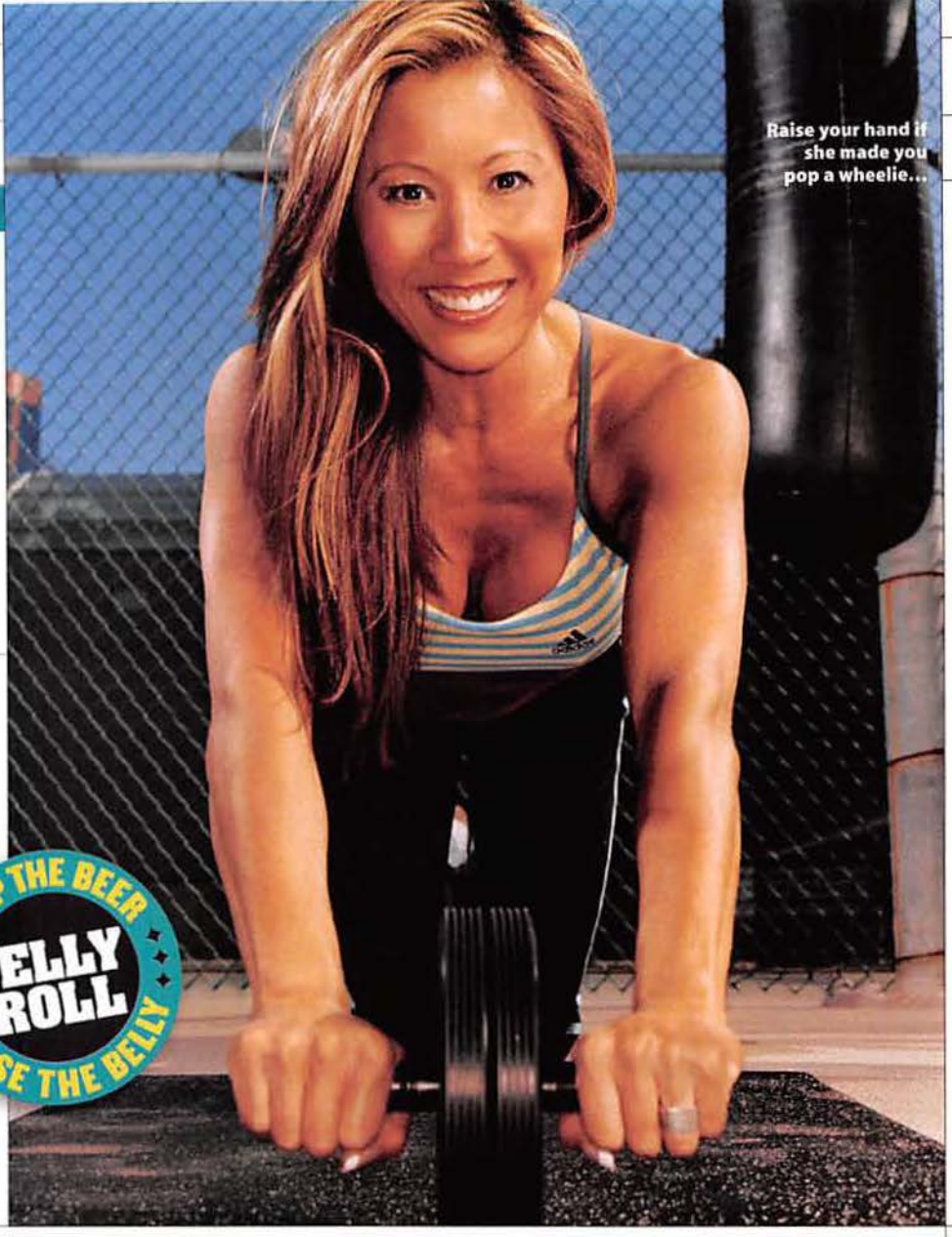
CRUNCH TIME

Toned-up exer-vixen Kiana Tom gets us hard. Shut up! We're talking about our abs. And after these workouts, who won't be?

BY JOSH ROBERTSON

Lots of late-night infomercials swear they've got the gadgets to washboard your stomach. But which ones get you ripped without ripping you up? We tested some of the most popular gut-busting gizmos from Bodytrends.com and embarked Josh, a fragile freelancer with a sensitive side and abs like overcooked spaghetti, on a week-long adventure in abdominal agony. He rocked, rolled, crunched . . . and crumbled like cardboard in a car wash.

Just to make this article marginally useful, we also asked Kiana Tom, the hypnotizing hostess of the internationally syndicated fitness show *Kiana's Flex Appeal*, to provide us with her expert opinion—and a damn good photo op. We then combined the opinions of our average Sloppy Joe and the buff babe to reach our final verdict: a grade from zero (Jabba the Gut) to five (move over, Marky Mark). Then we all had a lite beer or eight. *Bur-r-r-p . . .*



KEEP THE BEER
JELLY ROLL
LOSE THE BELLY

Photographs (Kiana), Brad Hines; styling, Frank Helmer; hair and makeup, Edward St. George, all for Exclusive Artists Management, L.A. Photographs (man), Robert Glasgow.

AB TRAINER

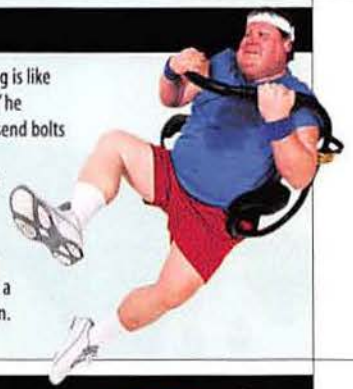
Ab use: Thanks to a "patented rocking action," the Ab Trainer alleviates strain on the back while punishing your abs with extreme prejudice. The metal tubing curves around your spine, and the arm pads cushion your elbows even as you suffer a midsection meltdown.

Kiana's comments: "I use this all the time. The trick is to keep your arms out of the motion and to use only your abs during crunches. It's great because you can use a variety of leg positions to isolate your abdominal muscles."

Josh's take: "Crunching with this thing is like catching a load of buckshot in the gut," he sniveled. "But I like it because it didn't send bolts of torment up and down my spine."

Gut check: Josh said it's hard to cheat while using this "mothercruncher." It controls your posture, "making the whole sit-up experience excruciatingly effective." But for $225 you could score a Shop-Vac and teach yourself liposuction.

Score: ✪✪✪✪✪



LINEX VKR POWER TOWER

Ab use: At just over seven feet, this hulking framework of interlocking steel looks like an exhibit from the Tower of London. Its signature torture is the "captain's chair" move: While propped up on its elbow pads, you let your legs dangle like wet pants on a clothesline. Then you work the abs by raising and lowering your legs.

Kiana's comments: "I am in *love*! You can use it to work the upper and lower abs and the obliques. The only downside: assembly time. Too much screwing and tightening of nuts." Must . . . resist . . . pun.

Josh's take: "I did three reps before my legs got the grand mal quivers," he reported just before his left lung collapsed. "But the Power Tower worked awesomely well as a coat rack."

Gut check: Kiana loved it, but doughboy couldn't lift his knees past his nads. You'll need to be fit already to handle this twisted piece of metal.

Score: ✪✪✪✪✪

ADVERTISEMENT

Jamie Ireland is a freelance writer in the areas of sex, fitness, romance, and travel.

Power Lunch

The Inside Story On Healthy Sex

by Jamie Ireland

Learning "The Ropes"...

This month I got a letter from a reader in Texas, about a "little secret" that has made her love life with her husband absolutely explosive. (Those Texans know their stuff, let me tell you.)

Tina writes:

Dear Jamie,

Last month, my husband returned from a business trip in Europe and he was hotter than ever before. The power and sexual energy that he suddenly had was even more than when we first started making love almost 10 years ago! It was incredible. He flat wore me out! And the best part of it all – he was having multiple orgasms. I know what you're thinking, men don't have multiples. That's what I thought too, but trust me, he was and his newfound passion and vigor was such an incredible turn-on to me also, that before we knew it we were both basking in the glow of the best sex of our lives.

We'd tried tantric stuff in the past and the results were so-so. But this was something new and exciting, completely, out of the ordinary. After a few days, I asked my husband what had created such a dramatic change in our love-making, and he told me he'd finally learned "the ropes."

On the last night of his business trip, my husband spent an evening dining out with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of nearly 20 years. The couple was obviously still quite enamored with each other, so my husband asked their secret. The nutritionist told him their sex life was more passionate than ever. Then he pulled a small bottle from his satchel and gave it to my husband. The bottle contained a natural supplement that the nutritionist told my husband would teach him "the ropes" of good sex.

My husband takes this supplement every day. The supply from the nutritionist is about to run out, and we desperately want to know how we can find more. Do you know anything about "the ropes" and can you tell us how we can find it in the States?

Sincerely,
Tina C.
Ft. Worth, Texas

Tina, you and the rest of our readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your husband's Swedish friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by a product called Ogöplex Pure Extract™. It's a supplement that will most certainly trigger much longer and stronger orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Ogöplex Pure Extract can help stimulate her own orgasms, bringing a whole new meaning to the term *simultaneous climax*!

The term used by the Swedish nutritionist is actually fairly common slang throughout Europe for the effect your husband experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as ropes because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, as some people have said, "it just keeps coming and coming."

As for finding it in the states, I know of just one importer, Böland Naturals, Inc. If you are interested, you can contact them at 1-866-OGOPLEX or Ogoplex.com. Ogöplex tablets are pure flower seed extract and are safe to take. All the people I've spoken with have said taking the once-daily tablet has led to the roping effect Tina described in her letter.

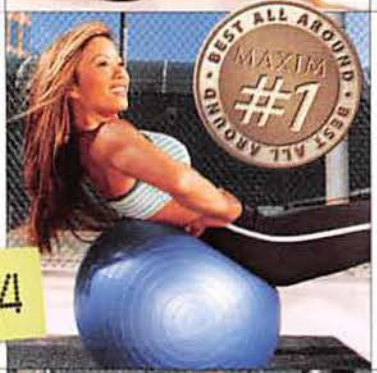
Aren't you glad you asked?

Jamie Ireland

The persons appearing in the ad are models, and the images are being used for illustrative purposes only.

AB ROCKER

Ab use: Endorsed by Jake Steinfeld, the goof behind Body by Jake, this rickety contraption is essentially a rocking chair that resists your every forward lean. Grab the grips and roll to enjoy its low-tech "Ripple Effect Resistance System" (street name: giant rubber bands), which can be adjusted to offer three levels of nonresistance.
Kiana's take: "Now I see why Jake wears a shirt in all his infomercials. I don't think the Ab Rocker works anything but his bank account. Unless you know how to isolate your abs, it's pointless."
Josh's take: He rocked, but not quite like a hurricane. "I couldn't keep this wobbly thing under control," Josh reported. "And every time I swung, the thing inched forward; it pulled me across the room like an amputee on a skateboard, and in the process it ruined my carpet."
Gut check: The Ab Rocker's manual touts "five-minute abs" yet outlines two four-minute routines. Apparently, Jake's brain is a bit on the flabby side.
Score: ✪✪✪✪✪



ANTI-BURST FITNESS BALL

Ab use: For ab toning, lie on the oversize kickball and violate it in every way imaginable. Don't worry—the heavy-gauge PVC sphere can withstand as much as 600 pounds of pressure.
Kiana's comments: "It's cheap, fun, and durable. It isolates your abs and takes your hip flexors out of the motion. You can do chest exercises, wall squats, back rows, arm curls, and shoulder presses, too." Sheesh! *Somebody's* a show-off.
Josh's take: It took a while, but Josh eventually mastered this colossal, swelling blue ball. "I especially liked the Supine Trunk Curl," he gushed. "You press your lower back into the ball and curl your rib cage toward the pelvis in a typical crunch motion." Settle down, Josh.
Gut check: Kiana likes it, but Josh suffered a sexual identity crisis while rubbing up against the Anti-Burst Fitness Ball. Oddly, they both call it a keeper.
Score: ✪✪✪✪✪

AB-DOER

Ab use: It's just like a desk chair, except . . . OK, it's a desk chair. You sit in it and bend your torso hither and yon like Rain Man anticipating Wapner. Thanks to the chair's semiflaccid spring spine, you can twist your upper body in any direction. Inventor John Abdo would have you believe that doing this lazy man's lambada for eight to 12 minutes per day will get you ripped.
Kiana's comments: "John Abdo has great abs, but I highly doubt he got his six-pack with this piece of crap. It looks like a sturdy, high tech, state-of-the-art piece of equipment. But looks can be deceiving. You can get more resistance doing crunches or bicycles on the floor."
Josh's take: "A good piece of exercise equipment should leave you feeling broken and defeated," said Josh. "But this girly chair offers as much resistance as Stephen Hawking at an arm-wrestling tournament."
Gut check: We give it a point only because the chair's actually kind of comfy. Time for our nap!
Score: ✪✪✪✪✪

ABDOMINAL DUAL TONING WHEEL

Ab use: Assume the position (on your knees, soldier!), grip the wheel's cheap plastic handles, and slide forward and backward like a human wheelbarrow.
Kiana's comments: "In my opinion, if you're looking to warp your spine and increase lower back pain, get a Toning Wheel. Only people with superstrong abs and upper body strength will be able to use it without hurting themselves. Trust me, do not try this exercise at home."
Josh's take: "This thing looked pretty wimpy, but it shredded my spine. I badly underestimated my opponent, and now I'm pretty sure my dancing days are over."
Gut check: In theory this terrifying wheel of misfortune could give you Dolph Lundgren ripples. But in reality it's way more likely to land you in traction. "I'd rather be caned by a Thai corrections officer than work out with that thing again," concluded Josh. So we flayed him silly.
Score: ✪✪✪✪✪

POWER CRUNCH 500

Ab use: Lie on the bench, grab the handlebars, and hook your feet into the Power Crunch's leg grips. Then pull your arms and legs together in one agonizing motion. Wanna push your luck? Add weights to the metal bar that juts from the thing's ass end and ensure yourself a hernia.
Kiana's comments: "It's excellent. It forces you to completely contract your abs by bringing your legs and chest together. And it makes you use proper form and won't let you cheat."
Josh's take: Abject fear. Seconds into the workout, his worries were realized. "I can really feel the burn . . . in my spine."
Gut check: Are washboard abs *that* important to you? For the same amount of money and a lot less effort, you could furnish your rec room with a quality pool table . . . which happens to be a great surface for performing crunches with a well-paid partner.
Score: ✪✪✪✪✪

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Gottlieb/Corbis **p.136:** Napolean, Bettmann/Corbis ©David Aubrey/Corbis bald eagle, Kevin Schafer/Getty Images; chicken, G.K. & Vikki Hart/Getty Images; golden retriever, G.K. & Vikki Hart/Getty Images; pink poodle, Richard Olivier/Corbis; Robbie Knievel, Zuma Press/Newscom; mime, Royalty-Free/Corbis; woman with cowboy hat, Jim Arbogast/Corbis; painter, Jose Luis Pelaez Inc./Corbis; Corvette, Dick Reed/Corbis; citroen, Dave Bartruff/Corbis; man with guitar, Joshua Ets-Hokin/Getty Images; French horn; Digital Vision/Getty Images; frog, ©David Aubrey/CORBIS **p.138:** Hussein, Reuters News Media Inc./Corbis; Charlie O'Neale, French maid outfit, Bob Carlos Clarke/Celebrity Pictures **p.143:** She-Ra, Everett Collection; Daredevil, Marvel Entertainment; Captain Marvel, ©CBS-TV/ FotoFantasies; the Flash ™©DC Comics/ FotoFantasies; Invisible Woman, Marvel Entertainment; Moon Knight, Marvel Entertainment; Puck, Marvel Entertainment; Man-Thing, Marvel Entertainment **p.146:** Batman and Robin, Bettmann/Corbis; Wonder Woman ™©DC Comics/FotoFantasies; She-Hulk, Marvel Entertainment; Thor, Marvel Entertainment; Superman ™©DC Comics/FotoFantasies; Captain Planet, ©TBS Prod. & DIC Ent./ FotoFantasies **p.148:** Banshee, Marvel Entertainment; Dazzler, Marvel Entertainment; Doctor Strange, Marvel Entertainment; Aquaman, Everett Collection; Robin ™©DC Comics/ FotoFantasies **p.166:** Nixon, ©Bettmann/Corbis; McCarthy, ©Corbis; Sailor, Lambert/Archive Photos/Getty Images; man in mask, Brand X Pictures/Getty Images **p.200:** Murphy, Christina Radish/LFI; Lavigne, UPI Photo Service/Newscom; Fierstein, Timothy A. 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Page 40: Sequin shorts by Selima. **Page 94:** Shorts by Body Hints N.Y.C. Top by Religious Sex N.Y.C. Bra by cK Calvin Klein. **Page 107:** T-shirt by Helmut Lang. **Page 126:** Leather bodysuit and boots by Plein Sud. **Page 128:** Bra, panties, and fishnets available at Le Corset N.Y.C. Boots by D&G. **Page 129:** Fishnets by Wolford. Bottoms available at Le Petit Coquette N.Y.C. Boots by Plein Sud. **Page 130:** Bra and panties by Jean Yu. Stockings from Le Corset N.Y.C. Shoes by Sergio Rossi. **Page 132:** Red sweater by Justin Bateman. Panties by Le Perla. **Pages 160–161:** Suede bathing suit by Danier. **Page 162:** Bustier by Danier. Hat, model's own. Ring available at Jennifer Kauffman. Bathing suit bottoms by Le Tarte. **Page 163:** Suede suit by XOXO, available at Everything But Water L.A. Suede and turquoise ring and sting ray cuff, both available at Jennifer Kauffman L.A. Fringe boots by Charles David. **Page 164:** Bathing suit by Barley Brooke, available at Everything But Water L.A. Boots by Charles David. Leather and stone bracelet, available at Jennifer Kauffman L.A. Chaps, rented. **Page 191:** Black button front shirt by Ted Baker. Black pant with detailed front by Maurice Malone. Black leather coat by Maurice Malone. Glasses, stylist's own.

BUYING GUIDE

FIELD DRESSING

Page 177: Hat, $18, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit www.ae.com.

POWER POINTS

Pages 178–179: (from left) Shirt, $105, by Charles Tyrwhitt, at Charles Tyrwhitt store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-249-3566. Tie, $105, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Khaki's, Carmel, CA; Andrison-Morton, Denver; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Trousers (part of suit, $895), by BOSS Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss store, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's. Shirt, $240, by Etro, at Etro store, N.Y.C. and Coral Gables; and Neiman Marcus. Trousers (part of suit, $595), by Ted Baker London, at Ted Baker London store, N.Y.C.; and select Bloomingdale's; or call 212-343-8989. Belt, $455, by Martin Dingman, at Hubert White, Minneapolis; Malouf's, Burlingame, CA. Pockets, Dallas, TX; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingman.com. Shirt, $360, and tie, $120, both by Paul Smith, at Paul Smith store, N.Y.C.; and select Neiman Marcus stores; or call 212-627-9770. Trousers (part of suit, $1,195), by Canali, at Canali store, Village of Merick Park, FL; and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; or visit canali.it. Belt, $125, by Martin Dingman, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas, TX; Mario's, Seattle and Portland; James Davis, Memphis; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingman.com. Shirt, $225, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label, at select Ralph Lauren stores; or call 888-475-7674; or visit runway polo com. Tie, $130, by Ermenigilda Zegna, at Ermenegilda Zegna stores; or call 888-880-3462; or visit zegna com. Suit, $1,099, by Vestimenta, at Barneys New York. Shirt, $225, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; James Davis, Memphis; Button Down, San Francisco; or call 800-747-8778; or visit roberttalbott.com. Tie, $105, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Ascot Shop, La Jolla, CA; Mitchell's of Westport, Westport, CT; or call 800-747-8778. or visit roberttalbott.com. Trousers (part of suit, $1,295), by Canali, at Canali store, Village of Merick Park, FL; and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; or visit canali.it. Cuff links, $150, by Robert Tateossian-London, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Pocket PC, $549, by Siemens, visit siemens.com.

Pages 180–181: (from left) Shirt, $54, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 800-TOMMY4U. Tie, $95, by BOSS Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's. Watch, $495, by Michele Watches, at Neiman Marcus; Saks Fifth Avenue; or call 800-522-TIME; or visit michelewatches.com. Shirt, $125, by Thomas Pink, at Thomas Pink stores. Tie, $120, by Paul Smith, at Paul Smith store, N.Y.C.; and select Neiman Marcus stores; or call 212-627-9770. Cuff links, $175, by Catherine M. Zadeh, at Neiman Marcus, L.A.; Bergdorf Goodman; Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C Watch, $795, by Gucci, at Gucci stores; or call 212-826-2600. Tungsten-T handheld, $399, by Palm, visit palm.com. Shirt, $40, by Geoffrey Beene, at Richards, Atlanta; Macy's East; Macy's West; Marshall Field's. Tie, $115, by Hickey Freeman, call 800-295-4773. Watch, $395, by Citizen, at jewelry and department stores. Shirt, $43, by Kenneth Cole, at Kenneth Cole stores; or call 800-KEN-COLE; or visit kennethcole.com. Tie, $40, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 800-TOMMY4U. Watch, $1,250, by Oris, at Tourneau; or authorized Oris dealers. Shirt, $69, by Club Monaco, visit clubmonaco.com Watch, $225, by Tissot, call 800-A-TISSOT; or visit www.tissot.ch.

Pages 182–183: (from left) Briefcase, $595, by Jack Spade, at Jack Spade store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-625-1820; or visit jackspade.com. Trousers (part of suit, $1,099), by Vestimenta, at Barneys New York. Shoes, $245, by Cole Haan, at Cole Haan stores; or visit colehaan.com. Socks, $10, by American Essentials, at Nordstrom's; Bloomingdale's; Lord & Taylor. Trousers (part of suit, $1,295), by Canali, at Canali, Village of Merick Park, FL; and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; or visit www.canali.it. Shoes, $415, by Sergio Rossi, at Sergio Rossi stores; or call 212-327-4288; or call 310-271-0111. Trousers (part of suit, $1,195), by Canali, at Canali stores, Village of Merick Park, FL; and Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; or visit www.canali.it. Shoes, $395, by Martin Dingman, at Neiman Marcus; Khaki's, Carmel, CA; Bauman's Men Shop, Little Rock; or call 800-955-2358; or visit martindingman.com. Trousers (part of suit, $895), by BOSS Hugo Boss, at Hugo Boss stores, N.Y.C. and L.A.; and Bloomingdale's. Boots, $375, by Bally, at Bally stores N.Y.C. and L.A. Trousers (part of suit, $595), by Ted Baker London, Ted Baker London, N.Y.C.; select Bloomingdale's; or call 212-343-8989 Shoes, $150, by Aldo, at Aldo stores; or visit aldoshoes.com. Socks, $10, by American Essentials, at Nordstrom's; Bloomingdale's; Lord & Taylor.

SHORTS STORY

Page 184: (clockwise from left) Shorts, $48, by Guess?, at Guess? stores; or visit www.guess.com. Shorts, $50, by Chaps by Ralph Lauren, at Parisian. Shorts, $44, by Gap, at select Gap stores; or call 800-GAPSTYLE; or visit gap.com. Shorts, $37, by American Eagle Outfitters, at American Eagle Outfitters stores; or visit ae.com. Shorts, $36, by Dockers, call 1-800-DOCKERS; or visit dockers com. Shorts $50, by Quiksilver, at select Quiksilver Boardriders Club stores; or visit quiksilver.com.

Page 185: (clockwise, from left) Shorts, $52, by globe, visit globeshoes.com. Shorts, $60, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call 888-TOMMY4U; or visit tommy.com. Shorts, $50, by Express, at Express stores; or visit expressfashion.com. Shorts, $330, by D&G, at D&G store, N.Y.C.; or call 212-965-8000. Shorts, $54, at Paul Frank stores; or visit paulfrank.com. Shorts, $34, visit fossil.com.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 187: Jeans, $50, by Express, at Express stores, or visit expressfashion.com. Jeans, $78, by Guess?, at Guess? stores or visit guess.com. Jeans, $179, by Diesel, at Diesel stores, Atrium, N.Y.C.; Bloomingdale's, Short Hills, NJ.

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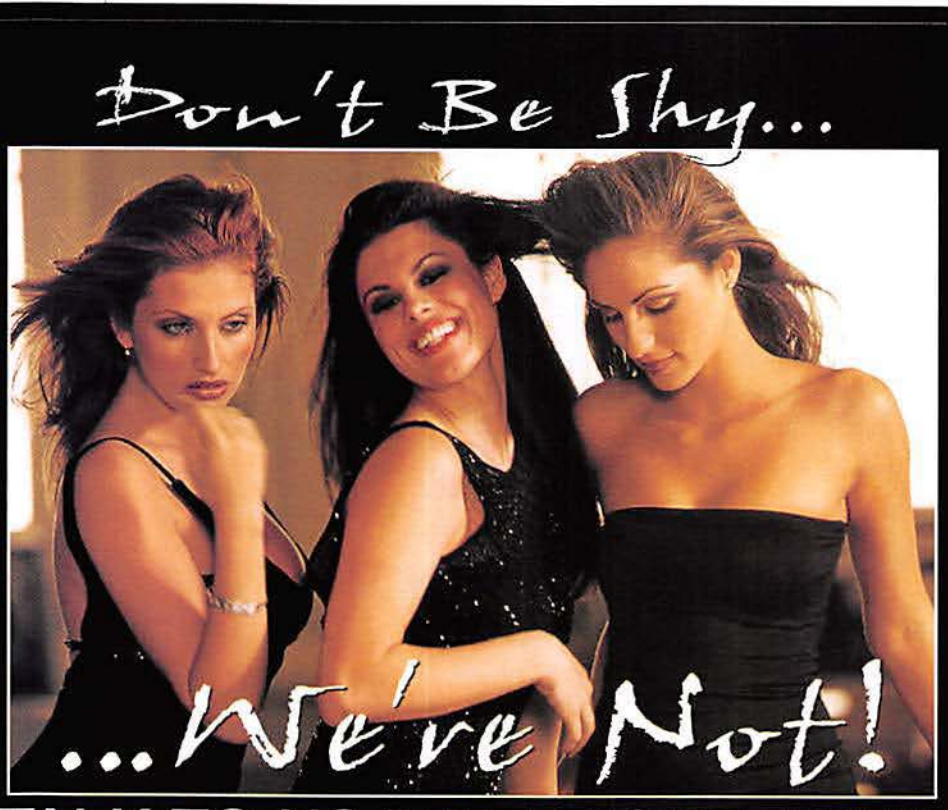

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ARE YOU AS DUMB AS YOU LOOK?

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1 **Take a shot at matching each bullet to its respective caliber.**

a. ☐ .223
b. ☐ 9 mm
c. ☐ .30
d. ☐ .40

2 **Whatcha figure Brittany Murphy is doing here?**
a. ■ Singing in a burlesque show
b. ■ Telling knock-knock jokes
c. ■ Auditioning for Ron Jeremy

3. Which would be better: a lifetime supply of Doritos or one huge 25-minute orgasm?
a. ☐ Pass the chips!
b. ☐ Hold my calls!

4. What major-leaguer retired with the highest lifetime batting average, .366?
a. ☐ Ty Cobb
b. ☐ Babe Ruth
c. ☐ Pete Rose
d. ☐ Charlie Sheen

5. Place these douchebags in order, starting with the least rancid.
a. ☐ Dudes who wear knit caps in the summer
b. ☐ Short fellas who bulk up
c. ☐ Suits who say ciao
d. ☐ Nimrods who correct grammar
e. ☐ Gents who bogart all the uptown pussy

6 **According to a recent study, what percentage of lip-lockin' babes could put an oral herpin' on ya?**
a. ☐ 5 **b.** ☐ 23 **c.** ☐ 62

7. At what rate was Ford producing the rickety Model T in 1927, the last year of the car's production?
a. ☐ One every 24 seconds
b. ☐ One every six hours
c. ☐ One every two days

8. What part of the Oreo does Justin Timberlake think he is?
a. ☐ The cookie
b. ☐ The cream filling

9. What country's age of consent is 13?
a. ☐ Japan
b. ☐ Argentina
c. ☐ Turkey
d. ☐ The Republic of R. Kelly

10. Which one of these slightly perverted acts is most spine-tingling?
a. ☐ Spying in your pal's sister's undie drawer
b. ☐ Touching a lap dancer's perfumed breasts with your chin
c. ☐ Peering down a crouching female's dime slot
d. ☐ Fucking a cat

11. Which one of these brats ain't one of Popeye's nephews?
a. ☐ Pipeye
b. ☐ Poopeye
c. ☐ Plopeye
d. ☐ Peepeye

12 **Match these decked-out songbirds to their clothes' statements.**

a. "I'm pierced in the darnedest places!"
b. "Oops. We're gonna need a mop."
c. "Liza Minnelli forever."
d. "It's fun to pretend you're 16."

13. The phrase "rule of thumb" was popularized by what historic precedent?
a. ☐ Steal bread in czarist Russia, lose a digit
b. ☐ Well-hung soldiers in ancient Greece weren't allowed to guard virgins
c. ☐ The widest stick allowable by law that a man could use to beat his wife in England
d. ☐ The only form of sodomy advocated by the Catholic Church

14. Why are you a such miserable bastard?
a. ☐ *Birds of Prey* went off the air
b. ☐ Damn powdered mashed potatoes
c. ☐ Ahh, shaddup

Want to learn more startling, useless trivia?
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Last month's answers: 1. b 2. c 3. 1-c, 2-b, 3-a 4. 1-c, 2-d, 3-a, 4-b 5. b 6. d 7. c 8. b 9. 1-a, 2-c, 3-d, 4-b 10. a 11. c, a, b, d

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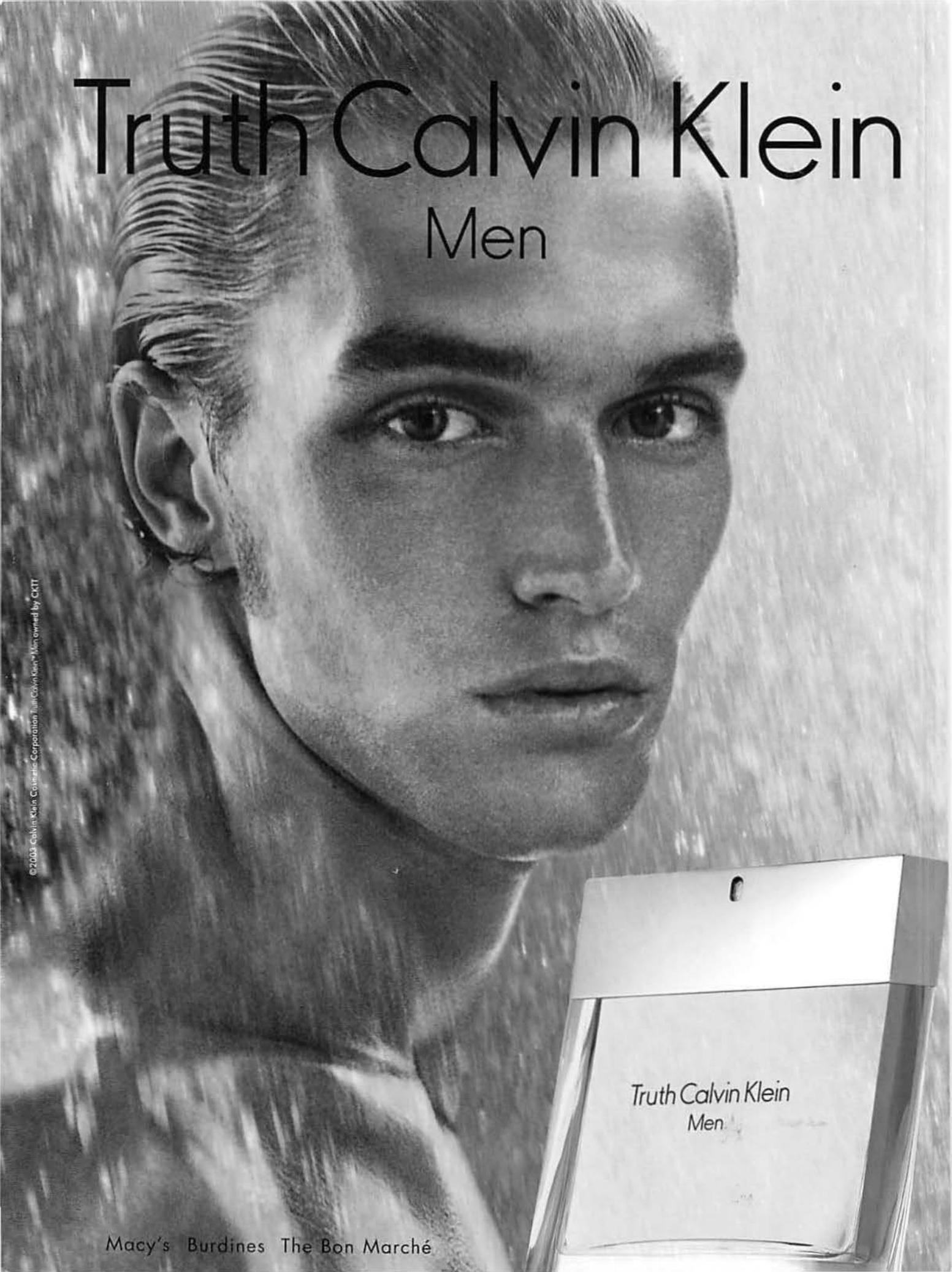
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